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A

CENTURY OF BALLADS.

ARISE ✣ PRAY ✣ WORK

A

CENTURY OF BALLADS.

Collected, Edited,

AND

ILLUSTRATED IN FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINALS,

BY

JOHN ASHTON,

Author of

'Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne,' 'Dawn of the Nineteenth Century,' etc., etc.

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Introduction.

LIKE the clown in the 'Winter's Tale,'* 'I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.' This has been the opinion of millions of Englishmen for centuries past; but at no period did they love a ballad better than towards the end of the sixteenth, and the whole of the seventeenth centuries. And in using the word *ballad*, we must not confound it with the *song*. The song, or *chanson*, was short, light, and lively, the words, if having any real meaning, being about some trifle, or the inexhaustible theme of love—whilst the ballad is far longer, and is either a simple tale, told in simple verse, or embodies some moral maxim, or string of such; owing to which they retained their hold on the people far more than the forgotten *song* of the troubadour. The epic poems of Homer were evidently intended to be recited, and, coming to much later days, we can hardly imagine *Beowulf* being sung, although very long romances were sung in the eleventh century, especially relating to the deeds of heroes, as we find Taillefer, at the battle of Hastings, going before William of Normandy, singing of Charlemagne and Roland.

These, I submit, were not ballads, any more than the 'Vision of Piers Plowman,' or Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales;' and it has been generally considered, by very high authority, that the first English ballad was that of the 'Nut-brown Maid,' which is to be found in a book of Customs dues, etc., published at Antwerp, without date or author's name, and which has been named†—why, no one can

---

* Act iv., s. 3.

† Bale, Pits, Stowe, and Holinshed ascribe it to Arnold.

find out—'Arnold's Chronicle,' or 'The Customes of London,' possibly because he lived at the time and wrote *inter alia* on the Customs of London. The name of the book does not matter; it is its date which would settle the question of 'The Nut-brown Maid' as the premier ballad. Unfortunately the book is not dated, and the date of 1502 or 1503 has been ascribed to it, solely because it contains a list of sheriffs—the last names on which are those who were in office in the eighteenth year of King Henry VIII., namely 1502; but ascription is not proof. It is a curious book, having little poems, receipts for making ink and soup, bills of fare, etc., interspersed amongst far graver matters; and in this way, sandwiched between cloth-brokers' charges and 'The Rekenyng to buy Ware's in Flanders,' comes the antiphonal poem which has been called 'The Nut browne Mayde.' It is evidently meant to be a metrical dialogue, as is shown by lines 13, 14, 15. If such is a ballad, and not a poem, then this is one:

'Be it right or wrōg, these mē among, on womē do cōplaine,
Affermyng this, how that it is a labour spent in vaine,
To loue thē wele, for neuer a dele, they loue a man agayne,
For lete a man do what he can, ther favour to attayne,
Yet yf a newe, to them pursue, ther furst trew louer than
Laboureth for nought, and from her thought, he is a banisht mā.

'I say not nay, but that all day, it is bothe writ and sayde
That womans fayth, is as who saythe, all utterly decayed,
But neūtheles, right good witnes, ī this case might be layde,
That they loue trewe, & cōtynew, recorde y^e^ Nutbrowne Maide.
Which from her love, whā her to proue, he cam to make his mone,
Wolde not departe, for in her herte, she louyd but hym allone.

'Than betwene vs, lete vs discusse, what was all the maner,
Betwene them too, we wyl also, tell all they peyne* in fere
That she was in, now I begynne, soo that ye me answere.
Wherfore ye, that present be, I pray you now geue an eare,
I am the Knyght, I cum by nyght, as secret as I can,
Saying alas, thus stondyth the cause, I am a bannisshed man.

* ? All the pain and fear.

'And I your wylle, for to fulfylle, in this wyl not refuse,
Trusting to shewe, in wordis fewe, y^t^ men haue an ille vse
To ther owne shame, wymē to blame, & causeles thē accuse.
Therfore to you, I answere now, alle wymen to excuse,
Myn own hert dere w^t^ you what chiere, I prey you telle anoon,
For in my mynde, of all mankynde, I loue but you allon.

'It stōdeth so, a dede is do,* wherfore much harme shal growe,
My desteny, is for to dey, a shamful dethe I trowe,
Or ellis to flee the ton† must bee, none other wey I knowe,
But to w^t^drawe, as an outlaw, and take me to my bowe.
Wherfore adew, my owne hert trewe, none other red‡ I can,
For I muste to the grene wode goo, alone a bannysshed man.

'O Lorde, what is this worldis blisse that chaungeth as y^e^ mone,
My somers day ī lusty may, is darked before the none,
I here you saye farewel, nay, nay, we departe not so sone,
Why say ye so, wheder wyl ye goo, alas what haue ye done?
Alle my welfare, to sorow and care, shulde chauge yf ye wer gon,
For in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you alone.

'I can beleve, it shal you greve, & shomwhat you distrayne
But aftyrwarde your paynes harde w^t^in a day or tweyne
Shal sone aslake, and ye shal take comfort to you agayne,
Why shuld ye nought for to make thought, your labur were in vayne,
And thus I do, & pray you too, as hertely as I can.
For I must too y^e^ grene wode goo, alone a banysshed man.

'Now syth that ye have shewed to me y^e^ secret of your mynde,
I shal be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye shal me fynde,
Syth it is so, that ye wyll goo, I wol not leue behynde,
Shal never be sayd, the Nutbrowne mayd was to her loue vnkind.
Make you redy, for soo am I, all though it were anoon,
For in my mynde, of all man kynde, I loue but you alone.

* Done. † Town. ‡ In no other way can I make things straight.

'Yet if you rede,* take good hede whan men wyl thinke & sey,
Of yonge and olde, it shal be tolde, that ye be gone away
Your wanton wylle for to fulfylle, In grene wood you to play,
And that ye myght, from your delyte, noo lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me be called an ylle woman,
Yet wold I to the grenewoode goo, alone a banysshed man.

'Though it be songe of olde and yonge, that I shuld be to blame
Theiss be the charge, y^{t} speke so large in hurting of my name,
For I wyl proue, that feythful loue, it is deuoyd of shame,
In your distresse, and heuynesse, to parte wyth you the same,
And sure all thoo,† that doo not so, trewe louers ar they noon,
But in my mynde, of all man kynde, I loue but you alone.

'I councel you, you remember how, it is noo maydens lawe,
Nothing to dought, but to reñe‡ to wod w^{t} an outlawe,
For ye must there, In your hands bere a bowe to ben and drawe,
And as a theef, thus must ye lyeve, ever in drede and awe,
By whiche to you, gret harme myght grow, yet had I leuer than,
That I had too the grene wod goo, Alone a banysshyd man.

'I thinke not nay, but as ye saye, it is noo maydens lore,
But loue may make me for your sake, as ye haue said before,
To come on fote, to hunte and shote, to get us mete and store,
For soo that I, your company may haue, I aske no more,
From whiche to parte, it maketh myn herte as cold as ony ston,
For in my mynde, of all man kynde, I loue but you alone.

'For an outlawe this is the lawe, that men hym take & binde,
Wythout pytee, hanged to bee, and wauer w^{t} the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as god forbede, what rescons coude ye finde,
Forsothe I trowe you; and your bowe shul drawe for fere behynde,
And no merveyle, for lytel avayle were in your councel than,
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo, alone a banyssh'd man.

* Are determined. † Those. ‡ Run.

' Ful wel knowe ye, that wymen bee ful febyl for to fyght
Noo womanhed, it is in deede, to bee bold as a knight
Yet in suche fere, yf that ye were, amonge enemys day and nyght.
I wolde withstonde, w^{t} bowe in hande, to greve them as I myght.
And you to saue, as wymen haue, from deth many one
For in my mynde, of all man kynde, I loue but you alone.

' Yet take good hede, for ever I drede, that ye coulde not sustein
The thorny wayes, y^{e} depe valeis, the snowe, y^{e} frost, y^{e} reyn.
The colde, the hete, for dry or wete, we must lodge on the playn,
And vs aboue, noon other rove,* but a brake bussh or twayne,
Whiche sone shulde greue you, I beleue, and ye wolde gladly than,
That I had too the grenewode goo, alone, a banysshyd man.

' Syth I haue here ben partynere w^{t} you of Joy & blysse,
I muste also, parte of your woo, endure as reason is.
Yet am I sure of oō† plesure, and, shortly, it is this
That where ye bee, me semeth, perde, I could not fare a mysse.
Wythout more speche, I you beseche, that we were soon a gone,
For in my mynde, of all man kynde, I love but you alone.

' Yf ye go thedyr, ye must cōsider, whan ye haue lust to dyne
Ther shal no mete, before to gete, nor drīke bere, ale, ne wine,
Ne shetis clene, to lye betwene, made of thred and twyne,
Noon other house, but levys and bowes to kever your hed & myn,
Loo‡ myn herte swete, this ylle dyet, shuld make you pale & wan,
Wherfore I to the wood wyl goo, alone, a banysshid man.

' Amonge the wylde dere, suche an archier as mē say y^{t} ye bee
Ye may not fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete plente,
And watir cleere, of the ryvere, shal be ful swete to me.
Wyth which in hele,§ I shal right wele, endure as ye shal see,
And er we goo a bed or twoo I can provide anoon,
For in my mynde, of all man kynde, I loue but you alone.

* Roof. † One. ‡ Lo! § Health.

'Loo yet before, ye must doo more if ye wyl goo w^{t} me,
As cutte your here, vp by your ere, your kirtel* by y^{e} knee,
Wyth bowe in hāde, for to w^{t}stande your enmys yf nede bee,
And this same nyght, before day lyght, to woodward wyl I flee.
And ye wyl all this fulfylle, doo it shortly as ye can,
Ellis wil I to the grenewode goo, alone a banysshyd man.

'I shal, as now, do more for you, y^{t} longeth to woman hed,
To short my here, a bowe to bere, to shote in tyme of nede,
O my swete mod,† before all other, for you have I most drede,
But now adiew, I must enseue,‡ wher fortune duth me leede,
All this make ye, now lete us flee, the day cum fast vpon,
For in my mynde, of all man kynde, I loue but you alone.

'Nay nay not soo, ye shal not goo & I shal telle you why,
Your appetytè is to be lyght, of love I wele aspie,
For, right as ye have sayd to me, in lykewyse hardely,
Ye wolde answere, whosoever it were, in way of Company,
It is sayd of olde, sone hote sone colde, and so is a woman,
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo, alone a bannysshed man.

'Yef§ ye take hede, yet is noo nede, such wordis to say be,
For oft ye preyd, and longe assayed, or I you lovid ꝑdee‖
And though that I of auncestry, a barons doughter bee,
Yet haue you proued, how I you loued, a squyer of lowe degree,
And ever shal, what so befalle to dey therfore anoon,
For in my mynde, of al mankynde, I loue but you alone.

'A Barons childe, to be begyled, it were a curssed dede,
To be felow w^{t} an outlawe, almyghty god forbede,
Yet bettyr were, the power¶ squyer, alone to forest yede**
Than ye shal saye, another day, that be wyked dede,
Ye were betrayed, wherfore good maide, the best red†† y^{e} I can
Is that I too the grenewode goo, alone a banysshed man.

* Gown. † Mother. ‡ Follow. § If.
‖ Per dee—the Norman, or Anglicism, of the modern French 'par Dieu.'
¶ Poor. ** Go. †† Advice (I can give).

‘ Whatsoever be falle, I neuer shal, of this thing you vpbraid,
But yf ye goo, and leue me soo, then haue ye me betraied,
Remembre ye wele, how that ye dele, for yf ye as the sayde
Be so vnkynde, to leue behynde, your loue the notbrowne maide,
Trust me truly that I dey, sone after ye be gone,
For in my mynde, of all man kynde, I loue but you alone.

‘ Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent, for in the forest now
I have purveid me, of a maide, whom I loue more thã you.
Another fayrer than euer ye were, I dare it wel auowe,
And of you bothe, eche shulde be wrothe, w^{t} other as I trowe,
It were myn ease to lyue in pease, so wyl I yf I can,
Wherfore I to the wode wyl goo, alone a banysshid man.

‘ Though in the wood, I understode, ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remeue my thought, but y^{t} I wil be your,
And she shal fynde me softe and kynde. and curteis every our,
Glad to fulfylle all that she wylle, cõmaunde me to my power,
For had ye loo* an hundred moo,† yet wolde I be that one,
For in my mynde, of all man kynde, I loue but you alone.

‘ Myn owne dere loue, I see the proue, that ye be kynde & trewe,
Of mayde and wyf, in al my lyf, the best y^{t} euer I knewe,
Be mery and glad, be no more sad, the case is chañged newe,
For it were ruthe,‡ that for your trouth you shuld have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I sayd, to you whan I began,
I wyl not too the grene wod goo, I am noo banysshyd man.

‘ Theis tidings be more glad to me, than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure, but it is often seen,
When men wyl breke promyse they speke, the word is on the splene,§
Yé shape some wyle me to begyle, and stele from me I wene,
Then were the case wurs than it was, & I more woo begone,
For in my mynde, of al mankynde, I loue but you alone.

* Loved. † More. ‡ Pity. § Hastily spoken.

'Ye shal not nede further to drede, I wyll not dispage*
You god defende since you descende of so gret a lynage,
Now understonde, to Westmerlande, whiche is my herytage,
I wyl you bringe, and with a rynge, be wey of maryage,
I wyl you take, and lady make, as shortly as I can,
Thus have ye wone an erles son, and not a banysshyd man.

'Here may ye see that women be in loue, meke, kinde and Stable,
Late never man repreue them then, or call them variable,
But rather prey god that we may to them be consortable
Whiche sometyme provyth, suche as loueth, yf they be charitable.
For sith men wolde that wymen sholde, be meke to them eche on,
Much more ought they to god obey, and serue but hym alone.'

I have given this very pretty poem *in extenso*, as it possibly may not be familiar to some of my readers, and is worthy of a place in the literature of its century. There may be one or two others, notably 'The Geste of Robin Hood,' Edinburgh, 1508? that lay claim to be ballads; but, as far as is known, the earliest printed ballad, calling itself such, which has a properly printed title and colophon, is 'A ballade of the scottysshe kynge,' written by John Skelton, Poet Laureate to King Henry VIII., and of the undoubted date of 1513, immediately after the Battle of Flodden, which took place on September 9th of that year.

This ballad, which is, as far as is known, unique, is in the British Museum, and was found in stripping off the cover of a copy of 'The Romance of Huon of Bordeaux,' printed in Paris, 1513. This book evidently had been bound in England, and, as is frequently the case, sheets of printed paper were introduced to help make up the cover. Not only was this ballad thus found, but there were also the missing leaves necessary to make up an unique prose description of the Battle of Floddon Field. This book had been knocking about, with many others, on the floor of a garret in a farmhouse at Whaddon, co. Dorset. When rescued, it was presented to the nation.

* Disparage.

Subjoined is a facsimile of the title-page:

A ballade of the scottysshe kynge.

Kynge Jamy/Jomp pour. Joye is all go
ye sommoed our kynge why dyde ye so
To pou nothyng it dyde accorde
To sommon our kynge pour souerayne lorde.

The text is as follows :

"A ballade of the scottysshe kynge.

Kynge Jamy / Jomy your Ioye is all go
Ye somnoed* our kynge why dyde ye so
A kynge a somner† it is wonder.
Knowe ye not salte and suger asonder
In your somnynge ye were to malaperte
And your harolde no thynge experte
Ye thought ye dyde it full valyauntolye
But not worth thre skppes‡ of a pye/.
Syr squyer galyarde§ ye were to swyfte
Your wyll renne before your wytte.
To be so scornefull to your alye /
Your counseyle was not worth a flye.
Before the frensshe kynge / danes / and other
Ye ought to honour your lorde and brother.

* The summoning of Henry VIII. by James IV. arose from many causes. Although James had married Henry's sister, he seems to have been unable to get from the latter King the jewels which Henry VII. had left Margaret : then there was the murderer of Sir Robert Ker, Warden of the Marches, still at large ; and he was very angry at the capture of Andrew Barton's ships, although we should now only regard him as a pirate. He wanted a cause for quarrel, and took advantage of Henry's absence on the Continent to write him an angry letter in which occurs, amongst other matters, the sentence, 'We require and desyre you to desist fra farther inuasion and vtter destructiō of our brother and Cousyng the mayst Crysten Kyng.'

The blood of the Tudors could not stand this, and after giving the bearer, Lyon King-at-Arms, a good sound rating on account of his master, Henry wrote back a very severe reply. Lyon was well treated and had a douceur of 100 angels given him ; but ere he reached Scotland his master had fallen at Floddon.

† Skelton was an ecclesiastic, and, as such, he used, as he thought, the worst, and most spiteful epithet he could apply. If anyone wants to know what was thought of the office of Summoner, or Apparitor, let him read Chaucer's 'Frere's Tale,' and, even in the prologue to that tale, he is thus described :

'A sompnour is a renner vp and doun
With mandements afor fornicatioun,
And is y bate at euery townes end.'

‡ 'Thre skyppes of a pye,' or magpie, is, as 'Your counseyle was not worth a flye' further on, only a term used to denote the very small value set on James's advice and letters.

§ Brisk, gay.

Trowe ye syr James his noble grace /
For you and your scottes wolde tourne his face
Now ye prode scottes of gelawaye*
For your kynge may synge welawaye
Now must ye knowe our kynge for your regent /
Your soverayne lorde and presedent /†
In hym is figured melchisedeche /
And ye be as desolate as armaleche
He is our noble champion.
A kynge anoynted and ye be non
Through your counseyle your fader was slayne‡
Wherfore I fere you will suffre payne /
And ye proude scottes of dunbar
Parde ye be his homager,
And suters to his parlyment /
Ye dyde not your dewty therin
Wyerfore ye may it now repent.
Ye bere yourselfe som what to bolde /
Therfore ye have lost your copholde
Ye be bounde tenauntes to his estate,
Gyve vp your game ye playe chek mate.
For to the castell of norham§
I onderstonde to soone ye cam,

---

* Galloway.

† Hall (edit. 1548), giving the interview between Henry VIII. and Lyon, whilst the former was engaged in the siege of Tourenne, makes the monarch say to the herald, 'Thus say to thy Master, that I am the very owner of Scotlād & y^t^ he holdeth it of me by homage, and in so much as now contrary to his bounden duety he being my vassall, doth rebell against me, w^t^ Gods help, I shal at my return expulse him his realme.'

‡ James IV. was only seventeen when he ascended the throne of Scotland. He joined the barons in rebellion against his father, and was opposed to him at Bannockburn. James III. fled, and was hurt by falling from his horse ; he was carried into a miller's house, where he either died, or was murdered. James IV. deeply repented having a helping hand in his father's death, and is said, as a practical penance, to have worn an iron chain round his waist, next his skin, an extra link being added every year.

§ This shows how soon Skelton wrote this ballad after the first news of the victory, for it was

For a prysoner there now ye be
Eyther to the deuyll or the trinite.
Thanked be saynte Gorge our ladyes knythe
Your pryd is paste adwe* good nytht.
Ye haue determyned to make a fraye
Our kynge than beynge out of the waye
But by the power and myght of god
Ye were beten weth your owne rod
By your wanton wyll syr at a worde
Ye haue loste spores / cote armore / and swordet
Ye had bet better to haue busked to huntey bakes/‡
Than in Englonde to playe ony such prankes
But ye had some wyle§ sede to sowe
Therfore ye be layde now full lowe /
Your power coude no lenger attayne
Warre with our kynge to meyntayne.
Of the kynge of nauerne ye may take hede /‖
How unfortunately he doth now spede /

---

not then even known that King James was slain. In after years, when he incorporated this ballad in 'Skelton Laureate against the Scottes,' he thus altered it:

'Unto the castell of norram
I vnderstande, to sone ye came
Thus for your guerdon quyt ar ye
Thanked be God in Trinitie.'

* Adieu.

† *I.e.*, become a recreant knight, and therefore dishonoured.

‡ Skelton was very fond of bringing in Huntly Banks (a hilly tract of land in the district of Strathbolgie, co. Aberdeen), and, among his poems, certainly did so on three occasions; one example will suffice:

'Dundas
That dronke asse,
That rates and rantis,
That prates and prankes
On Huntley bankes.'

§ Wild—like *wild oats.*

‖ Here again we find how Skelton wrote hurriedly, on the news of the supposed capture of James IV.—a fault which he altered in a subsequent edition of the ballad. The passage relates to the King of Navarre.

In double welles* now he dooth dreme.
That is a kynge witou a realme.
At hym example ye wolde none take.
Experyence hath brought you in the same brake
Of the out yles ye rough foted scottes /†
We have well eased you of the bottes
Ye rowe ranke scottes and droken‡ danes
Of our englysshe bowes ye have sette your banes.
It is not fyttynge in tour nor towne /
A somner to were a kynges crowne.
That neble erle the Whyte Lyon.§
Your pompe and pryde hath layde a downe
His sone the lorde admyral is full good,
His swerde hath bathed in the scottes blode
God saue kynge Henry and his lordes all
And sende the frensshe kynge such another fall /

℔ Amen / for saynt charyte '
And god saue noble
Kynge / Henry /
The viij.

This ballad is very rough, and not comparable to the daintiness of 'The Nut-brown Maid;' but it marks the time from whence the numerous, almost numberless, progeny of ballads springs. The name was adopted, and it became a power in the land. It was an old institution in Shakespeare's time, and chapmen, like Autolycus, went about the country vending them with their other wares. 'He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of "dildos" and "fadings," "jump her, and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to

* Walls. † Who had taken off their brogues in order to fight better. ‡ Drunken.
§ Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, afterwards second Duke of Norfolk, whose family cognizance was a white lion. His son was 'the lorde admyral.'

answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man," puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."'

And further on in the same scene:

'*Clown.* What hast here? ballads?

'*Mopsa.* Pray now buy some; I love a ballad in print, o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Autolycus. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true: and but a month old.

Dorcas. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true, too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.'*

The 'Winter's Tale' is said to have been written in 1610, so that we may see what strides ballad-writing had taken since the rough verses of Skelton, a century before; not only had they been manufactured to suit all tastes, but they were anxiously looked for in every village and farmhouse visited by the chapman.

Referring again to Shakespeare, we find that they were of many characters: there is 'a woeful ballad,'† 'odious ballads,'‡ 'pitiful,' as we have just seen, as also 'merry' in the same scene; and 'a particular ballad' in *Henry IV.*, Part II., Act iv., s. 3, where Falstaff threatens that, if his deeds of prowess are not recorded,

* 'Winter's Tale,' Act iv., s. 3.

† 'As You Like It,' Act iii., s. 7.

‡ 'All's Well that Ends Well,' Act iii., s. 1.

he will 'have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot.'

And this brings us to the illustrations, which are most valuable, not only as

specimens of early English wood engraving, which otherwise would be very scarce, but as depicting the costumes and social habits of the seventeenth century. They seldom have reference to the ballad to which they are attached, any more than did the ballads of Catnatch, who died well within living memory. They were

mainly old, worn, broken, and worm-eaten, and, in my facsimiles, I have endeavoured, as far as in my power lay, to preserve these features of antiquity, and not restore them 'out of my inner consciousness,' thereby making the ballads themselves more lifelike.

They were the popular form of literature, the chapbook belonging to the eighteenth century, and they were sung in the streets, as is graphically depicted by Marcellus Lauron, temp. William III. or Anne.*

Even the limited selection here given, will show the immense power they had in forming a public opinion among an uneducated nation, and Fletcher of Saltoun, who used, if he did not originate, the aphorism, was greatly right when he said, 'Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws.' No one can compute the influence the ballads of the Commonwealth period had upon either party. It must have been enormous. Invective, scurrility, and personalities were freely used on both sides, and they deserve a volume to themselves. In this book I have made no use of them, with one exception, 'The King enjoyes his own again,' because my scheme was to give a general idea of the ballads of the century, especially illustrating the social life and manners of the times in a way such as could scarcely be learnt from contemporary books, or diaries.

Unfortunately, very many would not suit the fastidious taste of this era, and many could not now be published at all; but, although our refinement shrinks from our ancestors' plain speaking, there is no evidence that they were worse men and women than now, our newspapers being filled with every horrible and revolting social crime possible to conceive—murder, burglary, arson, swindling, etc., etc., have become fine arts, which were then but clumsily executed, and easy of detection. So that it is scarcely fair to condemn a past age as coarse and brutal, because they wrote and printed as they talked, and, on delicate subjects, so openly as to suggest primeval innocence.

My only regret is that space precludes my giving more examples of each section —a fault easily to be remedied should this book find favour in the eyes of my readers.

JOHN ASHTON.

* See preceding page.

Social Ballads.

IN the majority of the ballads of the seventeenth century something may be picked out illustrative of social manners, customs, tastes, dress, etc.; but, unfortunately, they are not all what we should consider fit for 'family reading,' and, consequently, may not now be published for the general reader; still, there are some that dwell specially on social subjects, which are perfectly harmless, and may even be termed instructive.

The 'good old times' were mourned then, as now, and the degeneracy of the age in profusion of expense, lack of hospitality, and dissipation, are bewailed in 'Times Alteration' and 'The Old and New Courtiers,' which is an amplification of the well-known 'Fine Old English Gentleman.'

Of children we hear but little, although mention is occasionally made of them going to school, where they learned their Christ Cross Row from a horn book; but we may see their costume in the reign of James I. in the illustration to 'A pennyworth of good Counsell,' where they are represented as the exact counterparts of our Christchurch scholars or 'bluecoat boys.' They are evidently considered too 'small deer' for the ballad-maker, to whom human beings only begin to be interesting when they have emerged from the chrysalis state of girl and boyhood, and have arrived at that stage of adolescence when they are fitted to play the *rôle* of lovers.

As all properly constituted love ends, or ought to end, in marriage, we hear a great deal of that holy estate, and in 'The Good Wives Forecast,' we have very sensible advice given by a matron to her daughter, who is newly married: how that she is to be frugal, and industrious, and especially to lay herself out to please

her husband—precepts which, if properly acted up to, would considerably increase the happiness of a married couple. In the very pretty ballad of 'The Bride's Good Morrow,' where the bride's neighbours serenade her, wishing her the best of all good wishes, we are brought to the church porch, and, in the last verse, we stand on the threshold of her new life.

The next ballad, 'The Easter Wedding,' not only tells us how the young damsels, dressed in white sarsenet, and wearing their night-rails, accompanied the bride to church, but it gives us a representation of the marriage ceremony, which is graphically Jacobean. We here learn how the day was spent in feasting and dancing, and how the company saw the happy couple duly bedded—but, singularly, it omits all mention of wedding favours, the nuptial posset, or caudle, and of the ceremony of flinging the stocking, all very necessary ingredients to a properly organised marriage in those days.

The young couple settle down, but find that matrimony brings its cares, as we are shown in a dialogue 'between the Carefull Wife and the Comfortable Husband,' which ends, as it ought to do, in a profession of mutual help and affection. In a 'Woman's Work is never done' we get a very good insight into the domestic details of a presumably lower middle class household, such as could not possibly be found in the Diaries either of Pepys or Evelyn. But human nature in the seventeenth century seems to have been very like unto that of the nineteenth, and in 'A penny-worth of good Counsell' we find a wife lamenting the shortcomings of her husband. Still, for one ballad on domestic infelicity caused by the behaviour of the man, we find dozens of ballads on scolds. Yet that was an age when scolding was reckoned an offence against the community at large, as we have plenty of evidence in the writings of the poets of that century, and of which we have tangible witnesses left us in the shape of ducking-stools, and branks, or scolds' bridles. How one was cured, is amusingly told in 'A Caution for Scolds'; and how another was sent to the plantations, we learn in 'The Woman Outwitted.' Complaints of women's extravagance in dress may be found in some ballads, but the ladies were equal to the occasion, and an amusing apology for the use of the 'Fontange,' or 'Commode,' which was most fashionable in the reign of William and Mary, is in 'The London Ladies Vindication of Topknots.'

The Arcadian age was just commencing, and imaginary shepherds were beginning to pour forth their tales of unrequited love in long and very dull ballads—

but there are some which contrast the delights of the country with the charms of the city, and which invariably decide in favour of the former, as 'The Countrey Lasse' and 'The Country Gentleman.' But these sing of the higher classes; the superiority of the country over town, viewed by the labouring class, is shown in 'The Merry Milk Maids;' and there are ballads which exalt the countryman over the town servant. The countryman in London, was, of course, a fair object to be girded at, and so we accordingly find it in 'The Great Boobee,' which shows us the London of that day. But, if 'Downright Dick of the West' is to be trusted, the Londoner did not always get off best in his encounters with his brother of the country, either in practical joking or in argument. In 'A Posie of Rare Flowers' we have a long, but alas! a far from exhaustive, list of the beautiful old English flowers, now so rarely met with, but which, one with another, furnished flowers of sweet perfume all the year round, instead of the garish colouring with which we tire our eyes for a few months only. Some of the flowers described in the ballads are difficult to identify at the present time, as 'Start-up and Kiss Me,' but the majority will be immediately recognised as old favourites.

The countryman was far better off for amusements than the citizen, whose recreations were very limited, and I much fear that most of his spare time, to judge by the large number of ballads on drinking, was spent in the tavern. Take for instance two ballads, which seem to be specially fitted to each other, and see how a party of young men and maidens of the same class enjoyed themselves, certainly without harm, but very differently. 'In 'Hey ho, Hunt about' they at once adjourn to the tavern, where they dance and sing and drink—well—quite enough; whilst in the well known 'Rurall Dance about the Maypole'* is depicted a scene of a totally different character.

Of trade we hear very little; indeed, there was very little to hear of. Mechanical science, as we know it, did not exist. Men's wants were but few, and England provided for its own needs in all necessaries, and only imported luxuries, such as silks, wine, spices, tobacco, etc. Cotton was nearly unknown, for flax was yet grown in England, and homespun linen was universally worn in the country. Yet England had always been famous for its cloth, and, as early as the twelfth century there had been a large cloth-fair held in Smithfield, and great quantities

* Better known as 'Come Lasses and Lads, Take leave of your Dadds,' etc.

were exported. The clothiers were men of substance, and in some instances of great wealth, *vide* 'Jack of Newbury,' or John Wynchcombe, who lived in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., and who led one hundred and fifty men, clothed and armed at his own expense, to the aid of his sovereign at Flodden Field. In the ballad of 'The Clothier's Delight,' we are introduced to little tricks which are even now played by some manufacturers, and we see that the *truck* system was then in force. From 'The Sorrowful Lamentations of the Pedlars, and Petty Chapmen,' we learn the class of goods which those worthies carried about the country; and in 'The Trader's Medley: or the Crys of London' we have a clever synopsis of the cries then in vogue, of the goods that were then hawked about, and in many instances of their prices, which, however, should be multiplied by three, to accord with our present monetary valuation.

Of social events, the ballad literature of this country is almost destitute; there was no news, as we now term it, and only such an event as a great frost would be considered of sufficient importance to be sung about. Still, if carefully perused, these few Social Ballads will give the student matter such as cannot be found in any diary, or history.

Social Ballads.

Time's Alteration;

OR,

The Old Man's rehearsal, what brave days he knew
A great while agone, when his old Cap was new.

To the tune of '*I'le nere be drunke againe.*'

WHEN this old Cap was new, 'tis since two hundred yeere,
No malice then we knew, but all things plentie were:
All friendship now decayes (beleeve me, this is true),
Which was not in those dayes, *when this old Cap was new.*

The Nobles of our Land were much delighted then,
To have at their command a Crue of lustie Men:
Which by their Coates were knowne of Tawnie, Red, or Blue,
With Crests on their sleeves showne, *when this old Cap was new.*

Now Pride hath banisht all, unto our Land's reproach,
Then he whose meanes is small, maintaines both Horse and Coach.
Instead of an hundred Men, the Coach allows but two;
This was not thought of then, *when this old Cap was new.*

Good Hospitalitie was cherisht then of many,
Now poore men starve and die, and are not helpt by any:
For Charitie waxeth cold, and Love is found in few:
This was not in time of old, *when this old Cap was new.*

Where ever you travel'd then, you might meet on the way,
Brave Knights and Gentlemen, clad in their Country Gray;
That courteous would appear, and kindly welcome you,
No Puritans then were, *when this old Cap was new.*

Our Ladies in those dayes in civill Habit went,
Broad-cloth was then worth prayse, and gave the best content:
French Fashions then were scorn'd, fond Fangles then none knew,
Then Modestie Women adorn'd, *when this old Cap was new.*

A Man might then behold, at Christmas in each Hall,
Good Fires to curbe the Cold, and Meat for great and small.
The Neighbours were friendly bidden, and all had welcome true,
The poor from the Gates were not chidden, *when this old Cap was new.*

Black Jackes* to every man were fill'd with Wine and Beere;
No Pewter Pot nor Kanne, in those dayes did appeare:
Good cheare in a Noble-man's house was counted a seemly shew,
We wanted no Brawne nor Sowse,† *when this old Cap was new.*

We tooke not such delight in Cups of Silver fine,
None under the degree of a Knight, in Plate drunk Beere or Wine:
Now each Mechanicall man hath a Cup-Board of Plate for a shew,
Which was a rare thing then, *when this old Cap was new.*

* Leather flagons, often ornamented with the arms of the owner in silver, and with silver rims.
† A stew made with the humbler parts of pork.

Then Briberie was unborne, no Simonie men did use ;
Christians did Usurie scorne, devis'd among the Jewes :
Then Lawyers to be Feed at that time hardly knew,
For man with man agreed, *when this old Cap was new.*

No Captaine then carowst nor spent poore Souldier's Pay ;
They were not so abus'd as they are at this day.
Of seven dayes they make eight, to keepe from them their due ;
Poore Souldiers had their right, *when this old Cap was new.*

Which made them forward still to goe, although not prest ;
And going with good will, their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight did Forraine Foes subdue,
And forst them all to flight, *when this old Cap was new.*

God save our gracious King, and send him long to live ;
Lord, mischiefe on them bring, that will not their almes give,
But seeke to rob the Poore of that which is their due :
This was not in time of yore, *when this old Cap was new.*

M. P.*

Printed for the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

* ? Martin Parker.

The Good Wife's Forecast;

OR THE

KIND AND LOVING MOTHER'S COUNSEL TO HER DAUGHTER AFTER MARRIAGE.

My Daughter dear, I pray give ear, } { *I'll tell to you, you'll find it true*
This Lesson I have learn'd, } { *A penny sav'd is earn'd.*

Tune of '*Why are my Eyes still flowing?*'

MY Daughter dear now since you are become a Bride,
Take these my Precepts for to be your guide:
Therefore attend, and listen well; for they are these,
First you must strive your kind Husband to please;
The next is this, which you must understand,
Still to provide all things at the left hand.
For I must tell you, this lesson I have learn'd,
A penny well sav'd is as good as one earn'd.

Your Husband, he by Labour dayly does provide
Both Meat and Drink, likewise all things beside;
Therefore be sure you don't abroad with Gossips roam,
For 'tis your duty to keep your own Home.
Everything needful always to repair,
This must still be your industrious care,
For by experience this Lesson I learn'd:
A penny well sav'd is as good as one earn'd.

Some Wives will boast that they their Families maintain,
And therefore over their Husbands may reign;
Yet take no rule, dear Daughter, by such Wives as these,
But still be careful your husband to please;
What though you cannot get so much as they,
If you will learn but to honour, obey,
This is the furthest you need be concern'd,
A penny well sav'd is as good as one earn'd.

Daughter, for those that have been brought up to a trade,
When they are marry'd what use can be made
Of that imploy, when they have a Family
To guide and govern as it ought to be:
Then, if that Calling and Work it be done,
All things beside that to Ruin must run;
Therefore I think it may well be discern'd,
A penny well sav'd is as good as one earn'd.

Maids by their trades themselves to such a pass do bring,
That they can neither brew, bake, wash, nor wring,
Nor any work that's tending to good housewifry,
This amongst many too often I see.
Nay, their young Children must pack off to Nurse,
All is not got that is put in the Purse,
Therefore of old I this lesson have learn'd,
A penny well sav'd is as good as one earn'd.

Yet there are men that take no thought or care at all,
The comfort of their poor wives is but small;
For they must slave, or else be forst to starve,
But such ill husbands good wives don't deserve;
Although a woman indeed may contrive
To help her husband in order to thrive,
But he's no better I think than a knave,
That takes a Woman to make her a slave.

But you are blest with such a real honest man,
Who only expects you to do what you can;
For he is always like unto the painful Bee,
What he does earn, he brings home safe to thee;
When he returns from his Labour at night,
To you in whom he has plac'd his delight;
This, my dear Daughter, you know to be true,
I wish that all wives were as happy as you.

To all your words, dear Mother, I have giv'n good heed,
And do account it my Duty indeed,
To prize them far more than the rich refin'd gold;
Then said her Mother, dear Daughter, behold
Here is my blessing, to you I will give,
And be a friend to you as long as I live,
And when I dye all I have shall be thine,
If you observe this good Councel of mine.

Printed for I. Deacon at the Angel in Guiltspur Street without Newgate.

The Bride's Good-morrow.

THE night is passed and joyfull day appeareth
most cleare on every side,
With pleasant musick we therefore salute you,
good morrow, Mistris Bride:
From sleepe and slumber now awake you out of hand,
your bridegroom stayeth at home:
Whose fancy, favour, and affection still doth stand
fixed on thee alone:
Dresse you in your best array,
This must be your wedding-day,
God Almighty send you happy joy;
In health and wealth to keep you still,
And, if it be His blessed will,
God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy.

This day is honour now brought to thy bosome,
and comfort to thy heart,
For God hath sent a friend for to defend you
from sorrow, care, and smart;
In health, or sickness, for thy comfort day and night,
he is appointed and brought,
Whose love and liking is most constant, sure and right,
then love ye him as ye ought.
Now you have your heart's desire,
And the thing you did require.
God Almighty send you happy joy;
In health and wealth to keep you still,
And, if it be His blessed will,
God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy.

There is no treasure the which may be compared
unto a faithfull friend,
Gold soone decayeth and worldly goods consumeth,
and wasteth as the winde.
But love once planted in a perfect and pure minde
indureth weale and woe:
The frownes of fortune come they never so unkinde,
cannot the same overthrow.
A bit of bread is better cheare,
Where love and friendship doth appeare,
than dainty dishes stuffed full of strife;
For where the heart is cloy'd with care,
Sower* is the sweetest fare;
and Death far better than so bad a Life.

Sweet Bride, then may you full well contented stay you,
and in your heart rejoyce,
Sith God was guider both of your heat and fancy,
and maker of your choice;
And He that preserv'd you to this happy state
will not behold you decay,

* Sour.

Nor see you lack relief nor help in any rate,
if you His precepts obey.
To those that ask it faithfully,
The Lord will no good thing deny,
this comfort in the Scriptures may you finde;
Then let no worldly griefe and care,
Vexe your heart with foule dispaire,
which doth declare the unbeleeving minde.

All things are ready, and every whit prepared
to beare you company;
Your friends and parents do give their due attendance,
together courteously;
The House is drest and garnisht for your sake,
with flowers gallant and green,
A solem feast your comely cooks do ready make,
where all your friends will be seen.
Young men and maids do ready stand,
With sweet Rosemary in their hand,
a perfect token of your virgin's life;
To wait upon you they intend,
Unto the Church to make an end:
and God make thee a joyfull wedded wife.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The Easter Wedding;

OR,

THE BRIDEGROOM'S JOY AND HAPPINESS COMPLEATED,
IN HIS KIND AND CONSTANT BRIDE.

Here may we see true Loyalty, the Quintessence of Love; Since he did find, his Dear so kind, let him most tender prove.

Tune of '*O so ungrateful a Creature.*'

PRAY now attend to this Ditty, which I in brief will declare;
Not very far from this City, there was a Wedding we hear:
In mighty Triumph attended, sorrow they clearly destroy,
Therefore let none be offended, tho' I shall speak of their joy.

Fortune we know once did lower, on this young Bridegroom we see,
But now his Joys are in power, since he is happy and free:
They now no longer wou'd tarry, seeing they happily meet.
But were resolved to Marry, making their blessings compleat.

Now for to speak of the Glory, which did in Splendor appear,
I will be brief in the Story, therefore I pray you give ear :
As they were walking together, both to be joyned in one,
Thousands and Thousands came thither, by which their kindness was shown.

Many young Damsels attir'd all in their Sarsenet white,
Ev'ry one seeing, admir'd, while they were beholding the sight ;
In love they held it their Duty, to be both Gallant and Gay,
Thus they appeared in Beauty, like the fair Flowers in *May*.

Maids they in Night-Trayls* did flourish, as they attended the Train,
This loving Couple to cherish, home they returned again :
This was a notable Wedding, where there did plenty abound,
Many came thither unbidden, from every Village all round.

There was but a few that were able, but did come in for a share,
Thus a most plentiful Table did to all persons appear :

* Night Rail—a veil or head-dress sometimes worn by women at night.

Feasting, and filling the Glasses, *Bacchus* did flow like a Spring,
And the Young Lads and the Lasses drank a good Health to the King.

Then did the Musick for Dancing play, and went merrily on,
Simon with *Susan* advancing, so did young *Robin* and *Nan:*
Richard resolved at leisure, to take a turn with the Bride,
This was a day of much pleasure, may they have many beside.

When the long day it was ended, she to her Chamber was led,
By the young Maids that attended, when they beheld them in Bed:
Then, at the length they did leave them, with those kind Wishes at last,
That Sorrow never may grieve them, now all their Troubles are past.

Printed for *C. Denison* at the *Stationers Arms* within *Aldgate.*

A New Ballad,

CONTAINING A COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE CAREFULL WIFE, AND THE COMFORTABLE HUSBAND TOUCHING THE COMMON CARES AND CHARGES OF HOUSE-HOLD.

THE CAREFUL WIFE.

HOW shall we good Husband,
now live this hard yeare,
This world is so queasie, and
all things so deare,
And so little taking of money for ware,
Makes me lye waking with no little
care.
Then had you need, Husband, to looke
to the Foxe,
Whose crafty conveyance will empty
your boxe;

THE COMFORTABLE HUSBAND.

WIFE, as we get little, so
temper our Dyet,
With any small morsell to
live and be quiet,
Though home be so homely and never
so poore,
Yet let us keepe Warily the Wolfe from
the doore.
Nay there lay a straw,* wife, I am not
so mad,
Well pay'd is well sold, wife, a man
may be glad,

* Make a mark—remember the fact.

With faire fawning speeches some credit to crave,
Or else to bee surety for more than you have.

Then Husband be carefull and not over large,
For unto Hous-keeping there 'longeth a charge;
In wiving and thriving it is an old song,
More than the bare legs to bed do belong.
What you spend on mee, I take for my paine,
For doing such duties as you would disdaine;
For dressing your dyet, in washing and wringing
And much pains I take, Man, with faire babies bringing.

And what you do get, Sir, that will I save,
What better good will in a Wife can you have?
Be sure of my promise, for better, for worse,
I will be a huswife to husband your purse.
I must provide, man, for many an odde thing,
That you never looke to buy or to bring.
To welcome your neighbours, your Nurse and your friend,
To furnish a houshold 'longs many an odde end.

With any light gayne to fill up the purse,
Meane state to maintaine, but not make it worse.

I know it is true, good wife, that you say,
That he that doth marry must cast much away;
For, looke, whatsoever I spend upon you,
Comes never againe (wife), I thinke this is true.
Looke what you would have, wife, let mee know,
I grutch not at any thing that you bestow,
Be content and pleased, lack shall be no let,*
I'le see your cares eased, as fast as I get.

But looke no more in, wife, than I looke without,
You looke in my purse, wife, too often I doubt,
But when you looke in, would you bring in so fast,
Then, though you still look'd, the longer 'twould last.
Upon the odds, wife, I perceive still you goe,
With the oddes I have gotten a very odde throw,
The oddes may sometimes, wife, make a faire lay,
And the oddes may hazard to make all away.

* Hindrance.

What need, man, such odding between you and me,
All shall be even, man, if wee two agree,
Even you, my good husband, and I your good wife,
Will passe this hard yeere, man, without any strife.
And I, for my part, will doe what I may,
With Spinning and Reeling, to passe time away,
Providing and getting to pay for my flaxe,
That none shall come chatting to you for such lacks.

As just as you will, man, I will be content,
Pay you the Brewer, and the Landlord his rent,
The Butcher, the Baker, and the Collier his score,
And then the Woodmonger, and I aske no more,
Than a good New yeer's gift, good husband give me,
And a good New yeer's gift I doe give thee,
Thou hast a good Wife, that a huswif will bee,
Both this yeare, and many to bee merry with thee.

A merry new life, makes a merry beginning,
Let goe that is past, wife, be it losing or winning,
I will play the good husband the best that I can,
To live with good credit, and pay every man.
Then shall wee lacke nothing, wife I doe beleeve,
For no man shall take you or me by the sleeve,
For scoring, or tallying, or taking on trust,
But cleare quittance making is joyfull and just.

That shall I doe, wife with a very good will,
To pay that I owe my meaning is still,
And shall have to pay, I hope, while I live
What old yeare affords not, the new yeere will give,
God grant it bee true, all this that you say,
To His only glory, to whom let us pray,
That wee in his feare may seeme to amend
Our former sinnes passed, unto our lives end.

A Womans Work is Never Done.

Here is a Song for Maids to sing,
Both in the Winter and the Spring;
It is such a pretty conceited thing,
Which will much pleasure to them bring;
Maids may set still, go, or run,
But a Woman's work is never done.

To a delicate Northern Tune, '*A Woman's Work is never done*, or, *The Beds making.*'

AS I was wandring on the way,
I heard a married Woman say,
That she had lived a sollid life,
Ever since the time she was made a wife.
For why (quoth she) my Labor is hard,
And all my pleasures are debarr'd;
Both Morning, Evening, Night and Noon,
I'm sure a Woman's work is never done.

And now (quoth she) I will relate
The manner of my Woful Fate;
And how myself I do bestow,
As all my neighbours well do know;
And therein all that will it hear,
Unto my song I pray a while give ear;
I'le make it plainly to appear right soon,
How that a Woman's Work is never done.

For when that I rise early in the morn,
Before that I my head with dressings adorn,
I sweep and cleane the house as need doth require,
Or, if that it be cold, I make a fire:
Then my Husbands breakfast I must dress,
To fill his belly with some wholesome mess;
Perhaps, thereof, I eat a little or none,
But I'm sure a Woman's Work is never done.

Next thing that I in order do,
My children must be lookt unto;
Then I take them from their naked Beds,
To put on their clothes, and comb their heads;
And then what hap so ever do betide,
Their breakfast straight I must provide,
Bread cries my Daughter, and Drink my Son,
And thus a Womans Work is never done.

And when that I have filled their bellies full,
Some of them I pack away to School,
All save one sucking Childe, that at my brest,
Doth knaw and bite, and sorely me molest:
But when I have laid him down to sleep,
I am Constrain'd the house to keep,
For then the Pottage Pot I must hang on,
And thus a Womans Work is never done.

And when my pottage pot is ready to boil,
I must be careful all the while;
And for to scum the Pot is my desire,
Or else the fat will run i' th' fire;
But when th' leven a clock bell it doth chime,
Then I know 'tis near upon dinner time;
To lay the Table-cloth I then do run,
And thus a Woman's Work is never done.

When dinner time is gone and over-past,
My Husband he runs out o' th' doors in haste;
He scarce gives me a kiss for all that I
Have dealt and done to him so lovingly;
Which sometimes grieves me to the heart,
To see him so clownishly depart;
But to my first Discourse let me go on,
To shew a Womans Work is never done.

There's never a day from morn to night,
But I with work am tired quite;
For when the game with me is at the best,
I hardly, in the day, take one hour's rest:
Sometimes I knit, and sometimes I spin,
Sometimes I wash, and sometimes I do wring,
Sometimes I sit & sowe by myself alone,
And thus a Womans Work is never done.

In making of the Beds such pains I take,
Until my back, and sides, and arms do ake;
And yet my Husband deals so cruelly,
That he but seldom comes to comfort me.
And then at night when the clock strikes nine,
My Husband, he will say, 'tis supper time;
Then presently he must be waited on,
And thus a Womans Work is never done.

When Supper's ended to bed we must go,
You all do know 'tis fitting it should be so;
Then do I think to settle all things right,
In hope that I shall take some rest by night;
The biggest of my Children, together I lay,
And place them by degrees so well as I may;
But yet there is a thing to be thought upon,
For why! a Womans work is never done.

Then if my husband turns me to the wall,
Then my sucking Childe will cry and brawle,
Six or seven times for the brest 'twil cry,
And then, I pray you judge, what rest take I?
And, if at any time asleep I be,
Perchance my Husband wakes, and then wakes me,
Perhaps only to behold the Morning's Sun,
And thus a Womans Work is never done—

All you merry Girles that hear this Ditty,
Both in the Countrey & in the City;
Take good notice of my Lines I pray,
And make the use of the time you may:
You see that Maids live more Merrier lives,
Than do the best of married Wives;
And thus to end my Song as I begun,
You know a Womans work is never done.

London. Printed for Iohn Andrews, at the White Lion in Pye Corner.

A Penny-worth of good Counsell.

To Widdowes, and to Maides,
this Counsell *I send free;*
And let them looke before they leape,
or, that they married bee.

To the tune of '*Dulcima.*'

OF late it was my chance to walke
for recreation in the Spring,
Where as the fethered Quiristers,
Melodiously aloud did sing;
and at that tide,
I there aspide,
A woman faire, her hands sate wringing;
shee wept apace,
and cry'd, alas;
My Husband hath no forecast in him.

Quoth she, when as I was a Mayden,
I had store of Suters brave,
And I most coyly did reject them,
to take the man that now I have:
but woe is me,
that 'ere I see
The face of him, makes me thus singing,
most heartily.
I sing and cry,
My Husband, etc.

His flattering tongue it did bewitch me,
fair promises to me he gave,
And said I should have all things plenty,
but no such thing I'm sure I have:
his purse is light,
nothing is right,
Although a portion I did bring him;
aye me, poore soule,
thus to condole,
My Husband, etc.

Hee's not the man I tooke him for,
alas, who would be so much tyde?
I tell you, friends, now seriously,
my Husband he doth naught but chide:
his lookes are soure,
and he doth loure;
For Nature no good parts hath g'in him:
for which I grieve
You may believe,
My Husband, etc.

When as he was a Batcheler,
then who but he amongst the Maids?

He went most neat in his apparell,
but now I find his glory fades:
so spruce he went,
would give content,
To any Maiden that could win him,
hee'd dance and sing
wrestle and ring.
But now he hath, etc.

Some Men unto their Wives are loving.
and all content to them doe give;
But mine is lumpish, sad and heavy,
which is the cause wherefore I grieve:
if I prove kind
Some fault he'll finde
And sayes he knowes where his shooe wrings him.
in darke, or light,
by day or night,
My Husband, etc.

He keepes me short of everything,
no Money he will give or lend:
'Tis fitting, sometimes that a woman
should with a friend some money spend:
I must sit heere,
with heavy cheere,
Although I did something bring him,
which makes me thus
to cry, alas,
My Husband, etc.

He doth not use me like a Woman,
and doth not care what clothes I have,
When other Men's wives weare each fashion,
and are maintained rich and brave:
thus to the wall
I may condole,

Although this same song I sing him ;
some counsell give
me to relieve,
My Husband, etc.

He will not have me goe abroad,
yet seldome is himselfe at home,
He saith that I must be a House-Dove,
I must not flye abroad and come :
when other Wives,
doe lead brave lives,
They'l goe to Playes, heare Fidlers singing,
and spend their Coyne
at Ale or Wine,
My Husband, etc.

Thus like the Turtle I sit mourning,
because I have an unkind Mate ;
And fickle Fortune on me frowneth,
it is my destiny and fate ;
I hope he'l mend,
and be more kinde,
With sweet embraces I will cling him ;
I'le speake him faire
to have more care,
That he may have more fore-cast in him.

But if I see he will not mend
come tell me, Widdow, Maid, or Wife,
What shall I doe in this same woe ?
for I am weary of this life :
my tongue I'le tune,
it shall chime Noone,
And in his eares a peale I'le ring him ;
I am put too't,
And I will doo't,
Because he has no fore-cast in him.

M. P.

A Caution for Scolds.

OR,

A TRUE WAY OF TAMING A SHREW.

To the Tune of '*Why are my eyes still flowing.*'

A NOBLE Man he marry'd with a cruel Scold,
Who in her humours would ne'r be controul'd,
So that he was almost a weary of his life,
By the Cross humours of his froward Wife;
Although he showed himself exceeding kind,
Yet she was still of a turbulent mind;
Husband and Servants her fury must feel,
For in their Ears she would Ring them a Peal.

When any friend approach'd the presence of her Lord,
By this vile Shrew they were strangely abhorr'd,
With cruel Frowns & Railings she would them salute,
Though they were persons of worthy Repute:
All was a case, for she would have her Will,
And the whole House with confusion she'd fill:
But that for fear of the heat of her Fray,
They have been forc'd to run packing away.

It was his chance to make a very worthy, noble feast,
Inviting full forty Couple at least,
Both Lords & Earls, with vertuous Ladies of high Fame,
Who in true Friendship accordingly came;
All sorts of Dainties he then did prepare,
Nor cost nor charge in the least did he spare,
But 'ere they could to their Banqueting fall,
Sirs, you shall hear how she welcom'd them all.

When she beheld the costly dishes of rich meat,
This Shrew had not any Stomach to Eat,
But did cry out, I shall be Ruin'd at this Rate,
This is enough to consume an Estate:
Before she any more words did reply,
She made both Bottles & Dishes to fly,
Both Friends & Husband she there did abuse,
Asking him how he dare be so profuse.

Like Thunder loud her voice she straight began to raise,
Which made the Guests to stand all in amaze,
Who never saw the like in all their Lives before,
Dishes of Meat they lay strowed on the floor:
Thus in disorder they all went their way,
Each one was glad they were out of the fray,
Then said her Husband, did ever Man know,
Any poor Mortal so plagu'd with a Shrow.

Now the next day he to a skilful Doctor went,
Promising that he would give him Content,
If he could cure the cause of a Distracted Wife,
Which almost made him aweary of Life:
Yes, quoth the Doctor, I'le do it, ne'r fear,
Bring her, for now 'tis the Spring of the Year;
I'le take the Lunacy out of her Brains,
Or else I won't have a Groat for my Pains.

Then home he went & sent her thither out of hand,
Now, when the Shrow she did well understand
All their intent, she cal'd the Doctor sneaking Knave,
Now when he see she began to Rave,
Straightways the Doctor did bind her in Bed,
Letting her Blood, likewise Shaving her Head :
Sirrah, said she, I would have you to know,
That you shall suffer for serving me so.

Madam, said he, I know you are beside your Wits,
But I will soon bring you out of those Fits,
I'le cut your Tongue, & when a Gallon you have bled,
'Twill cure that violent noise in your head :
Pray Sir, said she, don't afflict me so sore,
I'le ne'r offend my sweet Husband no more :
Thus, by sharp usage & keeping her low,
He had the Fortune to conquer the Shrow.

After some time, he came to see his Wife at last,
Where she begg'd pardon for all that was past ;
Saying her Fits for evermore she would refrain,
If he'd be pleas'd to receive her again ;
My former Follies I pray now forgive,
I'le ne'er offend you no more while I live ;
Then in much love they both homeward did go,
Thus has he made a sweet Wife of a Shrow.

The Woman Outwitted.

OR THE

WEAVERS WIFE CUNNINGLY CATCH'D IN A TRAP, BY HER HUSBAND, WHO SOLD HER FOR TEN POUNDS, AND SENT HER TO *VIRGINNY.*

To an excellent new Tune.

NOT far from hence there dwelt an honest Man, a weaver,
He had a Wife, she was witty and fair, but her Wit it did deceive her;
She was a Grain too light, she calls him Fool and Ninny;
Which made the Man then often say, I'll go unto Virginny.

Altho' he hard did work, he ne'er could live in quiet
She said her Cloathing was too base, so was her homely Diet:
Tho' nothing she did want, as he could buy for money,
Which made the man then often say I'll go unto Virginny.

She lov'd a lusty Lad and vow'd she'd love him ever,
At last her Husband found a Trick, these loving Mates to sever;
Your notes, quoth he, I'll quickly change, that now so sweetly sing ye;
Unto a Merchant straight he went, that sailed unto Virginny.

He coming then unto the Ship, of Women you are lacking,
And I have one that I can spare, and her I will send packing;
The Times are very hard, I'll sell my Wife for Money,
She is good Merchandize you know, when you come to Virginny.

If she be young, bring her on board, and I will entertain her;
But tell to me the lowest price, for I must be some Gainer;
Ten Pound he answered, I cannot bate one penny,
She is good Merchandize you know, when you come to Virginny.

Then he came home unto his Wife, and said that he was packing;
This joyful news reviv'd her mind, and set her heart a leaping.
And smiling to herself, she said then farewel Goodman *Ninny*,
My Love with me shall merry be, when you are at Virginny.

One thing I do desire of thee, to see me, my Dear, take shipping;
Ay, that I will, my Love, said she, and seem'd to fall a weeping.
A bottle of strong waters good I will bestow upon thee
For fear that you should be Sea sick a sailing to Virginny.

They came unto the Ship, the Captain bad them welcome,
He led them into his Cabin, whereas such guests came Seldom;
He stepped forth unto her husband, and paid him down the Money,
Who straight took Boat, and row'd on Shore, and sent her to Virginny.

But when she saw that he was gone, and that she there was staid,
She bitterly did wail and weep, and said she was betray'd:
Take me, said she, with you, I'll never more offend thee,
He cry'd, farewel sweet Wife, adieu, God send you to Virginny.

Then presently they hoist up Sail, and had good Wind and Weather,
And seven long weeks they were at Sea, before that they came thither;
He for a Maiden sold her there, for fifty pounds in Money,
And she, another Husband had, when she came to Virginny.

They being parted thus for many Leagues asunder,
He carries Money in his Purse, there's none to keep him under,
But governs all at home, and with his Friends lives merry,
Now many one doth 'title him a Merchant of Virginny.

London. Printed by and for *W. O.*, and are to be sold by *C. Bates* in *Pye-Corner.*

The London Ladies Vindication

OF

TOP-KNOTS.

WITH THE MANY REASONS THAT SHE SHOWS FOR THE CONTINUATION OF THE SAME: AS ALSO PROVING MEN TO BE AS PROUD AS THEMSELVES.

To the Tune of, '*Here I love, there I love;* Or *The two English Travellers.*'

YOUNG Women and Damsels that love to go fine,
Come, listen a while to this ditty of mine;
In spight of all Poets, brave Girls we will wear,
Our *Towers* & *Topknots*, with *Powdered Hair.*

We are not such Fools to believe what they say,
'Tis fit that young Women should go fine & gay,
In spight of their Bug-bears, brave girls, let us wear
Rich *Towers* & *Topknots*, with *Powdered Hair.*

Were we to be rul'd by some sort of Men,
We should go like Women of Fourscore and Ten,
In spight of those Coxcombs, brave girls, we will wear
Rich Towers and *Topknots*, with *Powdered Hair.*

Like Beautiful Angels we strive to appear,
The hearts of our Husbands in order to cheer,
Then what is the reason that we may not wear
Rich *Towers* & *Topknots* with *Powdered Hair?*

If we are the Pleasure & Joy of their life,
Pray when can they take more delight in a wife,
That at the same time they rich garments do wear,
We've *Towers* & *Topknots* and *Powdered Hair.*

We see the young Misses & Jilts of the Town,
Have six Stories high, as they walk up & down;
Then pray tell me why should not honest Wives wear
Rich Towers & *Topknots* with *Powdered Hair?*

If we an't as fine and as Gaudy as they,
Who knows but our Husbands might soon run astray;
Consider this, Women, and still let us wear
Our Towers & *Topknots* and *Powdered Hair.*

It is but a Folly to tell us of Pride,
While we have these Arguments still on our side;
As long as we live, we will flourishing wear,
Rich Towers & *Topknots* and *Powdered Hair.*

Nay, further, I'll tell ye, the case it is thus,
That all is not sav'd that is put in the purse,
A Shopkeeper's Lady, she utters much Ware,
When drest in her Topknots and *Powdered Hair.*

What Man would not have his Wife richly Array'd,
When as he well knows he enlarges his trade,
Come, come, I must tell ye, 'tis fit we should wear
Rich Towers & *Topknots* and *Powdered Hair.*

Some young men may flout us, yet mark what I say,
There's no Woman living now, Prouder than they;
Observe but the many knick-knacks which they wear,
More costly than Topknots or Powdered Hair.

Their Wigg, Watch, & Rapiers we daily behold,
And Embroidered Wastcoats of Silver & Gold;
Likewise, Turn Up Stockings, they constantly wear
More costly than Topknots or Powdered Hair.

If Pride be a sin & a folly, why then
Han't we a far better Example from Men?
If Gaudy Apparel those Gallants do wear,
We will have our Topknots and *Powdered Hair.*

Printed for P. Brooksby, I. Deacon, I. Blare, I. Back.

The Countrey Lasse.

To a daintie new Note, which if you can't hit,
There's another tune will as well fit.

To the tune of '*The Mother beguild daughter.*'

ALTHOUGH I am a Countrey Lasse,
a loftie minde I beare a,
I thinke myselfe as good as those,
that gay apparrell weare a:
My Coate is made of comely Gray,
yet is my skin as soft a,
As those that with the chiefest Wines
do bathe their bodies oft a.
Downe, downe dery, dery downe,
heigh downe a downe a downe a,
A dery, dery, dery, dery downe,
heigh downe a downe a dery.

What though I keepe my Father's sheepe,
a thing that must be done a,
A garland of the fairest flowers
shall shrewd* me from the Sonne a:
And when I see them feeding be,
where grasse and flowers spring a,
Close by a Crystall fountaine side
I sit me downe and sing a:
Downe, etc.

Dame Nature crownes us with delight,
surpassing Court or Citie,
We pleasures take from morne till night,
in Sports and pastimes pretty,
Your City Dames in Coaches ride
abroad for recreation,
We Countrey Lasses hate their pride,
and keepe the Countrey fashion.
Downe, etc.

Your City Wives lead wanton lives,
and if they come i' th' Countrey,
They are so proud, that each one strives,
for to outbrave our Gentry:
We Countrey lasses homely be,
for seat nor wall we strive not,
We are content with our degree,
our debtors we deprive not.
Downe, etc.

I care not for the fane or Maske,
when Titan's heat reflecteth,
A homely Hat is all I aske,
which well my face protecteth;

* Shroud, shelter.

Yet am I in my Countrey guise,
esteem'd a Lasse as pretty
As those that every day devise
new shapes in Court or City.
Downe, etc.

In every season of the Yeare
I undergoe my labour,
No Showre nor Winde at all I feare,
my Limbes I do not favour:
If Summer's heat my beauty staine,
it makes me ne're the sicker,
Sith I can wash it off againe,
with a Cup of Christmas Liquor.
Downe, etc.

At Christmas time in mirth and glee,
I dance with young men neatly,
And who i' the City like to me,
shall surely taste compleately;
No Sport, but Pride and Luxury,
i' th' City can be found then,
But Bounteous Hospitality
i' th' Countrey doth abound then.
Downe, etc.

I' the Spring my labour yeelds delight,
to walke i' the merry Morning,
When *Flora* is, (to please my sight)
the ground with Flowres adorning:
With merry Lads to make the Hay
I goe, and doe not grumble,
My worke doth seeme to be but play,
when with young men I tumble.*
Downe, etc.

* *I.e.*, toss the hay.

The Larke & Thrush from Bryar to Bush,
do leape, and skip, and sing a,
And all this then to welcome in
the long and lookt for Spring a,
We feare not *Cupid's* arrowes keene,
Dame Venus we defie a,
Diana is our honored Queene,
and her we magnifie a.
Downe, etc.

That which your City Damsels scorne,
we hold our chiefest Jewell,
Without, to worke at Hay and Corne,
within to Bake and Brew well,
To keepe the Dayrie decently,
and all things cleane and neatly,
Your Citie-Minions do defie,
their scorne we weigh not greatly.
Downe, etc.

When we together a Milking go,
with pailes upon our heads, a,
And walking over Woods and Fields,
where Grasse and Flowers spreds a;
In honest pleasure we delight,
which makes our labour sweet a,
And Mirth exceeds on every side,
when Lads and Lasses meet, a.
Downe, etc.

Then do not scorne a Countrey Lasse,
though she be plaine and meanely,
Who takes the Countrey Wench to Wife,
(that goeth neat and cleanely),
Is better sped, than if he wed
a fine one from the City,
For then they are so nicely bred
They must not work for pitie.
Downe, etc.

I speake not this to that intente,
(as some may well conjecture)
As though to Wooing I were bent,
nor I ne're learn'd Lovers Lecture;
But what I sing is in defence,
of all plaine Countrey Lasses,
Whose modest, honest innocence
all City Girles surpasses.
Downe, etc.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

THE

Country Gentleman

OR, THE HAPPY LIFE.

To an excellent Tune, or, '*Hey boys up go we.*'

I AM a man of Wealth and Land,
and Gold I have good Store,
A good Estate I now command,
what can one wish for more?
I value not an hundred pound,
to Tenants I'le be kind,
I'le have my Hawk, and have my Hound,
and such delights will mind.

To *London* I will not repaire,
here sweeter pleasures be,
I live in a more healthy Ayr,
and fairer Beauties see:
I love the noise of *Hey-ge-ho*
the whistling of the Plough,
The Baaing of the tender Yoe,
and Lowing of the Cow.

The morning Lark, which Shepherds love,
here sings by break of day:
And Nightingale in yonder Grove
where Flowers perfume our Way;
Fair Siccamores to please the eye,
and hinder too much heat,
And Strawberries and Violets lye
all round about our feet.

Betimes we hear the huntsmans horn,
which loudly echoes round,
And in a lovely Rosie morn
how sweetly does it sound!
The drowsie sluggard strait gives ear,
his golden Dreams are fled,
(Except the Sick) whoe'er did heare
the Horn, and lye a bed?

Intrigues of State here are not known,
nor Beauties nice and coy,
Each man well pleas'd with what's his own,
his pleasure does enjoy:
At night, within his Wife's soft Arms,
the happy Swain does rest,
And thus secure, and void of harms,
with Peace is alwaies blest.

I hate the many Cheats & Knaves,
that lurk in *London* Town,
Whose restless heads like tumbling waves,
are rowling up and down:
Ambitious Fops find little ease,
let us Ambition shun,
And mark how all our Flowers & trees
are guilded by the Sun.

London. Printed for *I. Clark, W. Thackeray,* and *T. Passenger.*

The Merry Milk-Maids:

OR,

THE COUNTRY DAMOSELS PLEASURE IN THEIR RURAL LABOURS.

To the Tune of, '*The Milking Pail.*'

YE Nymphs and Silvian Gods,
That loves green fields and Woods,
when spring newly blown,
herself does adorn
With flowers and blooming buds:
come sing to the praise,
(whilst flocks do graze
In yonder pleasant Vale),
of those that choose,
their sleep to lose,
and in cold dews,
with clouted shooes,
To carry the Milking Pail.

The Goddess of the Morn,
With blushes they adorn,
  and take the fresh air,
  whilst Linnets prepare
A consort on each green thorn;
  the Black bird and thrush,
  on every Bush,
And the charming Nightingale,
  in merry vein,
  their throats do strain,
  to entertain,
  the jolly train
That carry the milking pail.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
And flowers can spring no more,
  the fields that were seen
  so pleasant and green,
By winter all candid o're;
  oh, how the Town Lass
  looks with her white face,
And her lips of deadly pale!
  but it is not so
  with those that go
  through frost and snow,
  with cheeks that glow,
To carry the Milking pail.

The Miss of courtly mold,
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
  with washes and paint,
  her skin does so taint,
She's weather'd before she's old;
  whilst she in Commode*
  puts on a cart load,

* A head-dress in the height of fashion during the reign of William and Mary.

And with cusheons plumps her tail;
what joys are found
in russet gown,
young, plump, and round,
and sweet, and sound,
That carry the Milking pail.

The Girls of Venus game
That ventures health and fame
in practising feats,
with colds and with heats,
Make Lovers go blind and lame;
if Men were so wise,
as to value the prize
Of the wares most fit for sale,
what store of beaus,
would daube their cloaths,
to save a nose,
by following those
That carry the Milking pail.

The Country Lad is free
From fears and jealousie,
when upon the green
he is often seen
With his Lass upon his knee;
with kisses most sweet,
he does her so treat,
And swears she'll ne'er grow stale,
whilst the London Lass,
in every place,
with her brazen face,
despises the grace
Of those with the Milking pail.

London. Printed for *I. Deacon* at the sign of the Angel, in *Guiltspur Street*, without *Newgate.*

The Great Boobee.

To a Pleasant new Tune, or Salengers Round.

MY Friends if you will understand
my fortunes what they are,
I once had Cattel, House and Land,
but now am never the near,
My Father left a good estate
as I may tell to thee,
I cozened was of all I had,
like a great Boobee.

I went to School with a good intent,
and for to learn my book,
And all the day I went to play,
in it I never did look,
Full seven years, or very nigh,
as I may tell to thee
I could hardly say my Christ cross row*
like a great Boobee.

---

* The Alphabet in a 'horn book' began and ended with a cross ✠.

My Father then, in all the haste
did set me to the Plow,
And for to lash the Horse about,
indeed I knew not how.
My Father took his whip in his hand,
and soundly lashed me,
He call'd me Fool and Country clown,
and a great Boobee.

But I did from my Father run,
for I will plow no more,
Because he hath so lashed me,
and made my side so sore.
But I will go to London Town
some fashions for to see,
When I came there they call'd me Clown,
and a great Boobee.

But as I went along the Street
I carried my hat in my hand,
And to every one that I did meet,
I bravely bust* my hand;
Some did laugh and some did scoff,
and some did mock at me,
And some did say I was a Wood cock,
and a great Boobee.

Then did I walk in haste to Pauls,
the Steeple† for to view,
Because I heard some people say,
it should be builded new.
Then I got up unto the top,
the City for to see,
It was so high it made me cry
like a great Boobee.

* Bussed or kissed.
† This fixes the date of this ballad as being before the Great Fire of 1666.

From thence I went to Westminster,
  and for to see the Tombs,
Oh, said I, what a house is here,
  with an infinite sight of Rooms ?
Sweetly the Abbey Bells did ring,
  it was a fine sight to see,
Me thoughts I was going to Heaven in a String,
  like a great Boobee.

. . . . . .

Next day I through Pye Corner past
  the Roast-Meat on the stall,
Invited me to take a taste,
  my money was but small.
The meat I pick't—the Cook I kick't,
  as I may tell to thee,
He beat me sore and made me rore,
  like a great Boobee.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

At the Exchange when I came there,
  I saw most gallant things.
I thought the pictures living were,
  of all our English Kings.
I doft my hat, and made a leg
  and kneeled on my knee,
The people laught, and called me Fool,
  and a great Boobee.

To Paris Garden* then I went,
  where there was great resort,
My pleasure was my punishment,
  I did not like the sport.

* A place of amusement on the Surrey side of the Thames—where bull-baiting was practised.

The Garden bull, with his stout hörns,
on high then tossed me,
I did bewray my self with fear,
like a great Boobee.

. . . . . .

Then ore the water I did passe
as you shall understand,
I dropt into the Thames, alasse,
before I came to Land.
The Water Man did help me out,
and thus did say to me,
'Tis not thy fortune to be drown'd,
thou great Boobee.

But I have learned so much wit,
shall shorten all my cares,
If I can but a license get,
to play before the Bears.*
'Twill be a gallant place indeed,
as I may tell to thee,
Then, who dares call me Fool or Ass,
or a great Boobee?

London Printed for R. I. (R. Jackson?).

* *I.e.*, be Mountebank.

Down-right Dick of the West.

OR

THE PLOW-MAN'S RAMBLE TO LONDON,

TO SEE MY LORD MAYOR, AND THE REST OF THE VINE VOLK OF THE CITY; WITH WHAT HAPNED WHILE THERE HE REMAINED.

Tune of, '*The Country Farmer.*'

I PRAY now attend and give ear to the jest,
A Country-man he came late from the West,
For he had a mind to see my *Lord Mayor*,
And other fine folk which it seems lodged there;
Then up to the City at length he did range,
Where seeing brave gallants, in rich golden fringe,
But he above all did admire and strange
To zee the fine folk at the *Royal Exchange*.

The Country-man amazed did stand,
And looking about with his Whip in his hand,
Then came a fine fellow, a Don of the Town,
And called him Bumpkin and Country Clown:

And asked him how he dared to presume
To Lag here & Loiter, thus fill up the Room,
Amongst these gay Ladies in Silk & Perfume,
Begone & pack off, or the Stocks is your doom.

I pray who are you? then the Plowman reply'd
That does so scornfully here me deride,
Fine fellow, said he, seeing you are unkind,
In short, I shall tell you a piece of my mind.
I came now to see my Lord Mayor, his good grace,
I fear not the angry frowns of one face,
As long as I list, I shall stay in this place,
Or on your Gay Coat, I will lay a long Lace.

For Why, said the Plow-man, I care not a figg,
For all your high words, & your looking so big.
This gallant was then in a passion indeed,
And thus in a fury began to proceed:
As making a proffer to give him a kick,
The Plowman perceiving him just in the nick,
He told him his name it was resolute Dick,
Then up with his lash, and he gave him a lick.

O, then this fine fellow began for to roar,
Then presently came in twenty or more,
Who ask'd the Plow-man, how dare he to do't
Since he was a person of worthy repute;
He first did abuse me in calling me Clown,
I could not forbear, but I gave him a frown,
Why should those fine fellows run Husbandmen down?
You can't live without us in City or town.

Nay Plowman, I'd have you well understand,
That we have both Silver & Gold at command,
Rich chains & choice jewels, with diamonds & rings,
With plenty of spices, & other fine things.

Of many rich Coffers we carry the keys,
We have such Estates that we live at our Ease,
We eat & we drink, & we walk where we please,
Then what do you think of such fellows as these?

For all your rich Jewels, you starving may dye,
If we did not bring in a daily supply;
We plow & we sow, we harrow & mow,
We have both the Milk and the Honey, you know:
We ne're are without a good pudding & sowse,
Then why do you *Londoners* make such a touze,
If we did not labour, you could not keep house,
You gallants would soon shrink as small as a mouse

Both Linnen & Woollen, what ere we will wear,
We have of our own by industrious care,
We daily delight in much pleasure & mirth,
And always receive the first fruit of the earth.
To flout us I think you were something too bold,
You'd starve if you fed upon Silver or Gold,
We have corn, cattle & sheep in our Fold,
With rich beans & bacon, eat hold belly hold.

The *Londoners* presently laughing out right,
For in his discourse they had taken delight;
They said it was true, & they did him commend,
And thus the whole quarrel was soon at an end:
The Plowman they freely began to extol,
He soon got the favour of great men & small.
And thus their debate did immediately fall,
The Plowman in wit was too hard for them all.

A Posie of Rare Flowers.

GATHERED BY A YOUNG-MAN FOR HIS MISTRESSE.

To a delectable new tune.

THE Summers Sunne o're-heating,
Within an harbour sitting,
under a marble shade,
For my true Love the fairest,
And of flowers the rarest,
a Posie thus I made.

The first and last for trusting,
Is called Everlasting,
I pulled from the Bay,
The blue and Crimson Columbine,
The Daisie and the Woodbine,
and eke the blooming May.

The sweetest flowers for Posies,
Pinks, Gilliflowers and Roses,
I gathered in their prime;
The flowers of Musk millions,
Come blow me down Sweet Williams
with Rosemary and Time.

The Lark's heele and the Lilly,
The Flag and Daffadilly,
the Wall-flower sweet of smell:
The Maiden-blush and Cowslip,
The Peagle and the Tulip,
that both so sweet excell.

The Violet and Grediline,
The odoriferous Eglantine,
with Thrift and Honesty;
The Milkrose sweet and dainty,
With other flowers plenty,
Orlops and Piony.

The Giliflowers variety,
Of every colour severally,
the Lady-Smock and Pancy,
The Batchelors button faire and fine,
The Primerose & the Sops in Wine,
with them the Maiden's fancy.

The time observing Marigold,
Most faire and lovely to behold,
I pluckt among the rest:
The red and white Carnation,
The senses recreation,
with other flowers the best.

The flowers fit for smelling,
Whose sweet is far excelling
all the perfumes of art;
I pulled up by each severall,
And made a Posie there withall,
to beare to my Sweet-heart.

Sweet Basill, and sweet Marjoram,
The Cowslip of Jerusalem,
the Crow-Foot, and Sea-Flower,
The Start-up and kiss me,
A flower that shall not misse me,
in my true Lover's bower.

The Lady of Essex faire,
A flower passing sweet and rare,
I in the middest did place:
Because my Love is fairest,
And of all Maids the rarest,
in body and in face.

These flowers being Culled,
And their branches pulled,
did yeeld a fragrant scent:
Observing their fit places,
I bound them in bride laces,
and to my Love I went:

In hope she would receive them,
To th' end that I might give them,
as pledges of my love,
To her whose radiant beauty,
Did bind me to this duty,
hoping she'll ne'r remove

Her permanent affection,
To me, who by election,
am hers while life doth last.
These flowers did resemble
My thoughts, which ne're dissemble,
but hold both smell and taste.

When I had made this Nose-gay,
With joyful heart I took my way
to find out my true Love:
Who for my absence mourned,
Until that I returned,
as doth the Turtle Dove.

At last I found her sporting,
With other Maids consorting,
close by a River side;
My Posie not refused,
When she the same perused,
upon her arme she tide.

(Quoth she) although these Flowers
Will wither in few hours,
yet take my word, Sweet Heart,
My love to thee shall ne're decay
Till Death doth take my life away,
from thee I'le ne're depart.

The like to her I vowed,
And whilst the time allowed,
about such things we talked;
At length because it waxed late,
We for that time did leave our prate,
and from each other walked.

When, with a mild behaviour,
She thanks me for my favour.
and wore it for my sake ;
With enterchanging kisses,
The rest remains in wishes,
unwilling leave we take.

Printed at London for H.(enry) G.(osson).

Hey ho Hunt about,

OR

A pretty merry meeting of young men and Maids,
Who went to the Tavern by Cupid's strong Aids,
They drank and were merry and sang a new Song,
They talkt and discours'd but did nobody wrong,
They kindly imbrac'd, and each other did kiss,
You know there could be no great harm in this.

The Tune is, '*The Courageous harmlesse healths.*'

HEY ho hunt about,
Find my true Love out,
Knock at my Chamber door,
I have gold in my pocket.
And thou shalt not lack it
And when that's spent we'l have more.
I have gold, etc.

Hey ho, do not stay
But make haste away;
Unto the Tavern let's hye,
Where we will be merry
With Sugar & Sherry,
Then who but my sweetheart and I.
Where we will be merry, etc.

Hey ho, hearts delight,
Titan shineth bright,
And beautifieth the day.
Cupid ads lusters
To me and my sisters,
As fresh as the flowers in *May*.
Cupid ads lusters, etc.

Heres *Sisly* and *Nanny*,
Heres *Rachel* and *Jany*,
Heres *Dorcas* and sweet *Winifright;*
Heres *Susan* and *Sara*,
Heres *Nelly* and *Mary*,
Which in merriment take much delight.
Heres Susan, etc.

Heres sweet *Alice* and *Prudence*,
Who will not exclude us,
Rebecka and *Debera* also:
Heres bonny fine *Peg*,
That's as right as my leg,
Prepar'd along with us to go.
Heres bonny fine Peg, etc.

Heres dainty young *Dolly*
Both jovial and jolly,
Heres *Jone* and fair *Maudlin* so brave;
Heres pretty witty *Betty*,
Newly come to the City,
And we there shall company have.
Heres pretty witty Betty, etc.

And now altogether,
Like Birds of a Feather,

Let every Maid take her Sweetheart;
To man her along.
But not to do wrong,
We'l merry meet, and merry part.
To man her along, etc.

Faire maids and young men,
When they meet now and then,
May be merry for an hour or a day;
To laugh and make sport,
In a good honest sort,
And in friendship to pass time away,
To laugh, etc.

We paint not our Faces,
Nor powder our Traces,
Nor hudle our heads in black bags,*
The Scarffs that some wear
If well look'd on they were
Will be found to be no better than rags.
The Scarffs, etc.

Our habits are civill
And we think no evill,
Our hearts and our minds do agree,
And now my sweet heart,
Before we depart,
In love here's a full cup to thee.
And now my Sweet heart, etc.

Hey ho, come away,
Drawer, bring wine I say,
While we are here let us not lack,
I'le pay thee for all,
Whatsoever we call,
Both for white wine, for Claret & Sack.
I'le pay, etc.

* Black silk hoods.

Hey ho, let us drink,
Fill the cup to the brink,
And so let this health go round:
Like sister and brother,
We'l pledge one another,
Our joys shall with Nectar be crown'd,
Like sister, etc.

And thus the brave Lasses
Did tipple their glasses,
Their sweet hearts being in Company then;
To sweeten the wine
With kisses most fine,
They shew'd themselves kind hearted men.
To sweeten, etc.

And being kind hearted,
Before they departed,
Each lad took his leave of his sweeting;
And promised them,
To be merry agen,
And 'pointed a time for their meeting.
And promised them, etc.

Though they so merry were,
With wine and merry cheer,
No harm was thought, spoken, or ment,
The day being done,
Each one to his home,
Departed with love & content.
The day being done, etc.

The Clothiers Delight.

OR, THE RICH MENS JOY, AND THE POOR MENS SORROW.

Wherein is exprest the craftiness and subtilty of Many Clothiers in *England*, by beating down their Workmen's Wages.

Combers, Weavers, and Spinners, for little gains,
Doth Earn their money, by taking of hard pains.

To the Tune of '*Jenny come tye me*,' etc., '*Packingtons Pound*,' or '*Monk Hath Confounded*,' etc.

By T. Lansure.

OF all sorts of Callings that in *England* be,
There is none that liveth so gallant as we;
Our Trading maintains us as brave as a Knight,
We live at our pleasure, and take our delight;
We heapeth up riches and treasure great store,
Which we get by griping and grinding the poor,
And this is a way for to fill up our purse,
Although we do get it with many a Curse.

Throughout the whole Kingdom, in Country & Town,
There is no danger of our Trade going down,

So long as the Comber can work with his Comb,
And also the Weaver weave with his Lomb;
The Tucker & Spinner that spins all the Year,
We will make them to earn their Wages full dear.
And this is the Way, etc.

In former ages we us'd to give,
So that our Work-folks like Farmers did live,
But the times are altered, we will make them know,
All we can for to bring them all under our Bow;
We will make them to work hard for Sixpence a day,
Though a shilling they deserve, if they had their just pay,
And this is the way, etc.

And first for the Combers, we will bring them down,
From Eight-groats a Score unto Half a Crown:
If at all they murmur, and say 'tis too small,
We bid them choose whether they will work at all;
We'l make them believe that Trading is bad,
We care not a pin, though they are ne'r so sad;
And this is the way, etc.

We'l make the poor Weavers work at a low rate,
We'l find fault, where there's no fault, & so we will bate,
If Trading grows dead, we will presently shew it,
But, if it grows good, they shall never know it,
We'l tell them that Cloath beyond Sea will not go,
We care not whether we keep cloathing or no;
And this is the way, etc.

Then next for the Spinners we shall ensue,
We'l make them spin three pound instead of two;
When they bring home their work unto us, they complain,
And say that their wages will not them maintain:
But if that an Ounce of Weight they do lack,
Then for to bate threepence we will not be slack.
And this is the way, etc.

But if it holds weight, then their wages they crave,
We have got no money, and what's that you'd have?
We have Bread and Bacon, & Butter thats good,
With Oatmeal & Salt that is wholesome for food.
We have Sope & Candles, whereby to give light,
That you may work by them so long as you have light.
And this is the way, etc.

We will make the Tucker & Shereman understand
That they, with their Wages shall never buy Land;
Though heretofore they have been lofty & high,
Yet now we will make them submit humbly;
We will lighten their wages as low as may be,
We will keep them under in every degree.
And this is the way, etc.

When we go to Market our workmen are glad,
But when we come home then we do look sad,
We sit in the corner as if our hearts did ake,
We tell them 'tis not a penny we can take;
We plead poverty before we have need,
And thus we do coaks them most bravely indeed.
And this is the way, etc.

But if to an Alehouse they Customers be,
Then presently with the Ale Wife we agree,
When we come to a reckoning, then we do crave
Two pence on a Shilling, & that we will have;
By such cunning ways we our treasure do get.
For it is all Fish, that doth come to our Net.
And this is the way, etc.

And thus we do gain all our Wealth & Estate,
By many poor men that work early & late;
If it were not for those that do labour full hard,
We might go & hang ourselves without regard;

The Combers, the Weavers, the Tuckers also,
With the Spinners that work for Wages full low.
By these people's labour we fill up our purse, etc.

Then hey for the Cloathing Trade, it goes on brave,
We scorn for to toyl and moyl, nor yet to slave;
Our workmen do work hard, but we live at ease,
We go when we will, & come when we please;
We hoard up our bags of Silver and gold,
But conscience & charity with us are cold;
By poor peoples labour, etc.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, and I. Clarke.

The Sorrowful Lamentation of the Pedlars, and Petty Chapmen,

FOR THE HARDNESS OF THE TIMES, AND THE DECAY OF TRADE.

To the Tune of, '*My Life and my Death.*'

THE times are grown hard, more harder than stone,
And therefore the *Pedlars* may well make their moan,
Lament & complain that trading is dead,
That all the sweet Golden fair Days now are fled.
Then Maidens and Men, Come see what you lack,
And buy the fine toys that I have in my pack.

Come hither & view, here's choice & here's store,
Here's all things to please ye, what would you have more?
Here's Points for the Men, and Pins for the Maid,
Then open your Purses & be not afraid.
Then Maidens, etc.

Let none at a Tester* repent or repine,
Come bring me your Money, I'le make you fine,
Young *Billy* shall look as spruce as the day,
And pretty sweet *Betty*, more finer than May.
Then Maidens, etc.

To buy a new Licence, your money I crave,
'Tis that which I want, and 'tis that which you have;
Exchange then a Groat, for some pretty toy,
Come, buy this fine Whistle, for your little boy.
Then Maidens, etc.

Here's Garters for Hose, and Cotten for shooes,
And there's a Guilt Bodkin which none would refuse,
This Bodkin let *John* give sweet Mistris *Jane*,
And then of unkindness he shall not complain.
Then Maidens, etc.

Come buy this fine Coife, this Dressing or Hood,
And let not your money come like drops of blood;
The *Pedlar* may well of Fortune Complain,
If he brings all his ware to the Market in vaine,
Then Maidens, etc.

Here's Bandstrings for Men, and there you have Lace,
Bone-lace to adorn the fair Virgin's sweet face,
Whatever you like, if you will but pay,
As soon as you please, you may take it away.
Then Maidens, etc.

The World is so hard, that we find little trade,
Although we have all things to please every Maid;
Come pretty fair Maids, then make no delay,
But give me your hansel, and Pack me away.
Then Maidens, etc.

* Or Testoon—sixpence.

Here's all things that's fine, and all things that's rare,
All modish & neat, & all new *London* ware;
Variety here you plainly may see,
Then give me your Money & we will agree.
Then Maidens, etc.

We travail all day through Dirt & through Mire,
To fetch you fine laces & what you desire,
No pains we do spare, to bring you choice ware,
As Gloves & Perfumes, & sweet Powder for Hair,
Then Maidens, etc.

We have choice of Songs & merry books too,
All Pleasant & Witty, Delightful, & New
Which every young Swain may whistle at Plough,
And every fair Milkmaid may sing to her Cow.
Then Maidens, etc.

Since Trading's so dead we must needs complain,
And therefore pray let us have some little Gain;
If you will be free, we will you supply,
With what you do want, therefore pray come & buy.
The World is so hard, that although we take Pains,
When we look in our Purses we find little gains.

Printed for *I. Back*, at the Black boy on *London-bridge.*

The Trader's Medly: or The Crys of London.

BEING

A PLEASANT COPY OF VERSES ON THE DAILY CRIES IN *LONDON*,

From *Billingsgate* to *White-Chapple* Mount*, and from thence to *Tuttle† Street* in *Westminster*, relating all sorts of Hawkers and Petty Chapmen.

To the Tune of, '*When Cold Winter Storms are past.*'

HOLLY & Ivy or Missleto,
Do you want any Greens your Houses‡ to strow,
Old Cloathes to sell, or change for Earthen-ware,
Do you want any damsons or Burgume Pare,
Buy my Oranges or Lemmons.

---

* Close to the London Hospital. One of the fortifications thrown up by the Parliamentarians to protect London from the Royalists.

† Tothill.

‡ Before carpets were in fashion some rooms were strewn with rushes and sweet-smelling herbs.

With dainty Ropes of Oinions,
Come buy my Sweet Williams,
Have you got any Kitchen stuff, Maids?

Four pair for a shilling, Holland Socks,
Your knives for to Grind, buy my ripe Apricocks*
Here's your sharp Vinegar, three pence a Quart,
Also new fresh Herrings, heres 8 for a Groat;
Ends of Gold & Silver,†
Ribbons or Garters,
Buy my New Well-fleet Oysters,
Old Bellows, old Bellows to mend.

Buy my Cucumbers fit for the Pickle,
Any Cony-skins Maids, be they never so little,
Here's your Ripe Straw berries six pence a pottle,
Any old Chairs to mend, any broken glass bottle,
Curds and Whay,
Will yo've anything to day,
If you must come away.
A Pot or a Kettle to mend.

Knives or Scissars, Buckles or Caps,
Here's an excellent Way to Kill all your Ratts,
Hot Custards hot, for two pence a piece,
Will you buy any Walnuts, or old rotten Cheese,
Spectacles for your Noses,
Will you buy any Posies,
Of Curnations and Roses,
Do you want any Butter or Eggs?

Old shooes or boots, will you buy any brooms,
Maids, here's your fine brushes to scrub your rooms;
A Cock or a Pullet, a Capon or Hen,
And heres your old Pin Man a coming agen;

* Query. Is not this word derived from a *præcox* or early plum.
† (Lace.)

My Basket and Voider,
Rare Patches and Powder,
Come buy my sweet Flounder,
From Holland* here's a new Express.

Ripe Kentish Cherries for three pence a Pound,
Figg, Figg it away, for I tell you they'r sound,
Hot Pudding Pies, here's two for a Pennie,
Come buy my card Matches, as long as I've anie:
Flowers for your Gardens,
Come buy my bak'd Wardens,†
Heres two for a Farthing,
Will.you buy my Furbeloe Pears?

Hot Spice Ginger-bread, Taffety Tarts,
Heres a dram of the bottle, to Comfort your hearts.
Dainty fine Ink, you'll lik't when you see't,
Heres very good Trotters, with tripe and Neetsfeet,
Come, come away Sir,
Buy a pen Knife or a Razor,
While I am at Leasure;
Have you got any Lanthorns to mend?

Buy a sheet Almanack, hot Grey Pease,
Come, see what you lack, and buy what you please:
A brush for your Shooes, and combs for your hair;
Heres diddle, diddle, diddle dumplings, & Ladies fine Ware,
Old Rags for money,
If you've never so many,
I'll buy more than any;
Heres Milk for a pennie a Quart.

* Nearly all Continental news received in England, up to the middle of the last century, came *vid* Holland.

† Apples.

Supernatural Ballads.

A VERY curious phase of the social life of the seventeenth century was its abounding Superstition. Partially freed by the Reformation from religious superstition, yet the belief in witchcraft, in a tangible and visible Devil, in ghostly apparitions, and in fearful heavenly judgments which followed swiftly on the evil-doer's sin, was very general.

When England was a Roman Catholic country, the English, in common with all civilized Europe, were firm believers in witchcraft, and it was considered both unlawful and wicked to practise it, or sorcery. Still the crime was not specified in our Statute-book till 1541; and its practice was not punishable by death, except that, with the aid of the Devil, the witch had attempted the life of some fellow-creature, until the reign of Elizabeth in 1562, when it was recognised as one of the highest crimes, and a reign of terror for old and ugly women set in.

In Scotland, the same craze broke out about the same time, so that when His Wisdom, King James I., came to the English throne, he was quite learned in discriminating witches by their marks, etc., for in 1597 he had even published a treatise on Demonology. He brought with him the cruel practice of burning witches alive, and it is reckoned that in the first eighty years of the seventeenth century at least 40,000 perished cruelly. Witch-finding became a regular and profitable employment, and, perhaps, the Arch-Witch-finder was one Matthew Hopkins, who, in the middle of the century, lived at Manningtree. But this locality was far too limited a sphere for his genius, and he roved over several counties in his capacity of 'Witch-finder-General,' living at the public cost. This went on gaily for a time, until suspicion arose that he was nothing more

than a vicious humbug, and from that discovery it was but a short step, among an unthinking mob, to imagine that he was a wizard, and apply his own tests to himself. This was done at a village in Suffolk; he was swum after the approved manner, with his thumbs and toes tied together. There is no record whether he sank or swam, but, as nothing more was heard of him, it is possible that he met his death at the hands of the mob.

The belief in witchcraft is not yet extinct in England, but the last execution for this imaginary crime was in 1716, when a woman and her daughter, a child of nine years of age, were hanged at Huntingdon, for selling their souls to the Devil. In 1736, capital punishment for this impossible offence was abolished, and the quasi-sinners had only to endure imprisonment and the pillory, as rogues and vagabonds; but, previous to that date, it is impossible to even guess at the number of poor wretches who were judicially done to death for this cause.

Judging from the contemporary prints of the fancied ideal of the Devil (of which we have a good example in the ballad 'Witchcraft discovered and punished') there was nothing alluring or fascinating about his person, and his chief reward seems to have been the power of wreaking revenge, or inflicting injuries, on the witches' fellow-beings. Occasionally, however, he disguised himself, and could not be told from an ordinary person, as in the ballad of the 'Poore Man in Essex;' or he was meek, and subject to higher authorities, as in 'Strange and true News from Westmoreland,' and he also executed Divine judgments on earth, as may be seen in the fearful punishment of 'Jasper Conningham.'

Of the appearance of *ghosts*, or disembodied spirits, I give three examples, one where the ghostly visitor appears for the purpose of detecting and punishing a brutal murder, as in the case of 'The Gosport Tragedy;' another where one shows itself in order to rectify a misunderstanding between two lovers, as may be seen in the 'Two Faithful Lovers' Tragedy,' and the other is shown in 'The Suffolk Miracle,' where a dead man treats his love to a nocturnal ride.

'A Warning for Swearers' gives us a fearful judgment which befell a false swearer, and 'The Kentish Miracle' gives us a seventeenth-century example of the Biblical story of the widow's cruse.

Supernatural Ballads.

Witchcraft discovered and punished.

OR, THE TRYALS AND CONDEMNATION OF THREE NOTORIOUS WITCHES,

Who were Tryed at the last Assizes, holden at the *Castle* of *Exeter* in the County of *Devon*: whereby they received Sentance for Death, for bewitching several Persons, destroying Ships at Sea, and Cattel by Land, etc.

To the Tune of '*Doctor Faustus*; or *Fortune my Foe*.'

NOW listen to my Song, good People all,
And I shall tell what lately did befall
At *Exeter* a place in *Devonshire*,
The like whereof of late you nere did hear.

At the last Assizes held at *Exeter*,
Three aged Women that Imprisoned were
For Witches, and that many had destroy'd;
Were thither brought in order to be tryd.

For Witchcraft, that Old Wicked Sin,
Which they for long time had continued in;
And joyn'd with Satan, to destroy the good
Sweet Innocents, and shed their harmless blood.

But now it most apparent does appear,
That they will now for such their deeds pay dear:
For Satan, having lull'd their Souls asleep,
Refuses Company with them to keep.

A known deceiver he long time has been,
To help poor Mortals into dangerous Sin;
Thereby to cut them off, that so they may
Be plung'd in Hell, and there be made his Prey.

So these Malicious Women at the last,
Having done mischiefs, were by Justice cast;
For it appear'd they Children had destroy'd,
Lamed Cattel, and the Aged much annoy'd,

Having Familiars always at their Beck,
Their Wicked Rage on Mortals for to wreck:
It being proved they used Wicked Charms,
To Murther Men, and bring about sad harms.

And that they had about their Body's strange
And Proper Tokens* of their Wicked Change:
As Pledges that, to have their cruel will,
Their Souls they gave unto the Prince of Hell.

The Country round where they did live came in,
And all at once their sad complaints begin;
One lost a Child, the other lost a Kine,
This his brave Horses, that his hopeful Swine.

One had his Wife bewitch'd, the other his Friend,
Because in some things they the Witch offend:
For which they labour under cruel pain,
In vain seek remedy, but none can gain.

* Moles, warts, etc.

But Roar in cruel sort, and loudly cry
Destroy the Witch and end our misery:
Some used Charms by *Mountabanks* set down,
Those cheating *Quacks*, that swarm in every Town.

But all's in vain, no rest at all they find,
For why? all Witches are to cruelty enclin'd;
And do delight to hear sad dying groans,
And such laments as wou'd pierce Marble Stones.

But now the Hand of Heaven has found them out,
And they to Justice must pay Lives, past doubt;
One of these Wicked Wretches did confess,
She Four Score Years of Age was, and no less.

And that she had deserved long before,
To be sent packing to the *Stigian* shore:
For the great mischiefs she so oft had done,
And wondered that her life so long had run.

She said the Devil came with her along,
Through Crouds of People, & bid her be strong:
And she no hand should have, but like a Lyer,
At the Prison Door he fled, and nere came nigh her.

The rest aloud, crav'd Mercy for their Sins,
Or else the great deceiver her Soul gains;
For they had been lewd Livers many a day,
And therefore did desire that all would Pray

To God, to Pardon them, while thus they lie
Condemned for their Wicked Deeds to Die:
Which may each Christian do, that they may find
Rest for their Souls, though Wicked once inclin'd.

A New Ballad,

SHEWING THE GREAT MISERY SUSTAINED BY A POORE MAN IN *ESSEX*, HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN; WITH OTHER STRANGE THINGS DONE BY THE DEVILL.

To the tune of, '*The Rich Merchant Man.*'

A POORE Essex man
that was in great distresse,
Most bitterly made his complaint,
in griefe and heavinesse:
Through scarcity and want,
he was oppressed sore,
He could not find his children bread,
he was so extreme poore.

His silly Wife, God wot,
being lately brought to bed,
With her poore Infants at her brest
had neither drinke nor bread.

A wofull lying in
was this, the Lord doth know,
God keep all honest vertuous wives
from feeling of such woe.

My Husband deare, she said,
for want of food I die
Some succour doe for me provide,
to ease my misery.
The man with many a teare,
most pittiously replyde,
We have no means to buy us bread;
with that the Children cry'd.

They came about him round,
upon his coat they hung:
And pittiously they made their mone,
their little hands they wrung.
Be still my boyes, said he,
and I'le goe to the Wood,
And bring some Acornes for to rost,
and you shall have some food,

Forth went the Wofull Man,
a Cord he tooke with him,
Wherewith to bind the broken wood,
that he should homewards bring:
And by the way as he went,
met Farmers two or three,
Desiring them for Christ his sake,
to helpe his misery.

Oh lend to me (he said)
one loafe of Barley-bread,
One pint of milke for my poore wife
in Child-bed almost dead:

Thinke on my extreme need,
to lend me have no doubt,
I have no money for to pay,
but I will worke it out.

But they in churlish sort,
did one by one reply,
We have already lent you more
than we can well come by.
This answere strooke his heart
as cold as any stone;
Unto the Wood from thence he went,
with many a grievious groane.

Where at the length (behold)
a tall man did him meet
And cole-black were his garments all
from head unto his feet.
Thou wretched man said he,
why dost thou weep so sore?
What is the cause thou mak'st this mone,
tell me and sigh no more,

Alas, good Sir (he said)
the lack of some reliefe,
For my poore wife & children small,
'tis cause of all my griefe
They lie all like to starve,
for want of bread, (saith he)
Good Sir, vouchsafe therefore to give
one peny unto me.

Hereby this wretched man,
committed wondrous evill,
He beg'd an almes, and did not know,
he ask't it of the Devill.

But straight the hellish Fiend,
to him reply'd againe,
An odious sinner art thou then
that do'st such want sustaine.

Alack (the poore man said)
this thing for truth I know,
That *Job* was just, yet never Man
endured greater woe.
The godly oft doe want,
and need doth pinch them sore,
Yet God will not forsake them quite,
but doth their states restore.

If thou so faithfull be
why goest thou begging then?
Thou shalt be fed as *Daniel* was
within the Lyon's den.
If thus thou doe abide
the Ravens shall bring thee food,
As they unto *Elias* did,
that wandred in the Wood.

Mocke not a wofull man,
good Sir, the poore man said,
Redouble not my sorrowes so,
that are upon me laid.
But rather doe extend
unto my need, and give
One penny for to buy some bread,
my Children poore may live.

With that he opened straight
the fairest purse in sight
That ever mortall eye beheld,
fild up with crownes full bright.

Unto the wofull man
the same he wholly gave,
Who very earnestly did pray
that Christ his life might save.

Well, (quoth the damned Spirit,)
goe, ease thy Children's sorrow,
And, if thou wantest any thing,
come, meet me here to morrow.
Then home the poore man went,
with cheerefull heart and mind,
And comforted his woful wife
with words that were most kind.

Take Comfort, Wife, he said,
I have a purse of Gold,
Now given by a Gentleman,
most faire for to behold.
And thinking for to pull
his purse from bosome out,
He found nothing but Oken leaves,
bound in a filthy Clout.

Which when he did behold,
with sorrow pale and wan,
In desperate sort to seeke the purse,
unto the Wood he ran.
Supposing in his mind,
that he had lost it there;
He could not tell then what to think,
he was 'twixt hope and feare.

He had no sooner come
into the shady Grove,
The Devil met with him againe,
as he in fancy strove.

What seekst thou here he said,
the purse (quoth he) you gave,
Thus Fortune she hath crossed me,
and then the Devill said

Where didst thou put the Purse ?
tell me, and do not lye,
Within my bosome, said the man,
where no man did come nigh.
Looke there againe, (quoth he)
then said the Man I shall,
And found his bosome full of Toads,
as thicke as they could crawle.

The poore man at this sight,
to speak had not the power,
See (q'd the Devill) vengeance doth
pursue thee every hour.
Goe cursed wretch (quoth he)
and rid away thy life,
But murther first thy children young,
and miserable Wife.

The poore man raging mad,
ran home incontinent,
Intending for to kill them all,
but God did him prevent.
For why, the chiefest man
that in the Parish dwelt,
With meat and money thither came,
which liberally he dealt.

Who seeing the poore man
come home in such a rage,
Was faine to bind him in his bed,
his fury to asswage.

Where long he lay full sicke,
still crying for his Gold,
But, being well, this whole discourse
he to his Neighbours told.

From all temptations
Lord keep both great and Small:
And let no man, O heavenly God,
for want of succour fall.
But put their speciall trust
in God for ever more,
Who will, no doubt, from misery,
each faithfull man restore.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

Strange and true News from Westmoreland.

BEING A TRUE RELATION OF ONE *GABRIEL HARDING*,

Who, coming home drunk, struck his Wife a blow on the breast, and killed her outright, and then denyed the same: Likewise how a Stranger did come into the House clothed in Green; the people that were eye-witnesses, said it was an Angel; and how the Stranger, or Angel did give Sentence on the Man for killing of his Wife: Also how Satan did break the Man's Neck that did forswear himself, and the Stranger or Angel did command Satan to hurt no one else, and to vanish. Then did the Stranger Cleathed in green take his leave of the people; whereof the Chiefest in the Parish desired it might be put into Print, and have hereunto set their hands.

Tune is, '*The Summer Time.*'

ATTEND good Christian people all,
Mark what I say, both old and young,
Unto the general Judgment day,
I think it is not very long.

A wonder strange I shall relate,
I think the like was never shown,
In *Westmoreland* at *Tredenton*,
Of such a thing was never known.

One *Gabriel Harding* liv'd of late,
As may to all men just appear,
Whose yearly Rent, by just account,
Came to five hundred pound a year.

This man he had a Virtuous Wife,
In Godly ways her mind did give:
Yet he, as rude a wicked wretch,
As in this sinful Land did live.

Much news of him I will relate,
The like no Mortal man did hear;
'Tis very new, and also true,
Therefore, good Christians, all give ear.

One time this man he came home drunk,
As he us'd, which made his wife to weep,
Who straightway took him by the hand.
Saying Dear Husband, lye down & sleep.

She lovingly took him by the arms.
Thinking in safety him to guide,
A blow he struck her on the breast,
The Woman straight sunk down & dy'd.

The Children with Mournful Cries
They ran into the open Street,
They wept, they wail'd, they wrung their hands,
To all good Christians they did meet.

The people then, they all ran forth,
Saying Children, why make you such moan?
O make you haste unto our house,
Our dear mother is dead and gone.

Our Father hath our Mother kill'd,
The Children they cryed then.
The people then they all made haste
And laid their hands upon the man,

He presently denied the same,
Said, from Guilty Murder I am free,
If I did that wicked deed he said,
Some example I wish be seen by me.

Thus he forswore the wicked deed
Of his dear Wifes untimely end,
Quoth the people, let's conclude with speed,
That for the Coroner we may send.

Mark what I say, the door's fast shut,
The People the Children did deplore,
But straight they heard a Man to speak,
And one stood knocking at the door.

One in the house to the door made haste,
Hearing a Man to Knock & Call,
The door was opened presently,
And in he came amongst them all.

By your leave, good people, then he said,
May a stranger with you have some talk,
A dead Woman I am come to see;
Into the room I pray, Sir, walk.

His eyes like to the Stars did shine.
He was clothed in a bright grass green,
His cheeks was of a crimson red,
For such a man was seldome seen.

Unto the people then he spoke,
Mark well these words which I shall say,
For no Coroner you shall send,
I'm Judge & Jury here this day.

Bring hither the Man that did the deed,
And firmly hath denied the same
They brought him into the room with speed
To answer to this deed with shame.

Now come, O wretched Man quoth he,
With shame before thy neighbours all,
Thy body thou hast brought to Misery,
Thy soul into a deeper thrall.

Thy Chiefest delight was drunkeness,
And lewd women, O cursed sin,
Blasphemous Oaths & Curses Vile
A long time thou hast wallowed in.

The Neighbours thou wouldst set at strife
And alwaies griping of the poor,
Besides, thou hast murdered thy wife,
A fearful death thou dy'st therefore.

Fear nothing, good people, then he said,
A sight will presently appear,
Let all your trust be in the Lord,
No harm shall be while I am here.

Then in the Room the Devil appear'd,
Like a brave Gentleman did stand,
Satan (quoth he that was the Judge)
Do no more than thou hast command.

The Devil then he straight laid hold
On him that had murdered his wife,
His neck in Sunder then he broke,
And thus did end his wretched life.

The Devil then he vanished
Quite from the People in the Hall,
Which made the people much afraid,
Yet no one had no hurt at all.

Then straight, a pleasant Melody
Of Musick straight was heard to sound,
It ravisht the hearts of those stood by,
So sweet the Musick did abound.

Now (quoth this gallant Man in green)
With you I can no longer stay,
My love I leave, my leave I take,
The time is come, I must away.

Be sure to love each other well,
Keep in your breast what I do say.
It is the way to go to Heaven,
When you shall rise at Judgment day.

The people to their homes did go.
Which had this mighty wonder seen,
And said it was an Angel sure
That thus was clothed all in green.

And thus the News from *Westmoreland*
I have related to you o're,
I think it is as strange a thing,
As ever man did hear before.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the Golden Ball in Py Corner.

A Wonderful Example

OF GOD'S JUSTICE SHEWED UPON ONE *JASPER CONNINGHAM*, A GENTLEMAN BORN IN *SCOTLAND*, WHO WAS OF OPINION THAT THERE WAS NEITHER GOD NOR DEVIL.

To the Tune of, '*O Neighbour Robert.*'

IT was a *Scotchman*,
a *Scotchman* lewd of life,
That long had liv'd
unlawful from his wife:
His name was *Jasper Conningham*,
as I did understand,
Whose dwelling was at *Aberdeen*,
a town in fair *Scotland*.

He had a Sister,
which was both fair and bright,
Worshipfully weded,
unto a worthy Knight,
Godly, wise and vertuous,
in every thing was she,
A fairer comely Lady,
in *Scotland* could not be.

Her wicked Brother
such inward pains did prove,
That with his fair Sister
he greatly was in love:
He watches time & wooes her,
he shews to her his Mind,
And still he says, sweet Sister,
be not to me unkind.

This comely Lady,
in mild and gentle wise
Unto her brother
thus modestly replies.
The Lord forbid, dear Brother,
I should consent at all,
To such a damned action,
to bring our Souls in thrall.

Are not great torments
prepar'd for hateful sin?
Is not God as righteous,
as ever he hath been?
Is not Hell prepared
with quenchless flames of fire,
To give such wicked persons
their due deserved hire?

Wherefore dear Brother,
repent, and call for Grace,
Let not these motions
within your heart take place.
Consider how to judgment
we shall one day be brought,
To answer for our Follies
which in our lives we wrought.

Her Brother hearing
her Godly Christian talk,
Within the Garden,
as they alone did walk;
Blasphemously replyed,
as shameless as he stood,
Saying she had declar'd
a Tale of *Robin Hood.*

You are deceived
fair Sister, then said he,
To talk of Heaven's Glory,
or Hell's plagues unto me:
These are devised Fables,
to keep poor Souls in fear,
That were by wise men written,
though no such things there were.

You speak of reckoning,
and of a judgment-day,
And after life is ended
and flesh consum'd away.
And of a God most justly
will plague all things amiss,
And those that do believe it,
are much deceived I wis.

Alas, said he, my Sister,
these things are nothing so;
No God nor Devil is biding
in Heaven nor Hell, I know.
All things are wrought by Nature,
the Earth, the Air, the Sky,
There is no joy nor sorrow,
after that men do dye.

Therefore let me have pleasure,
while here I do remain,
I fear not God's displeasure,
nor Hell's tormenting pain.
No sooner had he spoken
this foul blasphemous thing,
But that a heavy judgment
upon him God did bring.

For in the Garden,
whereas he did abide,
Suddenly a Fire,
sprang up on every side ;
Which round about inclosed
this damned wretch that day,
Who roar'd and cry'd most grievous,
but could not start away.

This fearful fire
up to his knees did rise,
Burning blew like Brimstone,
in most outrageous wise.
The Lady which beheld it,
ran crying in for aid,
To pluck away her Brother,
Which in the fire staid.

But nought prevailed,
for all that they could do,
Long staves and also Pitch forks,
they reached them unto.
Because they durst not venture
near to the fiery flame,
He taking hold upon them,
to draw him out of the same.

But not a finger
  Nor hand that he could move,
His arms hung dead behind him,
  great pains that he did prove.
And now he bands* and curses
  the day that he was born,
And wishes that his Carcass
  by Devils might be torn.

Now I feel, surely,
  quoth he, there is a God,
That sorely doth plague me
  With his strong Iron Rod.
Oh, hide me from his presence,
  his looks are death to me,
Nothing but wrath & vengeance
  about him do I see.

I have despised him,
  But can no whit repent,
My heart is hardened,
  my mind can not relent.
No pitty nor compassion,
  nor mercy is in Store,
For me, vile wretched creature
  dèspis'd for evermore.

I am in Hell tormented,
  and to endless pain,
Look how the Devils torment me
  in stretching every vein.
Look how they swarm about me,
  O, what hell fiends are these,
Woe worth the time that ever
  I did the Lord displease.

* Bans, or swears.

I burn in flaming fire,
  yet do no whit Consume,
My Conscience doth torment me,
  that did in sin presume.
Alas, my loving Sister,
  now do I know full well,
There is a God most righteous
  and eke a Devil in hell.

And with these speeches,
  his Eyes fell from his head,
And by strings hung dangling,
  below his Chin stark dead.
See how the Devils, then he said,
  hath pluck't my eyes out quite,
That always was unworthy
  to view the heavenly light.

Then from his mouth there fell
  his foul blasphemous tongue,
In very ugly manner,
  most piteously it hung.
And there away he rotted
  in all the people's sight,
By Lice and filthy Vermin,
  he was consumed quite.

With gastly groaning
  and shrieks that sounded high,
Two hours after
  the Cursed man did lye:
And there at length he dyed,
  and then the fire ceas'd;
His Carcass stunk more filthy
  than any Carrion Beast.

No man was able
for to endure the smell,
Nor yet to come to bury him,
as true Report doth tell.
Until he was consumed,
he lay above the ground;
The doors about the Garden,
therefore was locked round.

Let all Blasphemers
take warning by this thing;
Lest that God's Vengeance
they do upon them bring;
And Lord grant that all Christians
thy holy Grace and fear,
They may think on the punishment
that *Conningham* had here.

Printed for *Alex Milbourn* at the *Stationers Arms* in *Green-Arbor-Court* in the *Little-Old Baily*.

The Gosport Tragedy,

OR

THE PERJURED SHIP CARPENTER.

IN Gosport of late there a damsel did dwell,
For wit and for beauty did many excel;
A young man did court her to be his dear,
And he by his trade was a ship-carpenter.

He said, Oh! dear Molly, if you will agree,
And will consent to marry me;
My love, you will ease me of sorrow and care,
If you will but wed a ship-carpenter.

With blushes more charming than Roses in June,
She answer'd, Sweet William, To wed I'm too young:
Young men are so fickle, I see very plain,
If a maid is not coy, they will her disdain.

They flatter and swear their charms they adore,
When gain'd their consent they care for no more:
The handsomest creature that ever was born,
When a man has enjoy'd, he will hold in scorn.

My charming Molly, what makes you say so?
Thy beauty's the haven to which I would go:
So into that country I chance for to steer,
There will cast anchor, and stay with my dear.

I ne'er shall be cloy'd with the charms of my love,
My love is as true as the turtle dove:
And all I crave is to wed with my dear,
And when thou art mine, no danger I fear.

The life of a virgin, Sweet William, I prize,
For marriage brings sorrows & troubles likewise:
I am loath to venture, and therefore forbear,
For I will not wed with a ship-carpenter.

For in the time of war, to the sea you must go,
And leave wife and children in sorrow and woe,
The seas they are perilous, therefore forbear,
For I will not wed with a ship-carpenter.

But yet all in vain she his suit did deny,
Though he still did Press her to make her comply:
At length with his cunning he did her betray,
And to lewd desire he led her away.

But when with child this young woman were,
The tydings she instantly sent to her dear:
And by the good Heaven he swore to be true,
Saying, I will wed no other but you.

Time passed on till at length we hear,
The King wants sailors, to sea he repairs;
Which grieved the damsel unto the heart,
To think she so soon with a lover must part.

She said, my dear William, 'ere thou go'st to sea,
Remember the vow that thou madest to me:
But if you forsake me I never shall rest,
Oh! why dost thou leave me with sorrow opprest?

Then with kind embraces to her he did say,
I'll wed thee, dear Molly, 'ere I go away:
And if to morrow, to me thou dost come,
A licence I'll buy, and it shall be done.

So with kind embraces he parted that night,
She went to meet him in the morning light:
He said, dear Charmer, thou must go with me,
Before we are wedded, a friend for to see.

He led her through valleys and groves so deep,
At length this Maiden began to weep:
Saying, William, I fancy thou lead'st me astray,
On purpose my innocent life to betray.

He said, that is true, and none you can save,
For I all this night have been digging a grave:
Poor innocent soul, when she heard him say so,
Her eyes like a fountain began for to flow.

O perjured creature, the worst of men,
Heavens reward thee when I'm dead and gone:
O pity the infant, and spare my life,
Let me go distrest, if I am not your wife.

Her hands, white as lilies, in sorrow she wrung,
Beseeching for mercy, saying, what have I done
To you, my dear William, what makes you severe,
For to murder one that loves you so dear?

He said, here's no time disputing to stand,
And instantly taking the knife in his hand:
He pierced her body till the blood it did flow,
Then into the grave her body did throw.

He cover'd her body, then home he did run,
Leaving none but birds her death to mourn:
On board the Bedford he entered strait way,
Which lay at Portsmouth out bound for the sea.

For Carpenter's mate he was enter'd we hear,
Fitted for his voyage away he did steer:
But, as in his Cabbin one night he did lie,
The Voice of his sweetheart he heard to cry.

O perjur'd Villain, awake now and hear,
The Voice of your love, that lov'd you so dear:
This ship out of Portsmouth never shall go,
Till I am revenged for this over throw.

She afterwards vanish'd with shrieks & sighs,
Flashes of lightning did dart from her eyes:
Which put the ship's crew into great fear,
None saw the ghost, but the voice they did hear.

Charles Stuart, a man of courage so bold,
One night was going into the Hold:
A beautiful creature to him did appear,
And she in her arms had a daughter most fair.

The charms of this so glorious a face,
Being merry in drink, he goes to embrace:
But to his surprize, it vanish'd away,
So he went to the Captain without more delay.

And told him the story, which when he did hear,
The Captain said, some of my men I do fear:
Have done some murder, and if it be so,
Our ship in great danger to the sea must go.

One at a time then his merry men all,
Into his cabbin he did strait call:
And said, my lads the news I do hear,
Doth much surprize me with sorrow & fear.

This ghost which appear'd in the dead of the night,
Which all my seamen so sadly did fright:
I fear has been wrong'd by some of my crew,
And therefore the person I fain would know.

Then William affrighted, did tremble with fear,
And began by the powers above to swear;
He nothing at all of the matter did know,
But as from the Captain he went to go

Unto his surprize his true love did see;
With that he immediately fell on his knee,
And said, here's my true love, where shall I run,
O save me, or else I am surely undone.

Now he the murder confessed out of hand,
And said, before me my Molly doth stand:
Sweet injured ghost thy pardon I crave,
And soon will I seek thee in the silent grave.

No one but this wretch did see this sad sight,
Then raving distracted he dy'd in the night;
As soon as her parents these tydings did hear
They sought for the body of their daughter dear.

Near a place call'd Southampton, in a valley deep,
The body was found, while many did weep:
At the fall of the damsel & her daughter dear,
In Gosport Church they buried her there.

I hope this may be a warning to ALL
Young men how innocent maids they enthral;
Young men be constant, and true to your love,
Then a blessing indeed will attend you above.

The Two

FAITHFUL LOVERS' TRAGEDY.

Shewing how a young *London* Merchant fell in Love with a Dutch Lady, and being hindred by their Covetous Parents they both dyed for love.

To the Tune of, '*Hope Farewell.*'

IN *London* liv'd a Crafty old Miser,
who had a Son blest in every degree,
On whom kind Nature bestow'd all her Treasure,
no one in his Gifts was more happy than he.
This Youth by his Father a Merchant was bred,
and greatly his Fortunes improv'd by his Trade,
His Carriage & Mien so much were admir'd,
his Company was by all Persons desir'd.

Urgent Occasions to *Holland* did call him,
that he for his Voyage with speed did prepare,
But what sad Grief alas! did befall him,
you all in the Sequal o' th' Story shall hear.
When he of his Friends had taken his leave,
who at his departure all greatly did grieve;
On Ship-board he went, and with a fresh Gale,
he plough'd up the waves & for Holland did sail.

When he had reach'd the coast he intended,
he presently manag'd his weighty affair,
Where he by all was belov'd & befriended,
so courteous & kind he to all did appear.
A crafty Dutch Merchant observing his care,
who had a fine Daughter both vertuous & fair,
To dine at his House, he the Youth did invite,
who gladly beheld the young Virgin so bright.

Her Beauty struck him to such admiration,
that in his soft heart he kindled a Flame,
Which quickly grew to so loving a Passion,
he thought he ne'er see so melting a Dame.
The beautiful Maid was equally mov'd,
she thought the brave Youth did deserve to be lov'd,
Thus did blind *Cupid* scatter his Darts,
and equally wounded these Lovers tender hearts.

Then with kind & feeling Addresses,
the Noble young Lover accosted his Dame;
She could not resist his modest Embraces,
her heart was possest with so equal a flame.
His vertuous attempt he did daily improve,
and chiefly pursu'd the blest business of Love,
Till Love in their hearts began to be free,
they vow'd to each other they'd ever faithful be.

The happy time they appointed to Marry,
and things were preparing against the blest day,
But here, alas! how their hopes did miscarry,
what accident happen'd to call him away.
A Letter from *England* from's Father there came,
commanding him strait to return home again,
And that he with speed must in *England* arrive,
if e'er he would see his poor Father alive.

Never was Youth under such a vexation,
these things did all his comfort destroy,
Loaded with such weighty expressions,
he put off that bliss he so hoped to enjoy.
Then taking his leave of the flower of his Love,
vowing for ever he constant would prove,
And with all speed fly over the Main,
that soon to his dearest he might return again.

Then with speed he to England did hast him,
but found his old Father recover'd again;
Who welcom'd his son, and kindly embrac'd him,
and joy'd to see him on this side the Main.
The Father a further Speech then began,
and laid his Commands in these words, on his Son,
I have took good care to choose you a Bride,
a Beautiful Fortune, & must not be deny'd.

The Son reply'd, Good Father, I beg you
don't force me to marry with one you have chose,
For I am betroth'd to a Virgin already,
and urge me not, pray, to forfeit my Vows.
The Father fell into a violent Rage,
and charg'd him on his blessing, with her to engage,
Or else he must never expect he would own
a Child so undutiful to be his Son.

His Father forc'd him to make his Addresses,
whilst he with her parents the match did conclude,
The Son his first Contract to the Lady confesses,
and told her those Vows he resolv'd should stand good.
His Constancy she did greatly commend,
and told him in all things she would stand his friend,
Rather than's Father's good will he should loose,
they'd take it on part his Suit to refuse.

By this time a Merchant to *Holland* went over,
who told the Dutch Lady her Love she must loose,
That in *England*, he was going to marry another,
a Beautiful Fortune his Father had chose.
This news convey'd Horror into every part,
she burst into Tears, in few days broke her heart,
Dying she cry'd, as she beat her white Breast,
faithless young Lover, thou ne'er shall have rest.

That night strange dismal thoughts did possess him,
as restless upon his Pillow he lay,
Whilst these cares & fears did oppress him,
a light in his Room, shone brighter than day.
The Ghost of his Love crown'd with gold did appear,
with drops of Blood hanging on every hair,
She slowly mov'd on, & approach'd his Bed Side,
and with a shrill Voyce to her frighted Love she cry'd,

From silent shades I come to discover,
I'm she whom you love, now submitted to fate,
I heard you paid your Vows to another,
but know it's all false, now, alas! it's too late!
The Vows you have made, for ever maintain,
for we in blest shades e'er long shall meet again,
By this time the Cock for Morning had Crew.
she vanished in light, and so bid him adieu.

Thus he lay in a sad Consternation,
distracted he grew for loss of his Love,
Living but just to give the Relation,
and then took his flight to th' *Elizium* Grove.
Between the two Fathers, to hear of their Grief,
would force us to yield them our tears for relief,
Parents let this a Warning to ye prove,
you ne'er force your Children to falsifie their love.

Printed for *J. Conyers* at the Black Raven, in *Holborn.*

The Suffolk Miracle.

BEING THE RELATION OF A YOUNG MAN,

Who after his Death appeared to his Sweet heart, and carried her behind him Forty Miles in two Hours' Time, and was never seen after, but in the Grave.

Tune of '*My Bleeding Heart*,' *etc.*

A WONDER Strange, as e'er was known,
Then what I now shall treat upon ;
In *Suffolk* there did lately dwell
A Farmer Rich and known full well.

He had a Daughter fair & bright,
On whom he plac'd his chief Delight,
Her Beauty was beyond compare,
She was both vertuous & fair.

A young Man there was living by,
Who was so charmed with her Eye.
That he could never be at Rest,
He was with Love so much possest.

He made Address to her, and she
Did grant him Love immediately,
Which, when her Father came to hear,
He parted her, and her poor Dear.

Forty Miles distant was she sent,
Unto her Uncle's, with Intent,
That she should there so long remain,
Till she had chang'd her Mind again.

Hereat this young Man sadly griev'd,
But knew not how to be relieved;
He sigh'd and sobb'd continually,
That his true Love he could not see.

She by no Means could to him send,
Who was her Heart's espoused Friend;
He sigh'd, she griev'd, but all in Vain,
For she confin'd must still remain.

He mourn'd so much that Doctor's Art
Could give no Ease unto his Heart,
Who was so strangely terrify'd,
That in short time, for Love he dy'd.

She that from him was sent away,
Knew nothing of his dying Day,
But constant still she did remain,
To Love the Dead was then in vain.

After he had in Grave been laid,
A Month or more, unto this Maid,
He came about Middle of the Night,
Who joy'd to see her Heart's Delight.

Her Father's Horse which well she knew,
Her Mother's Hood, and Safeguard* too

* Veils not then being known, and there being no such things as parasols, masks, or vizards, were worn to preserve the complexion, or to conceal the features.

He brought with him to testify
Her Parents Order he came by.

Which, when her Uncle understood,
He hop'd it might be for her Good,
And gave Consent to her straightway,
That with him she should come away.

When she was got her Love behind,
They pass'd as swift as any Wind,
That in two Hours, or little more,
He brought her to her Father's Door.

But as they did this great Haste make,
He did complain his Head did ake;
Her Handkerchief she then took out,
And ty'd the same his Head about.

And unto him she thus did say,
Thou art as Cold as any Clay,
When we come home a Fire we'll have,
But little dream't he went to Grave.

Soon were they at her Father's Door,
And, after, she ne'er saw him More;
I'll set the Horse up, then he said,
And then he left this harmless Maid.

She knock'd & straight amain he cry'd,
Who's there? 'tis I, she then reply'd:
Who wonder'd much her voice to hear,
And was possest with Dread & Fear.

Her Father she did tell, and then,
He star'd like an affrighted Man.
Down Stairs he ran, and when he see her,
Cry'd out, My Child, how cam'st thou here?

Pray, Sir, did you not send for me ?
By such a Messenger ? said she,
Which made his hair stand on his Head,
As knowing well that he was dead.

Where is he then, to her he said,
He's in the Stable quoth the Maid,
Go in, said he, and go to Bed,
I'll see the Horse well littered.

He star'd about, and there could he
No shape of any Mankind see,
But found his Horse all in a Sweat,
Which put him in a deadly fright.

His Daughter he said Nothing to,
Nor no one else, though well they knew
That he was dead a Month before,
For fear of grieving her full sore.

Her Father to his Father went,
(Who was decay'd*) with this Intent,
To tell him what his Daughter said,
So both came back unto this Maid.

They asked her, and she still did say
'Twas him that then brought her away:
Which, when they heard they were amaz'd,
And on each other strangely gaz'd.

A Handkerchief, she said, she ty'd
About his Head, and that they try'd:
The Sexton they did speak unto,
That he the Grave would then undo,

* *I.e.*, he had been rich, but was now in reduced circumstances.

Affrighted then they did behold
His Body turning into Mould;
And tho' he had a Month been dead,
This Handkerchief was about his Head.

This thing unto her then they told,
And the whole Truth they did unfold,
She was thereat so terrified,
And griev'd, she quickly after died.

Part not true Love, you rich Men then,
But, if they be right honest Men,
Your Daughter's Love give them their way,
For Force oft breeds their Life's decay.

A Warning for Swearers.

BY THE EXAMPLE OF GOD'S IUDGMENTS SHEWED UPON A MAN BORN NEAR THE TOWN OF *WOLVERHAMPTON* IN *STAFFORD SHIRE*,

who had stolen a Bible ; and being examined before a *Iustice*, deny'd the Fact, and falsely forswore it ; wishing he might Rot, if he were Guilty of the Theft ; which (according to his Desire) immediately fell upon him ; and is at this time, a sad Spectacle to Hundreds that have beheld him.

Tune, '*Aim not too High.*'

ALL you that do desire to hear and know,
of wonders strange, the which the Lord doth shew,
Give good attention to what I shall declare,
the strangest thing that ever man did hear.

My heart doth tremble and my hand doth shake,
to think what I at present undertake,
For to declare what here I have begun,
enough to melt a heart as hard as stone.

To see how people take delight in Sin,
and for to mend their lives will not begin,
Until God's Iudgments do them overtake,
they never strive their Sins for to forsake.

We rather seek to run in Sin the more,
while Satan seekes our Souls for to devour;
Let's strive in time to break his subtil snare,
and of our Souls and Bodies have a care.

To see how many they do swear and curse,
surely they think not of a God so just,
That hears or sees their actions that are done;
yet at the last be sure he will strike home.

As for example, now in *Stafford shire*
there's a sad Iudgement, as it doth appear,
On forsworn wretches ; there a man doth ly
in woful state, and grievous misery.

He stole a Bible as it is well known,
and being taxt, the same he did disown ;
He pray'd unto God his hands might Rot,
and so a Iudgement on himself he brought.

In a small time he had his full desire,
and what he of the Lord did then require,
His hand-wrists rot away most wofully,
his hands are dead, and black as black can be.

The joynts of 's knees do rot in the same sort,
as several hundred people can report,
That daily goes to see & take a view,
and witness can, the same for to be true.

Upon the ground he stinks, as he doth lie,
none can endure for to stand him nigh ;
Lord grant that each good Christian may take care
how they themselves, so falsly do forswear.

He doth declare, and also doth confess,
it's God's just Iudgment for his wickedness,
For stealing of this holy Bible book
and following Sin, and so God's laws forsook.

But now, alas, within this world there's few,
they'l ask and question if this same be true :
But God is witness of his misery,
let us poor Sinners warning take hereby.

London. Printed for W Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.

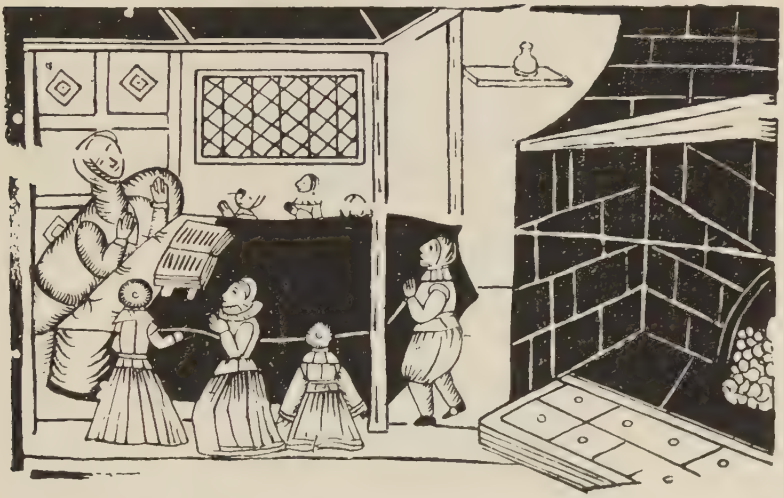
The Kentish Miracle

OR,

A STRANGE AND MIRACULOUS WORK OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE,

shewed to a poor distressed Widdow, and her Seven small Fatherless Children, Who lived by a burnt sixpenny Loaf of Bread, and a little Water for above Seven Weeks, in the Wild* of Kent to the Praise and Glory of Almighty God.

To the Tune of, '*A Rich Merchant Man.*'



TAKE comfort Christians all,
for never shall you see,
The faithful forsaken quite,
and left in misery.

Who lives and loves to hear
the Truth in each degree,
The story of a Widow's plaint,
let them give ear to me.

---

* *Query* Weald.

Who by this Widow here,
sufficient have been try'd,
The which was left both poor & bare,
where as her Husband dy'd.

And seven young Children small,
upon her hands likewise,
And knew not how to buy them bread,
their hunger to suffice.

She labours night and day,
she spins and takes great pain,
And many a thing to buy them bread,
God knows she lays in pawn.

But when the appointed time,
as time consumeth all,
O then she knew not how to keep
her hungry Children Small.

Most Merciful God, said she,
cast down a tender eye,
And suffer not thy servant here
with a famishing death to dye.

Thou that the Ravens didst send,
Elias for to feed,
When that he was in Wilderness
in extream want & need.

And Rained Bread from Heaven
Old *Israel* to preserve,
And would'st not in the Lyon's den
let *Daniel* pine & Starve.

I know, my Lord, she said
thou hast five thousand fed,
With five small Barley Loaves,
as we in Scripture read.

And each one had enough,
their hunger to sustain,
And afterwards twelve baskets full
of scraps did still remain.

I know, my Lord, she said
thou art so mighty still,
And, therefore, every thing be done
according to thy will.

Her Prayers ended thus,
her Children cry'd straight way,
O, Mother dear, give us some bread,
we have eat none to day.

Give me some bread, said one,
give me some bread, said another,
And thus the silly Infants flock
about their Careful Mother.

The good Soul hearing this,
perswades them to be still,
O soon, at night, my lambs, said she
you shall have bread your fill.

I will to Market go,
let corn be cheap or dear,
I'll sell my Coat to buy some Corn,
if you'll be quiet here.

The Children smiled at this,
content they did remain,
Good Mother, every one could say,
come quickly home again

Three Miles this woman went,
unto the Market Town,
And for Five Shillings she did sell,
her Coat and Russet Gown.

Who being glad in heart,
to Market straight she hies,
But there, alas, her Purse was Cut,
'ere any Corn she buys.

She Cryeth out, God knows,
she weeps and makes great Moan,
To everyone that passeth by,
her grief she makes it known.

But yet behold and see,
here in her woeful Case,
Her husband's brother he was one
that sold Corn in that place.

This Woeful Woman then,
did him desire and pray,
To trust her with one sack of Corn,
till the next Market day.

But he denies her flat,
and thus he tells her plain,
I shall not have to serve my turn*
till Corn do come again.

More heed you might have took
unto your purse, said he,
And not to loose your money here,
so fond and foolishly.

This dogged† answer cut
This poor soul to the heart,
Especially when she did think
upon her infants smart.‡

* I shall not have sufficient.

† Or, as we should say, 'Answer of a Cur.'

‡ Pain.

Who sits & strives at home,
poor souls, but all in vain ;
Which of them should the biggest piece,
of Bread and Butter gain.

But far, alas, they were,
from butter, bread or Cheese,
Or any thing to comfort them,
that their poor Mother sees.

But now behold God's work,
as homeward she return'd,
A Baker's Boy gave her a Loaf,
which was in Baking burn'd.

She gave God thanks for that,
and joyful in her hand,
She bears the bread home to her babes,
which waiting for her stand.

She kisses them each one,
and with a Chearful look,
And said, we will to supper go,
when you have said your Book.

Mean time she makes a Fire,
and Apples therein throws,
The Widdow and her Seven Children
to Supper sweetly goes.

The Apples roasteth well,
and she doth cut them bread,
On every plate most lovingly,
she doth the apple spread.

Instead of Drink, she had
a cup of Water clear,
And every Child rejoyced much,
and said, here is good cheer.

Behold, when they had supt,
for God their food did bless.
When they had sup'd & were suffic'd,
Their Loaf was ne'er the less.

For seven weeks space together,
as story's plainly spread,
The Widdow & her Seven Children,
by this one Loaf was fed.

The Cut-purse Man, I say,
he broke his neck in *Kent*,
'Ere he of this poor Widow's Money
one single penny had spent.

And yet, behold and see,
her husband's churlish brother,
That would not trust a peck of Corn
her Children for to Succour.

And straightway, after this,
his Corn was wash't away
All by a Mighty flood, that came
before the break of day.

The Gentlemen, and such
that did this wonder see,
Unto this Widow gave such gifts
that ne're more wanted she.

And, now, good people all,
you here may plainly see,
God's servants are not forsaken quite
God's mercies is to them free.

Printed for *I. Deacon*, at the Angel in Guilt Spur Street without Newgate.

Historical Ballads.

AFTER the eleventh century, with its conquest of England by the Normans, perhaps the most fateful to the country generally was the seventeenth century, including as it did the only decapitation of a monarch which England can record, the only Republic she ever endured, and a total change of dynasty, in the person of William III.

Of the execution of Charles I.—*i.e.*, of the actual performance of the deed—I can find no ballad; but there are several melancholy mementos, like the 'King's farewell to the World,' which I have selected, as being typical. The illustration is from another ballad, 'A Dialogue betweene the late Hangman and Death,' which I have selected as being an *English Woodcut*, engraved within six months of the King's murder (June 20, 1649). Of course, it is not an authentic representation, but it is at least as good—and better, as being English, than the foreign copper-plates of the King's death. The executioner, Richard Brandon, was the son of Gregory Brandon the hangman, and was at one time committed to Newgate for bigamy. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary, Whitechapel. The ballad supplies an appropriate epitaph for him:

> '*Who, doe you thinke, lyes buried here?*
> *One that did help to make Hemp deare,*
> *The poorest Subject did abhorre him,*
> *And yet his* King *did kneele before him;*
> *He would his Master not betroy,*
> *Yet he his Master did destroy,*
> *And yet no* Judas; *in Records 'tis found,*
> Judas *had thirty pence, he thirty pound.*'

How forcibly the foul deed is brought to the imagination by the perusal of these ballads, and the very *procès verbal* of the execution in the 'Perfect Diurnall

of some Passages in Parliament' (Jan. 29, Feb. 5, 1649)! where, under date of *Tuesday, January* 30, is stated, 'This day the King was beheaded over against the Banquetting house by White Hall;' and then comes a description of how he walked on foot from St. James', guarded by a regiment of foot to Whitehall; how he asked if there were not a higher block, and then his beautiful speech on the scaffold. The absolute description of the execution is as follows:

'Then turning to Col. *Hacker* he said, Take care that they do not put me to pain, and fit this and, it please you: But then a Gentleman comming near the Ax, the King said, Take heed of the Ax, pray take heed of the Ax: Then the King called to D. *Juxton* for his Night Cap, and having put it on, he said to the Executioner, does my haire trouble you? Who desired him to put it all under his Cap, which the King did accordingly, by the help of the Executioner and the Bishop, Then the King turning to D. *Juxton* said, I have a good cause, and a gracious God on my side.

'Dr *Juxton*. There is but one stage more; This stage is turbulent and troublesome; it is a short one; But you may consider it will soon carry You a very great way, it will carry you from Earth to Heaven; and there You shall finde a great deale of cordiall joy and comfort.

'*King*. I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible Crown, where no disturbance can be.

'D. *Juxton*. You are exchanged from a Temporal to an Eternall Crown, a good exchange.

'Then the King took off his cloak, and his George, giving his George to D. *Juxton*, saying Remember, (*it is thought for the Prince*,) and some other small ceremonies past; After which the King stooping down, laid his necke upon the blocke, and after a very little pause stretching forth his hands, the Executioner at one blow severed his head from his Body. Then his Body was put in a Coffin covered with black velvet, and removed to his lodging chamber at Whitehall.'

Of the Commonwealth there are many ballads, but, as a rule, they are mostly political, and somewhat scurrilous. But the Restoration was coming, the ballad-monger deified Monk, and brought forth 'The King enjoyes his own again.' Then came a time of quiet and secret rejoicing. It was an open secret that Charles II. was to take the throne, and nowhere do we get a better glimpse of the national feeling than from the immortal pages of Pepys. In them we live again, the times being so vividly brought before us; take, for instance, one example,

which reproduces the age in all its freshness (Feb. 26, 1659): 'By and by Mr. Pechell and Sanchey and I went out, Pechell to Church, and I to the Rose Taverne, where we sat and drank till sermon done, and then Mr. Pechell came to us, and we three sat drinking the King's, and his whole familys health till it began to be dark.' Then, when the Restoration really came, men went mad with joy; and we learn how they knelt down before the bonfires in the street (possibly because they could not stand), and emptied bottle after bottle to the King's health.

Kings are but mortal, and in their career they have but two great days—the day of their accession and the day of their death; and both have the same cry, 'Vive le Roi!' We know that, constitutionally, the King never dies; but at the same time, society does a decent amount of mourning for a dead monarch. History is not always faithfully written in ballads: take, for instance, 'The whole Nations Lamentation, from the Highest to the Lowest;' and Evelyn's prosaic account how the King was practically left alone in his last illness, drained of his life-blood by ignorant leeches, *officially* ushered out of the world by the Archbishop of Canterbury and four Bishops;—*really* receiving the viaticum from Father Huddleston.

Directly afterwards is the hailing of the new monarch. The King truly is dead, but long may he live. What does it matter if there is no time to get engraved the *vera effigies* of the new sovereign? Charles I. and Henrietta Maria must fill the gap, and the world will be just as happy, and one king looks very much like another.

James II. plays his part on the world's stage, and *exit*. Enthusiasm is at once rampant for the Protestant champion, William of Orange, and his consort, the affectionate daughter of her exiled father. She died, and of course there was the official and stereotyped weeping. Never had the nation sustained such a loss; but, somehow, it managed to survive it. William III. died duly, but his death is chronicled in the eighteenth century, when another affectionate daughter of James II. occupied his throne.

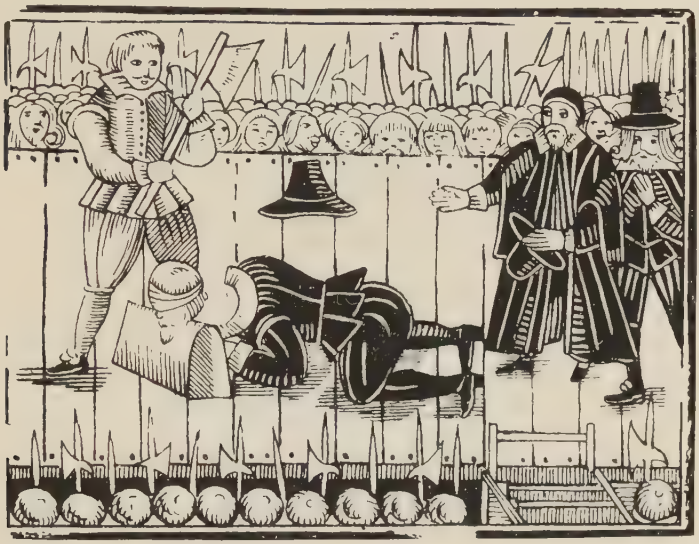
Historical Ballads.

The Kings

LAST FAREWELL TO THE WORLD

OR THE

DEAD KING'S LIVING MEDITATIONS AT THE APPROACH OF DEATH DENOUNCED AGAINST HIM.



THROUGH fear of sharpe & bitter paine,
by cutting off my dayes,
No pleasure in my Crown I take,
nor in my Royall Rayes.*
I shall discend with grieved heart,
(for none my life can save)
Unto the dismall gates of death,
to moulder in the Grave.

Farewell my Wife & Children all,
wipe off my brinish teares,
I am deprived of my Throne,
and from my future years.

* Array, dress, pomp.

Farewell my people, every one,
for I no more shall see,
The wonders of the Lord on earth,
nor with you shall I bee.

Mine eyes do faile, and to the earth,
to Worms I must be hurl'd;
Henceforth no more shall I behold
the people of the World.
My Crown and Scepter I must leave,
my glory and my Throne,
Adieu my fellow Princes all,
I from the earth have gone.

Mine age (which did approach to me),
departed is away,
And as a Shepheard's tent remov'd,
and I return'd to clay.
And as a Weaver doth cut off
his thrum, even so my life,
Must be cut off, from people and
from Children, and from Wife.

In sighes by day, & groanes by night,
with bitternesse I moane,
And doe consume away with griefe,
my end to think upon.
Fear in the morning me assailes,
Death, Lion like I see,
Even all the day, (till night) to roare,
to make an end of me.

I chattered as the schreeking Crane,
or Swallow that doth flye,
As Dove forlorne, in pensivenesse,
doth mourn, even so doe I.

I looked up to thee O Lord,
but now mine eyes doe faile,
Oh ease my sad oppressed soule,
for death doth now prevaile.

What shall I say, to God's decree,
if he would speak, I then
Should live; it is a work for God,
I find no help from Men.
Yet if my life prolonged was,
my sins for to repent,
Then softly would I go and mourn,
until my life was spent.

And all my years that I should live,
for mine offences foule,
I would passe o're in bitternesse,
of my distressed Soule.
O Lord, thou hast discovered
to me, that by these things,
Men Live; through thee Princes do Reign,
thou swayest over Kings.

In all things here God's Providence,
and will alone commands,
The life of my poore spirit sad,
is only in his hands.
Oh that the Lord would me restore,
my strength then I would give,
To serve my God in humblenesse
whilst he would let me live.

Behold, O Lord, when I in peace,
did look to be restor'd,
Then was my soule in bitternesse,
Cast off, and I abhorred.

Yet in the love of God most good,
his righteousnesse most just,
Hath throwne me downe into the pit,
and to corrupted dust.

Because that I have gone astray,
and cherisht war and strife,
My days are now cut off, and I
am quite bereft of Life.
Oh cast my sins behind thy backe,
good God I humbly pray,
And my Offences with the blood
of Christ wash clean away.

When my dead body is inter'd
I cannot praise thee there,
Death cannot celebrate the Lord,
my God most goode, most deare.
They that go down into the Pit,
destructions them devoure,
For in thy Truth they cannot hope,
but perish by thy power

The living, Lord, the living, they
shall praise thy holy name,
With all the glorious Hoast above,
and I shall do the same.
The father to his children here,
that are of tender youth,
Shall them forewarn, and unto them
make known thy glorious truth.

Forgive my sins, and save my Soule,
O Lord, I thee intreate,
And blot out mine offences all,
for they are very great.

Receive my soule for Christ his sake,
my Prophet, Priest, and King,
That I with Saints and Angells may
eternall prayses sing.

38 Isay. Imprimatur. T. J. Jan 31. 1648.
LONDON. Printed for Robert Ibbotson, 1648.

The King enjoyes his own again.

To be joyfully sung, with its own proper tune.

WHAT Booker can prognosticate ?
or speak of our Kingdom's present state ?
I think myself to be as wise,
as he that most looks in the Skies;
My skill goes beyond the depths of the Pond,
or Rider in the greatest Rain:
By thee which I can tell, that all things will be well,
when the King comes home in peace again.

There is no Astrologer, then I say,
can search more deep in this than I,
To give you a reason from the Stars,
what causeth peace or civill Wars;
The Man in the Moone may wear out his shoone
in running after Charles his Wain.
But all to no end: for the times they will mend,
when the King comes home in peace again.

Though for a time you may see White Hall
with cobwebs hanging over the wal,
Instead of silk, and silver brave,
as formerly it used to have:
In every Roome the sweet perfume,
delightful for that Princely Train,
The which you shal see, when the time shal be,
that the King comes home in peace again.

Full fourty years the Royal Crown
hath been his Father's and his own,
And I am sure there's none but he
hath right to that sovereignty:
Then who better may the Scepter sway,
than he that hath such right to reign ?
The hopes of our peace, for the wars will then cease,
when the King comes home in peace again.

Till then upon Ararats hill
my hopes shall cast her Anchor still,
Until I see some peaceful Dove,
bring home the branch, which I do love:
Still will I wait till the waters abate,
which most disturbs my troubled brain,
For Ile never rejoyce, till I hear that voice,
that the King comes home in peace again.

Oxford and Cambridge shal agree
crown'd with honour and dignitie,
Learned men shall then take place
and bad men silenced with disgrace:
They'l know it then to be a shameful strain
that hath so long disturbed their brain.
For I can surely tell, that all things shall go wel
when the King comes home in peace again.

Church government shal setled be,
and then I hope we shal agree,
Without their help whose high brain zeal
have long disturb'd our Common well;
Creed out of date, and Coblers that do prate,
at Wars that stil disturb'd their brain,
The which you shall see, when the time it shal be
that the King comes home in peace again.

Tho many men are much in debt,
and many Shops are to be let;
A golden time is drawing near,
men shal take Shops to hold their Ware;
Then all our Trade shall flowrish alamode,
the which ere long we shal obtain,
By the which I can tell all things shal be well,
when the King comes home in peace again.

Maidens shall enjoy their Mates,
and honest men their lost estates,
Women shal have what they do lack,
their husbands, who are coming back:
When the Wars have an end, then I and my Friend,
all Subjects freedom shal obtain,
By the which I can tell all things shall be well
when the King comes home in peace again.

Though people now walk in great fear,
alongst the Countrye everywhere,
Theeves shal then tremble at the Law,
and justice shal keep them in aw:
The Frenches shall flee with their treacherie,
and the King's foes ashamed remain,
The which you shal see, when the time it shal be
that the King comes home in peace again.

The Parliament must willing be,
that all the World may plainly see
How they do labour still for peace,
that now these bloody Wars may cease:
For they will gladly spend their lives to defend
the King in all his right to reign,
So then I can tell all things will be well
when we enjoy sweet peace again.

When all these things to pass shall come
then farewell Musket, Pick, and Drum,
The Lamb shal with the Lyon feed,
which were a happy time indeed:
O let us pray, we may see the day
that peace may govern in his name
For then I can tell, all things will be well
when the King comes home in peace again.

GOD SAVE THE KING — AMEN.

The Mournful Subjects

OR

THE WHOLE NATIONS LAMENTATION, FROM THE HIGHEST TO THE LOWEST:

Who did with brinish Tears (the true sign of Sorrow) bewail the Death of their most Gratious Soveraign King, *Charles* the Second; who departed this Life, *Feb 6th* 1684.* And was interr'd in *Westminster Abby*, in King *Henry* the Seventh's Chappel, on *Saturday* night last, being the 14th day of the said Month: to the sollid grief and sorrow of all his loving Subjects.

To the Tune of '*Troy Town*:' Or, '*The Dutchess of Suffolk*:'

TRUE Subjects mourn & well they may,
of each degree, both Lords and Earls;
Which did behold that Dismal Day,
the Death of Princely Pious *Charles*:
Some thousand weeping Tears did fall
at his most sollid FUNERAL.

He was a Prince of Clemency,
whose Love and Mercy did abound;
His Death may well lamented be,
through all the Nations Æurope round;
Unto the Ears of Christian Kings,
His Death unwelcome Tydings brings.

* In those days the year began 26 March, so that it really was 1685.

All those that ever thought him ill,
and did disturb him in his Reign,
Let Horrour now their Conscience fill,
and strive such actions to refrain:
For sure they know not what they do,
the time will come when they shall rue.

How often Villains did design
by Cruelty, his Blood to spill,
Yet by the Providence Divine,
God would not let them have their will;
But did preserve our Gracious King,
Under the shaddow of his Wing.

We griev'd his Soul while he was here,
when we wou'd not his Laws obey,
Therefore the Lord, he was severe,
and took our Gracious Prince away.
We was not worthy to enjoy
the Prince whom Subjects would annoy.

In peace he did lay down his Head,
the Scepter and the Royal Crown,
His Soul is now to Heaven fled,
above the reach of Mortal frown:
Where Joy & Glory will not cease,
In presence of the King of Peace.

Alas! we had our Liberty,
he never sought for to devour,
By a Usurping Tyranny,
to rule by Arbitrary Power
No, no, in all his blessed Reign,
we had no cause for to complain

Let Mourners now lament the loss
of him that did the Scepter sway,
And look upon it as a Cross,
that he from us is snatcht away:
Though he is free from Care and Woe
yet we cannot forget him so.

But since it was thy blessed Will
to call him from a sinful Land,
O let us all be thankful still,
that it was done by thine own hand:
No pitch of Honour can be free
from Death's Usurping Tyranny.

The Fourteen Day of *February*
they did Interr our Gracious *Charles*
his Funeral Solemnity
accompanied with Lords and Earls.
Four Dukes, I, and Prince George by name*
Went next the KING *with all his Train.*

And thus they to the Abby went
to lay him in his silent Tomb,
Where many inward Sighs was spent,
to think upon their dismal Doom;
Whole showers of Tears afresh there fell,
when they beheld his last farewel.

Since it is so that all must dye,
and must before our God appear,
O let us have a watchful eye,
over our Conversation here:
That like Great Charles our King & Friend,
we all may have a happy end.

* Prince George of Denmark, husband to Queen Anne.

Let England by their Loyalty
repair the Breach which they did make,
And let us all United be
to Gracious *James* for *Charles* his Sake;
And let there live no more Discord,
but Love the King and fear the Lord.

Printed for *I. Deacon* in *Guilt-spur Street.*

England's Royal Renown.

IN THE CORONATION OF OUR GRACIOUS KING *JAMES* THE SECOND, AND HIS ROYAL CONSORT QUEEN MARY

which was accordingly Celebrated in a most Glorious splendor, on the 23rd of April, 1685.

Let us agree in Loyalty } *And that the Crown with much Royalty*
the King & Queen adore } *May Flourish evermore.*

To the Tune of, '*The Cannons rore.*'

NOBLE hearted English boys
Fill the air with musick Noise,
James the fountain of our joys,
the Nation's Sole defender:
He's the Monarch of the Land,
We'l obey his great Command,
'Tis but duty, heart and hand,
when we do all Surrender.

May the Nation now obey
James who does the Scepter sway,
Let his Power ne'r decay,
but ever be increased;

Now the storm is over blown,
Royal *James* enjoys his own,
In the Glory of his Throne,
since Charles the Great's decease.

If occasion serves we'l fight,
In the Field with Armour bright,
To maintain Great *Jameses* Right
most Royally descended;
Brittain from Sedition wean,
Since the famous sight was seen,
Of our Gracious King and Queen
most nobly attended.

Now the Bells of *London* ring,
Whigs be wise, obey your King,
While the Loyal hearted sing,
to banish all vexation:
That our joys may more abound,
Let the Glass go freely round,
Our gracious King & Queen is crown'd
the Glory of the Nation.

Now let all united be,
In the Bond of Loyalty,
To great *James* and Queen *Mary*.
alas! why should we sever:
May they with their Royal Crown,
Flourish in high Renown,
Many Blessings now pour down,
upon them both for ever.

Loyal hearts both rich and poor,
Now our Gracious Prince adore,
Drink his health, Boys, ten times o're,
in Claret, Sack, and Sherry:

As for Gold and such like wealth,
We will spend that Oram pelf,
For to drink a Loyal Health,
to gracious Queen Mary.

From the Pallace all along,
Guinneys Subjects gave ding dong,
That they might the windows throng,
up to the highest Story:
Ev'ry place that they did build
With beholders they were fill'd
Many hundreds there beheld
the King in all his Glory.

Now let Subjects hearts incline
To the Race & Royal Line,
Since the Heaven so divine,
and Reason us engages:
Let it be the Subjects Prayer,
That our gracious Queen may bear
To Great *James* a Princely heir
to Reign in after Ages.

Printed for *I. Deacon* at the sign of the *Angel* in *Guiltspur Street.*

The Protestants Joy

OR

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG ON THE GLORIOUS *CORONATION* OF KING *WILLIAM* AND QUEEN *MARY*,

which in much Triumph was Celebrated at *Westminster* on the 11th of this instant *April*.

Tune of, '*Grim King of the Ghosts:*' Or, '*Hail to the Mirtle Shades.*'

Licensed according to Order.

LET Protestants freely allow
their Spirits a happy good chear,
Th' Eleventh of *April* now,
has prov'd the best day in the year:
Brave Boys let us merrily Sing,
whilst smiling full Bumpers go round,
Here's joyful good Tydings I bring,
King *William* and *Mary* is Crown'd.

That power that blest the design,
afford them a prosperous Reign,
We ne'er shall have cause to repine,
our Liberties they will maintain:

Some Villains that wou'd us destroy,
in strong Iron Fetters lies bound,
Whilst we are transported with Joy,
that *William* and *Mary* is Crown'd.

The Triumph all over the Land,
did flye from the East to the West,
At our great Monarchs command,
true Loyalty shall be exprest:
There's none shall our Freedom oppose,
since we such a blessing have found,
For now in the spight of our Foes,
King *William* and *Mary* is Crown'd.

The Nobles that sits at the Helm,
who makes it their study and care,
To settle the peace of the Realm,
they did in their order repair:
To wait on the numerous Train,
which then did in splendor abound,
And pray'd for a prosperous Reign,
now *William* and *Mary* is Crown'd.

Their Maiesties true Dignity,
all Protestants ever will own,
It was by the Heavens decree,
that they should be plac'd on the Throne:
To govern with mercy and love,
that Peace in the Land may abound,
O blest be the powers above,
that *William* and *Mary* is Crown'd.

They'll root out the Relicks of *Rome*,
and make this a flourishing Isle.
And truth in its glory shall bloom,
which *Romans* did envy a while:

The Mass and the Rosary too,
was all but a meer empty sound,
The *Papists* look pitiful blew,
now *William* and *Mary* is Crown'd

But every Protestant Soul,
was sensible of their Relief,
Therefore in a full flowing bowl,
they drown all the relicks of grief:
And drink their good Majesties health,
with reverend Knees to the ground,
And wishing them honour and wealth,
who is with a Diadem Crown'd.

We'll tender our Lives at his feet,
who stood for the Protestant Cause,
And made the proud Romans retreat,
defending Religion and Laws:
We'll Conquer, or fight till we dye,
to make our Monarch Renown'd,
Now thanks to Heavens on high,
that William and Mary is Crown'd.

Printed for *I. Deacon,* in *Guiltspur Street.*

The Court and Kingdom in Tears

OR THE

SORROWFUL SUBJECT'S LAMENTATION FOR THE *DEATH*

OF

HER ROYAL MAJESTY, QUEEN MARY

who departed this Life the 28th of this instant December 1694 ; to the unspeakable Grief of his Majesty, and all his Loyal and Loving Subjects.

To the Tune of, '*If Love's a sweet Passion*,' etc.

IN mourning, in mourning the Kingdom appears,
And the eyes of true Subjects are flowing with tears,
For our Grief and our Sorrow, alas it is great,
Since our gracious Queen *Mary* departed of late ;
By the hand of cold Death she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Having left our most gracious King William alone.

The loss of the Queen we have cause to lament,
In the prime of her years from the world she is sent,
While her sorrowful Subjects do weeping complain,
Knowing that they shall never behold her again ;
By the hand of cold Death, she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Having left our most gracious King William alone.

O ! what an unspeakable change is there wrought ?
From a Throne, Crown & Septer, Q. *Mary* is brought,
For to take up her Lodging now, now in the Grave,
So uncertain is Honour and all that we have :
By the hand of cold Death she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Leaving gracious King William to govern alone.

She in the King's absence did Govern the Realm,
With discretion and Wisdom she sat at the Healm,
While her Subjects in loyal Obedience did stand,
For a publick blessing she was to the Land:
To our Sorrow and grief she is snatch'd from the Throne,
And our Monarch King William, now governs alone.

There's nothing but Sorrow and Grief to be seen
Thro' the Court and the Kingdom for loss of the Queen,
Who in less than a week was alive, well, and dead,
And with her all our Joys and our Comforts are fled;
By the hand of cold Death she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Leaving gracious King William to Govern alone.

O! who would have thought when from *Flanders* he came,
And the Queen she did meet him in triumph and fame,
That her time was so near, yet alas it is so,
She is gone, having left us in Sorrow and Woe:
By the hand of cold Death she was snatch'd from the Throne,
And has left good King William to Govern alone.

The learned Physicians was sent for with speed,
She was dangerous ill, there was never more need,
But, alas, all the Skill in the World was in vain,
For the Doctors, they could not restore her again:
By the hand of cold Death, she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Leaving gracious King William to Govern alone.

Her Soul is convey'd to the Regions of Joy,
Where there's nothing her Comfort nor Peace can annoy,
It is we that are left in sad sorrowful Tears,
For the loss of a Queen in the prime of her years:
By the hand of cold Death, she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Leaving gracious King William to Govern alone.

For gracious King *William* let's send up our Prayers,
That the Lord would support him in all his Affairs,
That he still may be able our Laws to defend,
He has been to the Nation, a fatherly Friend:
Therefore Heaven, we hope, will establish his Throne,
In the spight of his Foes, tho' he Governs alone.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden Ball, and *C. Bates* at the Bible & Sun both in *Pye Corner.*

Love Ballads.

TO sing of love is the chartered privilege of the minstrel all the world over; and the ballad-monger of the seventeenth century was no exception to the rule. I can only find fault with him that he left such a wealth of material behind him, which made selection a task greater than that of any other section of this book. Luckily, the majority were too amatory, and this reduced the quantity; still I am only able to give a few typical examples.

'The Two Kinde Lovers' is full of dainty conceits, worthy of the Elizabethan age, and is eminently a type of the real *love-song* of the early part of the century. The romance of love is well shown in 'The Bayliff's Daughter of Islington,' the true text of which is here given, a thing hardly attainable in concert-room versions. A stern lesson to parents not to cross the loves of their children may be learned in 'The Lovers' Tragedy,' the woodcut of which is a marvel of archaic beauty. Still all love-ballads had not such a sad termination. Sometimes there were young men, aye, and maidens, who found their mutual love stronger than that for parents and kindred, and the bridegroom literally won his willing bride by the somewhat primitive process of fighting for her—a proceeding which is now referred to the respective family solicitors over settlements. The story of these bold youths is told in 'The Masterpiece of Love Songs,' and 'The Two Constant Lovers.' Some who read this book will well know the story of 'Barbara Allen's Cruelty,' but many more will not; and those who do know it, will pardon its insertion, for the sake of the woodcut.

Love Ballads.

The Two Kinde Lovers.

OR,

The Maiden's Resolution and Will
To be like her truer Lover still.

To a Dainty new Tune.

TWO lovely Lovers
walking all alone;
The Female to the Male
was making pittious mone:
Saying, if thou wilt goe, Love,
let me go with thee,
Because I cannot live,
without thy Company.

Be thou my Master,
Ile be thy trusty Page,
To waite on thee
in thy weary Pilgrimage:

So shall I still
enjoy thy lovely presence,
In which alone
consists my earthly essence.

Be thou the Sunne,
Ile be the beames so bright,
Be thou the Moon,
Ile be the lightest night;
Be thou *Aurora*,
the usher of the day,
I will be the pearly dew
upon the flowers gay.

Be thou the Rose,
thy smell I will assume,
And yeeld a sweet
odoriferous perfume:
Be thou the Rain-bow,
Ile be the colours many,
Be thou the Cloud,
Ile be the weather rainy.

Be thou the Lyon,
Ile be the Lyonesse,
Be thou the servant,
Ile be the Mistresse:
Be thou the Porpentine*
Ile be the quill,
That where so e'er thou goest,
I may be with the still.

Be thou the Turtle,†
and I will be thy Mate,
And if thou dye
my life Ile ever hate:

* Porcupine.

† Turtle-dove.

Be thou the nimble Fairy
that trips upon the ground,
And I will be the circle,
where thou must dance around.

Be thou the Swan,
Ile be the bubling river,
Be thou the gift
and I will be the giver:
Be thou the chast Diana,
and I will be as chast,
Be thou the Time,
Ile be the houres past.

Be thou the Ship,
Ile be the surging Seas,
That shall transport my Love,
where he doth please:
Be thou the *Neptune*,
Ile be the triple Mace*
Be thou the jocund Hunter,
Ile be the Deere in Chase.

Be thou the Shepheard,
Ile be the Shepherdesse,
To sport with thee
in joy and happinesse:
I will be the Marigold,
if thou wilt be the Sunne,
Be thou the Fryer,
and I will be the Nun.

I will be the Pelican,
and thou shalt be the Yong,
Ile spend my blood
to succour thee from wrong:

* Trident.

Be thou the Gardner,
and I will be the flowers,
That thou maist make me grow
with fruitfull showres.

Be thou the Falconer,
the Falcon I will be,
To yeeld delight,
and pleasure unto thee:
Be thou the Lanthorne,
I will be the light,
To lead thee to thy fancy,
every darkesome night.

Be thou the Captaine,
Ile be the Souldier stout,
And helpe in danger
still to beare thee out:
Be thou the lovely Elme,
and I will be the Vine,
In sweet concordance
to sympathize and twine.

Be thou the Pilot,
Ile be the Seaman's Card,
Ile be the Taylor,
and thou shalt be my yard:
Be thou the Weaver,
and Ile the shuttle be,
Be thou the Fruiterer,
and I will be the Tree.

Be thou the Black-smith,
I will be the Forge,
Be thou the Waterman,
I will be the Barge:

Be thou the Broker,
I will be the Pawne,
Be thou the Parasite,
I will learne to fawne.

These lovely Lovers
being thus combind,
Most equally agreed
both in heart and mind:
Accursed may they be
who seeke to part these twaine,
Whom Love and Nature
did to love ordaine,

I wish all yong men,
that constant are in Love,
To find out a Woman
that will so loyall prove:
And to all honest Maidens,
in heart I wish the same,
That Cupid's lawes
may be devoyd of blame.

Printed at London by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

True-love Requited

OR

THE BAYLIFFS DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

The young man's friends the maid did scorn;
'Cause she was poor and left forlorn,
They sent the Esquire to London *fair*
To be an Apprentice seven year:

And when he out on's time was come,
He met his love a going home,
And then to end all farther strife,
He took the maid to be his wife.

To a North Country Tune, Or, '*I have a good old mother at home.*'

THERE was a youth, & a well belov'd youth,
and he was an Esquires Son,
He loved the Bayliff's daughter dear,
that lived in *Islington.*

She was coy, and she would not believe,
that he did love her so,
No, nor at any time she would
any Countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
his fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
a Apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
and his Love he had not seen,
Many a tear have I shed for her sake
when she little thought of me.

All the Maids of Islington
went forth to sport and play,
All but the Bayliffs Daughter dear,
she secretly stole away.

She put off her gown of gray,
and put on puggish* attire;
She's up to fair *London* gone
her true Love to require.

As she went along the Road,
the weather being hot and dry,
There was she aware of her true-love,
at length came riding by,

She stept to him as red as any Rose,
and took him by the Bridle Ring;
I pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,
to ease my weary limb.

I prithee (sweet heart) can'st thou tell me
where that thou wast born?
At Islington, kind sir, said she,
where I have had many a scorn.

I prithee, sweet heart, can'st thou tell me
whether thou dost know,
The Bayliff's daughter of Islington?
she's dead, Sir, long ago.

* I cannot give the equivalent of this word in Modern English, but some versions have, what is probably correct, 'mean attire.'

Then will I sell my goodly Steed,
my Saddle and my Bow,
I will unto some far Countrey,
where no man doth me know.

O stay, O stay, thou well belov'd youth,
she's alive, she is not dead,
Here she standeth by thy side,
and is ready to be thy Bride.

O farewel grief, and welcome joy,
ten thousand times and more:
For now I have seen my own True Love,
that I thought I should have seen no more.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in West Smithfield.

A NEW SONG, CALLED

The Lover's Tragedy:

OR

PARENT'S CRUELTY.

To the Tune of, '*Charon make hast and Carry me over.*'

A VIRGIN fam'd for Vertue and Beauty,
who by her Parents was greatly lov'd,
To whom she paid all obedience and duty,
never deserving to be reprov'd:
A lovely Youth of Reputation,
having her features view'd,
Was struck so much with love & admiration,
nothing his thoughts of her could exclude.

He to her oft did his Passion discover,
But her consent he could not obtain;
She answer'd, she'd not admit of a Lover,
'less he her Parents good will could gain:

He to prevail, us'd all endeavours,
for to obtain her Friends Consent,
But by no means could procure their favour,
which fill'd his heart full of discontent.

He had made many a fair proposition,
but what he offer'd they still deny'd:
At last he in a despairing condition,
thus, on his Bed, to himself he cry'd;
Pitty my wrongs ye Am'rous Powers,
hear a distressed Lover complain,
Who upon Earth has but very few hours,
thus to endure a Nymph's disdain.

Punish her Parents (ye Gods) for refusing
a heart so loving, so just and true,
Which they deserve for severely misusing,
to be tormented as bad by you:
But may the Nymph so fair and cruel
every Worldly Bliss enjoy:
Sure if the languish I lye in she knew well,
she with a smile would my care destroy.

At last he grew to so weak a condition,
that there was nothing could yield relief,
Saving the Virgin who was his Physician,
on whom he call'd to redress his Grief:
Farewell, Oh cruel Nymph, he cry'd,
I now to *Elizium* must repair!
Then gave a sigh or two, and so he dy'd,
and thus he was cured of all his care.

To the fair Virgin this News was soon carried,
which Message struck her with great surprize,
She vowing to see him e'er he was Buried,
whom she had slain with her killing eyes:

To's house she fled with expedition,
as if by *Cupid's* Wings convey'd,
Asking at door, in a sobbing condition,
which was the Room where his Corps was lay'd.

She to the Chamber was quickly conducted,
where in a shroud, on his bed he lay,
Which sight so on her unkindness reflected,
that made her sound in the Room away:
Many there came to her assistance,
and to her sev'ral things apply'd,
But Death against them all made such resistance,
that by the Corps of her Love she dy'd.

When this sad news came to her Parents,
both in a heavy Distraction were,
Running like mad people, crying and staring,
for the sad loss of their daughter fair:
Tho' they prevented their being marryed,
whilst they were living, by their care,
Yet in one Grave, they together were Wedded,
this was the end of this lovely Pair.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye Corner.

The Master piece of Love Songs.

A Dialogue betwixt a bold Keeper *and a* Lady *gay,*
He woo'd his Lord's *Daughter, and carried the day,*
But soon after Marriage was forc'd for to fight,
With his Lord and Six Gentlemen, for his own Right;
He cut them and hew'd them, and paid them with blows,
And made them his Friends, that before were his Foes.

To the Tune of, '*The Week before Easter*,' '*The Day's long and clear*,' etc.

IT was a bold keeper
that chased the deer,
Of a stouter bold spirit
you never did hear,
And he loved a Lady
of beauty most clear,
And now you shall hear of his wooing.

(*Keeper*) O pitty fair Lady,
the Suit which I move,
For I'm deep in affection,
and tossed in Love,
For you are the Lady,
the turtle and dove,
Whereon I have cast my affection.

(*Lady*) O Keeper forbear,
I shall thus answer thee,
I am a match for a Lord
Of a high degree;
For my birth and yours
they not equal be,
Therefore, Keeper, forbear your wooing.

(*K*) This repulse it maketh
me sadly to grieve,
And true 'tis we all came
from Adam and Eve,
One loving word to my life
is a reprieve,
Tho I am linked fast in Cupids prison.

(*L*) O why should you say
you'r a prisoner to me,
O hold, forbear, Keeper,
for that may not be;
We both may have matches,
fitter for each degree,
Then forbear, and take this for an answer.

(*K*) No, not for an answer,
that I shall it take,
And yet this denial
makes my heart to ake;
And I shall lay down,
my life at the Stake
T' obtain the favour of my Lady.

(*L*) It is a meer madness
your life to lay down,
What will people say?
'there's an end of a Clown,
That past many dangers
till Fortune did frown,
And now died a penitent lover.'

(*K*) The name of a Clown
in my heart I do scorn,
Being nobly descended,
and a gentleman born;
Yet I am a Keeper
that must be forlorn,
Except you can love me, fair lady.

(*L*) Well, Keeper I perceive
thou hast a good heart,
Well art thou com
pacted in every part;
If my Lord did know,
we should both suffer smart,
My father would be so offended.

(*K*) Lady if you will consent
to be my bride,
I will gird my sword
and buckle by my side;
And then to the Church
in private we'll ride,
When we will be married, fair Lady.

She then gave consent,
and away they did ride,
The valiant bold Keeper
and his lovely bride;
Not fearing of danger,
whatever betide,
For she was a valiant young Lady.

Being married, he returned
back speedily,
And riding along,
her father did espy;
Alack, quoth the Lady
one or both shall dye,
Fear nothing, quoth the Keeper, fair Lady.

The Lord he came posting
so fast as he could hie,
And six lusty gentlemen
for company:
Quoth he to the Keeper,
Villain thou shalt dye
For deluding away my fair Daughter.

Come on, quoth the Keeper,
'tis no time to prattle,
I see by your swords
You'r prepared for battle:
With his sword and buckler,
he made them to rattle,
The Lady did hold the horse for the Keeper.

He cut them and hew'd them,
on the place he did stand,
O, then, quoth the Lord,
bold Keeper, hold thy hand;
If you'll give your daughter
thirty thousand in land,
You shall not dye by the hand of the Keeper.

Keeper, quoth the Lady,
'tis too small a portion,
Peace, quoth the Lord, daughter,
let your will be done;
I will love thy husband,
and thee ever own.
Thus a Keeper gained a fair Lady.

Printed for *A. M(ilbourne)*, *W O(nley)* ant *Thos. Thackeray* at the Angel in Duck Lane.

The two Constant Lovers

OR

A PATTERN OF TRUE LOVE, EXPREST IN THIS DIALOGUE BETWEEN *SAMUEL* AND *SARAH.*

To a pleasant New Tune.

AS I by chance was walking
on a Summer's day,
I heard two Lovers talking,
and thus they did say;
With a mournful ditty
she began her tale,
Which mov'd my heart with pitty,
her for to bewail.

Sarah.

My Love I have desired
for to speak with you,
My heart within was fired
until that I knew
Whether you were living
in good health or no,
My heart it was grieved
until that I did know.

Samuel.

Why, sweet heart, what ails thee
thus for to complain?
Let not ill befall thee,
thou shalt me obtain:
Though I were absented
from thee for a space,
I'll not be prevented
of thy comely face.

Sarah.

Samuel my own sweeting,
I to thee must tell,
In a heavy greeting,
what hath us befel:
My friends do grudge and murmer,
and to me they say
That we must part asunder,
or else they'l thee destroy.

Samuel.

My love, be not grieved,
though thy friends do frown,
Thou shalt be relieved,
none shall put thee down:
I for thy sweet favour,
will adventure much,
Though thy friends and Brother
do against me grutch.

Sarah.

O, my own dear sweeting,
I am griev'd in heart,
That I give thee such greeting,
for to breed the smart:

Barnwel, my own Brother,
Captain being he,
Swears that of all other
killed thou shalt be.

Samuel.

Sarah, be not fearful,
though thy brother swear,
Of thy life be careful,
I no man do fear:
What care I for *Barnwel,*
though he a Captain be,
He shall find that *Samuel*
is as good as he.

Sarah.

O, my loving *Samuel,*
look where he doth go,
'Tis my Brother *Barnwel,*
now begins our woe:
Would that we together,
had not met this day,
O, my *Judas* Brother
will thy life betray.

Now comes Captain *Barnwel*
to these Lovers twain,
And made count that *Samuel*
soon he should have slain:
But it prov'd contrary
unto his bloody mind,
In the sight of *Sarah*
conquest he resign'd.

Then said he to *Samuel,*
pray, what makes you here,
I'm with my sweet heart Sarah,
put her not in fear:

Barnwel in a fury
swore he would prevent
His own Sister *Sarah*
of her hearts content.

Sarah.

O my Brother *Barnwel*,
let me you intreat
Not to wrong my *Samuel*
in your bloody heat:
He hath ne'er offended
you at any time,
Let him not be condemned,
save his life—take mine.

I, says Captain *Barnwel*,
Sarah thou shallt see,
Then he call'd to Samuel,
come and answer me:
I thy death have vowed
e're I farther go,
Then sweet *Sarah* bowed,
saying, do not so.

Samuel.

Samuel being cheerful
of his tyranny,
Says, *Sarah* be not fearful,
thou anon shalt see:
Though thy Brother *Barnwel*
vow my life to spill,
Thou shalt see *Samuel*
hath both strength and skill.

Now these words being spoken,
they to Weapons go,
Samuel gave him a token,
with a dreadful blow:

And withal inclosed
with his enemy,
Then *Barnwel*, he supposed,
that he, himself, should dye.

Then says loving *Samuel*,
are you now content,
I, says Captain *Barnwel*,
and withal consent;
That my Sister *Sarah*
shall be made thy Wife,
So thou wilt but spare me,
and not take my life.

Thus in peace they ceased
for the present time,
Sarah much was eased
of her troubled mind:
And enjoyed her *Samuel*
to her heart's content,
And her Brother *Barnwel*
gave his free consent.

Now these Lovers twain
live in joy and peace,
Pray Heaven upon them rain
plenty and increase.
And all true Lovers
wheresoe'er they be,
Aid them with thy favour,
that have such Constancy.

Printed by and for, A. M(ilbourne) and sold by the Book sellers of London.

Barbara Allen's Cruelty

OR, THE

YOUNG-MANS TRAGEDY.

With *Barbara Allen's* Lamentation for her Unkindness to her Lover and her self.

To the tune of '*Barbara Allen.*'

IN *Scarlet* Town, where I was bound.
there was a fair Maid dwelling,
Whom I had chosen to be my own,
and her name was *Barbara Allen.*

All in the merry Month of May,
when green leaves they was springing,
This young man on his Death-bed lay,
for the love of *Barbara Allen.*

He sent his man unto her then,
In the Town where she was dwelling,
You must come to my Master dear,
if your name be *Barbara Allen.*

For Death is printed in his face,
and Sorrow's in him dwelling,
And you must come to my Master dear,
if your name is *Barbara Allen.*

If Death be printed on his face,
and Sorrow's in him dwelling,
Then little better shall he be,
for Bonny *Barbara Allen.*

So slowly, slowly she got up
and so slowly she came to him,
And all she said when she came there,
young Man, I think you are a dying.

He turned his face unto her then,
if you be *Barbara Allen,*
My dear, said he, come pitty me,
as on my Death-Bed I am lying.

If on your Death Bed you be lying,
what is that to *Barbara Allen ?*
I cannot keep you from Death,
so farewell, said *Barbara Allen.*

He turn'd his face unto the Wall,
and Death came creeping to him :
Then adieu, adieu, and adieu to all,
and adieu to *Barbara Allen.*

And as she was walking on a day,
she heard the Bell a Ringing,
And it did seem to ring to her,
unworthy *Barbara Allen.*

She turn'd herself round about,
and she spy'd the Corps a coming ;
Lay down, Lay down the Corps of Clay,
That I may look upon him.

And all the while she looked on,
so loudly she lay laughing;
While all her Friends cry'd amain,
unworthy *Barbara Allen.*

When he was dead & laid in Grave,
then Death came creeping to she,
O Mother! Mother! make my Bed,
for his Death hath quite undone me.

A hard hearted Creature that I was,
to slight one that lov'd me so dearly,
I wish I had been more kinder to him,
the time of his Life, when he was near me.

So this Maid she then did dye,
and desired to be buried by him.
And repented herself before she dy'd,
that ever she did deny him.

Printed for P. Brooksby, I. Deacon, I. Blare, I. Black.

Drinking Ballads.

IT is generally held that a really convivial meeting cannot be so called without being accompanied by song. Deeds of prowess, love, and wine were the principal themes of ballad-singing; of course they did not monopolize the poet's subjects for rhyme, but they were pre-eminent.

The drinking-songs (*i.e.*, those relating to liquor) of the seventeenth century cannot be called of a high class, and may be passed over by an editor without a sigh of regret. Still they are types of the age, and the book would be incomplete without examples.

Who would miss 'A Song in Praise of the Leather Bottel,' with its exceedingly quaint illustration? So is it with 'Sack for my Money,' where we get a glimpse of a cavalier 'drinking' tobacco, with the evident approval of two of the heavenly host. Wine and beer were nearly the only drinks consumed in England; spirits were hardly known, save in the shape of 'cordyalls' concocted by comfortable women in the 'still-room;' and wine was the drink of all gentlemen, and those that wished to pass for such. In this ballad we have mentioned, Alicante, Sherry, Malaga, Claret, Rhenish, and Canary—a very fair choice of wines, and we may note that Brandy is denounced as being poison.

Ale was a national beverage, and played a far more prominent part than it does now; we never can forget that tea did not exist, for the Englishman, and that ale was for the working man, be he shopkeeper, mechanic or labourer, his only drink, morning, noon, and night. Water he would not touch, if it could be helped—and probably he was right, for the sanitary arrangements of those days were very imperfect, and doubtless his drinking-water might be polluted to a serious extent;

but his song was ever 'Give us good Ale and Old.' They were connoisseurs in their ale in those days, and would not put up with an inferior article; therefore I have put 'The good Fellows best Beloved' as a fitting companion to 'Sack for my Money.'

A notice of drinking-songs would be imperfect indeed, were not the hostess mentioned. She was the business person in the establishment—her husband was nothing, and had no status; and doubtless 'the merry Hostess' of that time ruled her customers as gently, and as wisely, as she does at the present day.

Drinking Ballads.

A Song in Praise of the Leather Bottel.

Shewing how Glasses and Pots are laid aside,
And Flaggons and Noggins they cannot abide,
And let all Wives do what they can,
'Tis for the Praise and Use of Man:
And this you may very well be sure,
The Leather Bottel will longest endure;
And I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell,
That first devised the Leather Bottel.

To the Tune of, '*The Bottel Maker's delight*,' etc.

GOD above that made all things,
The Heavens, the Earth, and all therein,
The Ships that on the Sea do swim,
To keep Enemies out that none comes in;
And let them all do what they can,
'Tis for the Use and Praise of Man:
And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first devised the Leather Bottel.

Then what do you say to these Cans of Wood?
In faith they are, and cannot be good;
For when a Man he doth them send
To be filled with Ale, as he doth intend;
The Bearer falleth down by the way,
And on the ground the Liquor doth lay;
And then the bearer begins to ban,
And swears it is long of the wooden can.

Then what do you say these black Pots three?
True they shall have no praise from me,
For when a Man and his Wife falls at Strife,
As many have done, I know, in their life;
They lay their hands on the Pot both,
And loath they are to lose their Broth;
The one doth tug, the other doth hill,
Betwixt them both the Liquor doth Spill;
But they shall answer another Day,
For casting their Liquor so vainly away:
But had it been in the Leather Bottel,
They might have tugg'd, till their Hearts did ake,
And yet their Liquor no harm could take;
Then I wish, etc.

Then what do you say to the Silver Flaggons fine?
True, they shall have no Praise of mine;
For when a Lord he doth them send
To be filled with Wine as he doth intend;
The Man with the Flaggon doth run away,
Because it is Silver most gallant and gay:
O, then the Lord, he begins to ban,
And swears he hath lost both Flaggon and Man;
There is never a Lord's Serving man or Groom,
But with his Leather Bottel may come:
Then I wish, etc.

A Leather Bottel we know is good,
Far better than Glasses or Cans of Wood,
For when a Man is at work in the Field,
Your Glasses and Pots no Comfort will yield;
Then a good Leather Bottle standing him by,
He may drink always when he is a dry;
It will revive the Spirits and comfort the Brain,
Wherefore let none this Bottle refrain:
For I wish, etc.

Also the honest Sith-Man too,
He knew not very well what to do,
But for his Bottle standing him near,
That is filled with good Household beer:
At Dinner he sets him down to eat,
With good hard Cheese, and Bread or Meat;
Then this Bottle he takes up amain,
And drinks, and sets him down again;
Saying, Good Bottle, stand my friend,
And hold out till this day doth end:
For I wish, etc.

Then what do you say to these Glasses fine?
Yes, they shall have no Praise of mine;
For when a Company they are set
For to be merry, as we are met;
Then, if you chance to touch the Brim,
Down falls your Liquor and all therein;
If your Table-cloath be never so fine,
There lies your Beer, your Ale or Wine;
It may be for a small Abuse,
A young Man may his Service lose;
But had it been in a Leather Bottel,
And the Stopple in, then all had been well.
And I wish, etc.

And likewise the Hay-makers they,
When as they are turning and making their Hay,
In Summer weather, when as it is warm,
A good Bottel full then will do them no harm;
And at Noon time they sit them down,
To drink in their Bottels of Ale Nut Brown;
Then the Lads and the Lasses begin to tattle,
What should we do but for this Bottle?
They could not work if this Bottle were done,
For the Day's so hot with heat of the Sun.
Then I wish, etc.

Also the Leader, Lader, and Pitcher,
The Reaper, Hedger, and the Ditcher,
The Binder, and the Raker, and all,
About the Bottel's Ears doth fall;
And if his Liquor be almost gone,
His Bottel he will part with to none,
But says, My Bottel is but small,
One drop I will not part withal;
You must drink at some Spring or Well,
For I will keep my Leather Bottel.
Then I wish, etc.

Thus you may hear of a Leather Bottel,
When as it is filled with Liquor full well,
Though the Substance of it be but small,
Yet the Name of the thing is all,
There's never a Lord, an Earl, or Knight,
But in a Bottel doth take Delight:
For when he is hunting of the Deer,
He often doth wish for a Bottel of Beer;
Likewise the Man that works in the Wood,
A Bottel of Beer doth oft do him good.
Then I wish, etc.

Then when this Bottel doth grow old,
And will good Liquor no longer hold,
Out of the side you may take a Clout,
Will mend your Shooes when they'r worn out;
Else take it and hang it upon a Pin,
It will serve to put many Trifles in,
As Hinges, Awls, and Candle-ends,
For young Beginners must have such things.
Then I wish, etc.

London. Printed by and for *W. O.* and sold by the Booksellers of *Pye-Corner* and *London Bridge.*

Sack for my Money,

OR,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE OPERATION OF SACK THAT IS STILL'D IN THE SPANISH NATION.

Then buy it, deny it, Like it or leave it,
Not one amongst ten, but is willing to have it.

The Tune is, '*Wet and Weary.*'

GOOD Fellows all both great and small,
rejoyce at this my Ditty,
Whilst I do sing, good newes I bring
to the Countrey and the Citty;
Let every Lad and Lass be glad,
(for who will true love smother)
And bring here my joy and dear,
we'l kindly kiss together.
The purest Wine so brisk and fine,
the Alligant and Sherry*
I hold it good to purge the blood,
and make the sences merry.

* Alicante.

'Tis sparkling Sack that bends the back,
and cherishes the heart, boys,
For recompence, just eighteen pence,
you must give for a Quart, boys;
Away with Beer and such like geer,
that makes our spirits muddy,
For Wine compleat will do the feat,
that we all notes can study.
The purest Wine, etc.

Rich Malligo* is pure, I know
to purge out Melancholly,
And he that's sick it cureth quick,
and makes their sences jolly;
It rarifies the dullest eyes
of those that are most paler,
And bravely can compose a man
of a very Prick-lows Taylor.
The purest Wine, etc.

The meerest fool shall teach a School
by Clarets operation,
And make some fight like men of might,
or Champions of a Nation:
It is more fine than Brandewine
the Butter boxes† Poison
Who, drinking, dares, in *Neptune's* Wars
reign Master of the Ocean.
The purest Wine, etc.

The Drawer still the same shall fill,
to elevate the heart, boys,
For Rhenish gay you now must pay,
just twelve Pence for a Quart, boys:

* Malaga.
† The Dutch, who at the date of this ballad evidently asserted the supremacy of the seas, in opposition to England's claim.

Who would be ty'de to Brewers side,
whose measures do so vary,
When we may sit to raise our wit,
with drinking of Canary.
The purest Wine, etc.

The French Wine pure for 7 pence sure,
You shall have choice and plenty,
At this same rate to drink in Plate*
which is both good and dainty:
A Maunding Cove,† that doth it love,
'twill make him dance and Caper
And Captain Puff‡ will have enuff
to make him brag and vapor.
The purest Wine, etc.

And also we that do agree
as one, for boon good fellows,
We'l sing, and laugh, and stoutly quaff,
and quite renounce the Alehouse:
For Ale and Beer are now both dear,
the price is rais'd in either,
Then let us all, both great and small,
to th' Tavern walk together.
The purest Wine, etc.

(A few verses are omitted as being of no interest to the reader.—J. A.)

London, Printed for W. Gilbertson in Giltspur Street.

* The silver flagons. † A beggar. ‡ A bully or coward.

The good Fellowes best Beloved.

Now if you will know what that should bee,
Ile tell you 'tis called good Ipse hee;
'Tis that which some people do love in some measure,
Some for their profit and some for their pleasure.

To the Tune of '*Blew Cap.*'

AMONG the Nine Muses, if any there be,
that unto good fellowship friendly adhere,
Let them give assistance this time unto me,
for I in this ditty intend to preferre
A thing that's beloved
of rich and of poore,
It is well approved,
there's reason therefore:
My due approbation
shall ever more be
In the commendation
of good *ipse hee*.

All sorts and conditions, the high & the lowe,
although not alike, yet all in some measure,
Unto this my theame, affection will showe,
according as they have time, stomack, or treasure

There's few live so purely
but they, now and then,
Will sip it demurely,
both women and men:
Both married and simple
doe jointly agree
To fuddle their noses
with good *ipse hee.*

Both Lawyers and Clients that come to the terme,
how e're the case goes, of one thing I am sure,
Before any businesse can be setl'd firme,
good liquor & money the meanes must procure.
A Taverne barre often
makes peace ere they part,
Canary can soften
a plaintiffes hard heart:
Their glasses they sup off,
and make merry glee,
Such power hath a cup of
good good *ipse hee.*

The Taylor comes rubbing his hands in the morn,
and calls for a cup of the But next the wall,
Be it of the Grape, or the Barley Corne,
hee'le drink out his breakfast, his dinner & all.
He says call and spare not,
Ile goe thorough stitch,
Hang pinching, I care not
for being too rich;
John Black's a good fellow
and he alowes me
To make my self mellow
with good *ipse hee.*

The merry Shoomaker, when 'tis a hard frost,
  says he cannot work, for his ware it is frozen,
Sayth what shall we doe, let us goe to our Host,
  and make ourselves merry with each half a dozen.
    With this resolution
      they purpose to thrive,
    But ere the conclusion
      that number proves five,
    They sing merry catches,
      few trades men that be,
    Are Shoemaker's matches
      at good *ipse hee.*

The Mason & Bricklayers are somer birds,
  the winter to them is a time of vacation,
Then they & their labourers live on their words,
  unlesse (like the Ant) they have made preparation.
    And yet, though they have not,
      they ne'rethelesse thinke,
    Wee'le pawne tray & shovle,
      and more, if neede be,
    Our noses to fuddle
      with good *ipse hee.*

Grim Vulcan the blacksmith is chief of al trades,
  then think you that he'l be in drinking inferiour,
No truely, when he's with his merry comrades,
  hee'le laugh and sing ditties, you never heard merrier.
    He cryes out hee's hot,
      and still this is his note,
    Come gi's other pot,
      heer's a sparke in my throate,
    He calls and he payes,
      there is no man more free,
    He seldome long stayes
      from good *ipse hee.*

The Tanner when he comes to Leaden-hall,
after a hard journey, will make himselfe merry,
He will have good liquor, and welcome withal,
the Bull for good beere & the Nagg's head for shery.
No bargain shall stand
but what liquor doth seale,
Quite throughout the Land,
thus most tradesmen do deale,
In Taverne or Alehouse
most matches made be,
The first word's where shall us
finde good *ipse hee?*

The London shopkeepers that cry what doe lack,
when they have sold wares & money have taken,
They'l give their chapman a pint o' th' best sacke,
the price of it out of their money abating.
The proverb observing
they that money take,
Must pay all the charges,
this bargaine they make:
Thus Liquor makes all men
most friendly agree,
Both lowe men and tall men,
love good *ipse hee.*

The honest plain Husbandman when that he goes
to fayre or to market with corne or with cattle,
When he hath dispatcht he remembers his nose,
how that must be arm'd as it were to a battle.
Then like to a gallant
to drinking he falls,
Yet though hee's pot-valiant,
he payes what he calls:
He scornes reputation
in that base degree,
His chiefe recreation
is good *ipse hee.*

The generous Serving men meeting each other,
as wel as their masters wil sometimes be merry,
He that's a good fellow is lov'd like a brother,
with making him welcome they nere are weary.
Hee that's a clowne,
as a clowne he may goe,
Quite throughout the towne,
such a fellow they'le know:
But those that are right
will in union agree,
By morn or by night,
at good *ipse hee.*

In briefe thus it is which both women & men,
so deerely affect, that before they will lack it
They'le pawne all they have, nay & so now & then
gowne, kirtle, or wastcoate, cloake, breeches & jacket.
Although they want victuall,
if they can get chinke,
Bee't never so little,
'tis most on't for drinke;
The rich and the beggar,
the bond and the free,
Will oftentimes swagger
at good *ipse hee.*

London, Printed for *John Wright Junior* dwelling on Snow hill, at the Signe of the Sunne.

The merry Hoastess.

OR

A pretty new Ditty, compos'd by a Hoastess that lives in the City :
To wrong such an Hoastess it were a great pitty,
By reason she caused this pretty new Ditty.

To the Tune of, '*Buff Coat hath no fellow.*'

COME all that love good company,
and hearken to my Ditty,
'Tis of a lovely Hoastess fine,
that lives in *London City :*
Which sells good Ale, nappy and stale,*
and alwayes thus sings she,
My Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

---

* Old.

Her Ale is lively, strong, and stout,
if you but please to taste,
It is well brew'd, you need not fear,
but I pray you make no waste:
It is lovely brown, the best in Town
and always thus sings she,
My Ale, etc.

The gayest Lady with her Fan,
doth love such nappy Ale,
Both City Maids and Countrey Girles
that carry the milking Pail:
Will take a touch, and not think much,
to sing so Merrily
My Ale, etc.

Both Lord and Esquire hath a desire
unto it night and day,
For a quart or two, be it old or new,
and for it they will pay:
With Pipe in hand they may her command
to sing most merrily
My Ale, etc.

You'r welcome all, brave Gentlemen,
if you please to come in,
To take a Cup I do intend,
and a health for to begin:
To all the merry jovial Blades,
that will sing for Company,
My Ale, etc.

Here's a Health to all brave English men
that love this Cup of Ale;
Let every man fill up his Can,
and see that none do fail:
'Tis very good to nourish the blood,
and make you sing with me,
My Ale, etc.

The bonny Scot will lay a plot
to get a handsome tutch,
Of this my Ale so good and stale,
so will the cunning Dutch:
They will take a part with all their heart,
to sing this tune with me,
My Ale, etc.

It will make the Irish cry *a hone*,
if they but take their fill,
And put them all quite out of tune
let them use their chiefest skill:
So strong and stout it will hold out
in any Company,
For my Ale, etc.

The Welch man on Saint David's Day
will cry, *Cots Plutter a nail*,
Hur will hur ferry quite away,
from off that Nappy Ale:
It makes hur foes with hur red Nose,
hur seldom can agree,
But my Ale, etc.

The Spaniards stout will have about,
'cause he hath store of gold,
Till at the last he is laid fast,
my Ale doth him so hold:
His Ponyard strong is laid along,
yet he is good company,
For my Ale, etc.

There's never a Tradesman in *England*
that can my Ale deny,
The Weaver Taylor and Glover,
delight it for to buy:
Small money they do take away
if that they drink with me,
For my Ale, etc.

There is *Smug* the honest blacksmith,
he seldom can pass by,
Because a spark lies in his throat,
which makes him very dry:
But my old Ale tells him his tale,
so finely we agree.
For my Ale, etc.

The Brewer, Baker and Butcher,
as well as all the rest,
Both night and day will watch where they
may finde Ale of the best:
And the Gentle Craft will come full oft
to drinke a cup with me,
For my Ale, etc.

So to Conclude, good Fellows all
I bid you all adieu,
If that you love a cup of Ale,
take rather old than new:
For if you come where I do dwell,
and chance to drink with me,
My Ale, etc.

London, Printed for *John Andrews* at the White Lion near *Pye Corner*.

Sea Ballads.

AS there is no greater lover of his glass, and his lass, than *Jack*, when ashore, the ballads of the sea follow in natural sequence.

An English sailor of the seventeenth century must have had a very hard lot. In very small ships, so built as to be two-thirds out of the water, which must have rolled fearfully, with crews preposterously large compared to the tonnage, and very hard fare, it seems a wonder that men could have been prevailed upon to lead the life of a seaman. But those were the days of adventure, the world was being discovered, and there was always the chance of a brush with either French, Dutch, or Spaniard, and a little prize-money. For these little merchant-men were well armed after their kind, and there being no marine insurance then, they undertook their own war-risk. *Vide* 'Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Low-lands,' and 'The Sailors onely Delight.' The first does not redound to the master's credit, inasmuch as he failed to redeem his promised word to the little ship-boy; and the latter has a fine smack of Jack's opinion of *Mounseers* in general — a feeling which became more developed in the next century.

Add to this peril by war, the perils of the sea so graphically described in 'The Benjamin's Lamentation for their sad Loss at Sea,' and 'Neptune's raging fury,' and one would fancy that a sailor's life had but few charms in it; but even on shore he was not safe. There the press-gang awaited him, a time-honoured but inconvenient institution. Its effect is humorously described in 'The Distressed Damsels,' who relate the experiences of those who have lost their lovers by the press-gang.

Still another terror had poor *Jack*, and no imaginary one, of being attacked and captured by a Sallee rover, a Barbary pirate, and sold into slavery, in which condition existence was a torture, and redemption hardly to be hoped for. But it sometimes did come, for there were kind-hearted people in those days, and no missionary societies, so that many gave freely of their substance to the practical work of freeing their captive brethren, and very many were thus redeemed.

Sea Ballads.

Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Low-lands.

SHEWING HOW THE FAMOUS SHIP CALLED THE *SWEET TRINITY* WAS TAKEN BY A FALSE GALLY; AND HOW IT WAS RECOVERED BY THE CRAFT OF A LITTLE SEA BOY, WHO SUNK THE GALLY; AS THE FOLLOWING SONG WILL DECLARE.

To the Tune of, '*The Sailing in the Low-lands.*'

SIR Walter Rawleigh has built a ship
in the Neatherlands,
Sir Walter Rawleigh has built a ship
in the Neatherlands:
And it is called the sweet Trinity,
And was taken by the false Gallaly,
sailing in the Low-lands.

Is there never a Seaman bold
in the Neatherlands?
Is there never a Seaman bold
in the Neatherlands,
That will go take this false Gallaly,
And to redeem the sweet Trinity,
sailing in the Low-lands?

Then spoke the little Ship-boy
in the Neatherlands,
Then spoke the little Ship-boy
in the Neatherlands,
Master, Master, what will you give me?
And I will take this false Gallaly,
And release the sweet Trinity
sailing in the Low-lands.

I'le give thee gold, and I'le give thee fee,
in the Neatherlands,
I'le give thee gold, and I'le give thee fee,
in the Neatherlands;
and my eldest daughter thy wife shall be,
sailing in the Low-lands.

He set his breast, and away he did swim,
in the Neatherlands,
He set his breast, and away he did swim,
in the Neatherlands:
Until he came to the false Gallaly
sailing in the Low-lands.

He had an Augur fit for the nonce,*
in the Neatherlands,
He had an Augur fit for the nonce,
in the Neatherlands,
The which will bore
Fifteen good holes at once,
sailing in the Low-lands.

Some were at Cards, and some at Dice,
in the Neatherlands,
Some were at Cards, and some at Dice
in the Neatherlands:
Until the salt water flashed in their eyes,
sailing in the Low-lands.

* Occasion.

Some cut their hats, and some their caps,
in the Neatherlands,
Some cut their hats, and some their caps,
in the Neatherlands:
For to stop the salt-water gaps,
sailing in the Low-lands.

He set his breast and away did swim,
in the Neatherlands,
He set his breast, and away did swim
in the Neatherlands:
Until he came to his own Ship again,
sailing in the Low-lands.

I have done the work I promis'd to do,
in the Neatherlands:
I have done the work I promis'd to do
in the Neatherlands:
For I have sunk the false Gallaly,
And released the sweet Trinity,
sailing in the Low-lands.

You promis'd me gold, and you promis'd me fee,
in the Neatherlands,
You promis'd me gold, and you promis'd me fee,
in the Neatherlands:
Your eldest daughter my wife she must be,
sailing in the Low-lands.

You shall have gold, and you shall have fee,
in the Neatherlands,
You shall have gold, and you shall have fee,
in the Neatherlands:
But my eldest daughter, your wife shall never be,
sailing in the Low-lands.

Then fare you well, you cozening Lord,
in the Neatherlands,
Then fare you well, you cozening Lord,
in the Neatherlands:
Seeing you are not as good as your word,
for sailing in the Low-lands.

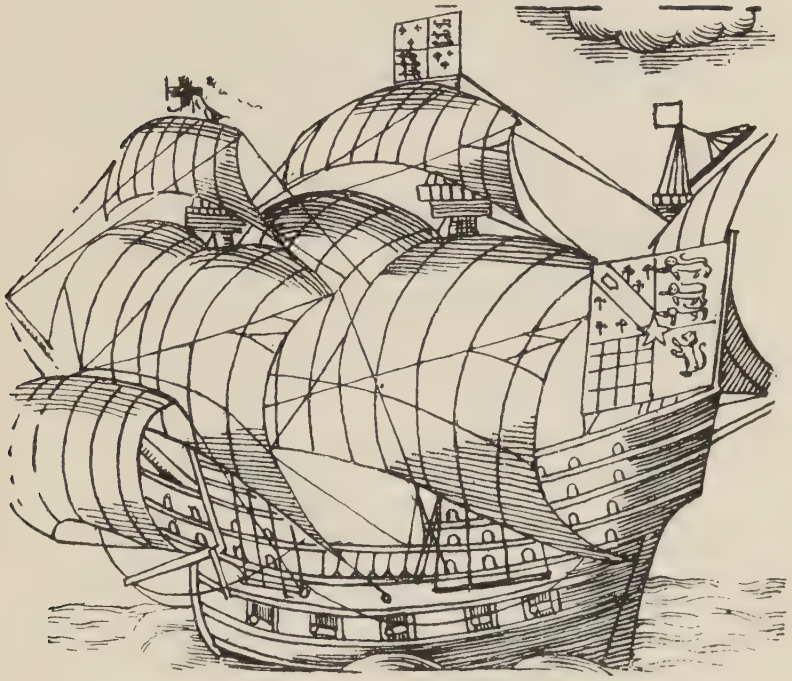
And thus I shall conclude my Song,
of the sailing in the Low-lands,
And thus I shall conclude my Song,
of the sailing in the Low-lands:
Wishing happiness to all Seamen old and young,
in their sailing in the Low-lands.

Printed for *I. Conyers*, at the *Black Raven* the first shop in *Fetter Lane* next *Holborn*.

The Sailors onely Delight

SHEWING THE BRAVE FIGHT BETWEEN THE GEORGE-ALOE, THE SWEEP-STAKE, AND CERTAIN FRENCHMEN AT SEA.

To the Tune of, '*The Saylor's Joy.*'



THE George-Aloe, and the Sweep stake too,
with hey, with hoe, for and a nony no,
O they were Merchantmen, and bound for *Safee,*
and alongst the Coast of Barbary.

The George-Aloe to Anchor came,
with hey, etc.
But the jolly Sweepstake kept on her way,
and alongst, etc.

They had not sayled leagues two or three,
with hey, etc.
But they met a Frenchman of War upon the Sea,
and alongst, etc.

All haile, all haile, you lusty Gallants,
with hey, etc.
Of whence is your fair Ship, & whither are you bound?
and alongst, etc.

We are Englishmen, and bound for *Safee*
with hey, etc.
Of whence is your fair Ship, & whither are you bound?
and alongst, etc.

Amaine, amaine, you gallant Englishmen,
with hey, etc.
Come you French Swads, and strike down your sayls,
and alongst, etc.

They laid us aboard on the Starboard side,
with hey, etc.
And they overthrew us into the Sea so wide,
and alongst, etc.

When tidings to the George-Aloe came,
with hey, etc.
That the jolly Sweepstake by a Frenchman was tane,
and alongst, etc.

To top, to top, thou little Ship-boy,
with hey, etc.
And see if this Frenchman of war thou canst descry,
and alongst, etc.

A Sayle, a Sayle, under our lee,
with hey, etc.
Yea, and another under her obey,*
and alongst, etc.

* Orders or command.

Weigh anchor, weigh anchor, O jolly Boat swain,
with hey, etc.
We will take this Frenchman if we can,
and alongst, etc.

We had not sayled leagues two or three,
with hey, etc.
But we met the Frenchman of War upon the Sea,
and alongst, etc.

All haile, all haile you lusty Gallants,
with hey, etc.
Of whence is your faire Ship, & whither are you bound ?
and alongst, etc.

O we are Merchant men, & bound for *Safee*,
with hey, etc.
I,* and wee are French men and war upon the Sea,
and alongst, etc.

Amaine, amaine you English Dogges,
with hey, etc.
Come aboard you French rogues, & strike down your sails,
and alongst, etc.

The first good shot the *George Aloe* shot,
with hey, etc.
He made the French man's heart sore afraid.
and alongst, etc.

The second shot the *George Aloe* did afford,
with hey, etc.
He struck their Mainmast over the board,
and alongst, etc.

* Aye.

Have mercy, have mercy you brave English men,
with hey, etc.
O what have you done with our brethren on shore ?
and alongst, etc.

We laid them aboard on the Starboard side,
with hey, etc.
And we threw them into the sea so wide,
and alongst, etc.

Such mercy as you have shewed unto them,
with hey, etc.
Then the like Mercy shall you have againe,
and alongst, etc.

We laid them aboard on the Larboard side
with hey, etc.
And we threw them into the Sea so wide,
and alongst, etc.

Lord, how it grieves our hearts full sore,
with hey, etc.
To see the drowned French men swim along the shore,
and alongst, etc.

Now gallant Sea men, all adieu,
with hey, etc.
This is the last newes that I can write to you
to England's Coast from Barbarie.

Printed for F. Coles, I. Wright, Thos. Vere, W. Gilbertson.

The Benjamin's Lamentation

FOR THEIR SAD LOSS AT SEA, BY STORMS AND TEMPESTS.

Being a brief Narrative of one of his Majesties Ships, called the *Benjamin*, that was drove into Harbour at *Plimouth*, and received small harm by this Tempest.

To a New Tune, called, '*The poor Benjamin.*'

CAPTAIN *Chilver's* gone to Sea,
I Boys, O Boys,
With all his company, I,
Captain *Chilver's* gone to Sea
With all his Company,
in the brave Benjamin, O.

Thirty Guns the Ship did bear,
I Boys, O Boys,
They were bound for *Venice* fair, I,
Thirty Guns his Ship did bear,
And a hundred men so clear,
in the brave Benjamin, O.

But by ill Storms at Sea,
I Boys, O, Boys,
Which bred our Misery, I,
But by ill Storms at Sea,
We were drove out o'th' way
in the brave Benjamin, O.

We had more wind than we could bear
I Boys, O Boys,
Our ship it would not steer, I.
We had more wind than we could bear
Our Masts and Sails did tear
in the poor Benjamin, O.

The first harm that we had,
I Boys, O, Boys,
It makes my heart so sad, I.
The first harm we had
We lost our foremast head,
O the poor Benjamin, O.

The Seas aloud did roar,
I Boys, O Boys,
We being far from shore, I.
The Sea no favour shows,
Unto friends nor foes,
O the poor Benjamin, O.

The next harm that we spy'd,
I Boys, O Boys,
Then we to Heaven cry'd, I.
Down fell our Main mast head,
Which struck our senses dead,
In the poor Benjamin, O.

Thus we with Seas were crost,
I Boys, O Boys,
And on the Ocean tost, I.
Thus we with Seas were tost,
Many a brave man was lost,
In the poor Benjamin, O.

The next harm that we had,
I Boys, O Boys
We had cause to be sad, I.
The next harm that we had,
We lost four men from the yard
In the poor Benjamin, O.

Disabled as I name,
I Boys, O Boys,
We were drove on the Main, I.
So the next harm we had,
We lost our Rudder's head.
In the poor Benjamin, O.

Then we all fell to Prayer,
I Boys, O, Boys,
The Lord our lives would spare, I.
Then all we fell to Prayer,
And He at last did hear
Us in the Benjamin, O.

Although we sail'd in fear,
I Boys, O, Boys.
The Lord our Ship did steer, I.
Our Prayers so fervent were
That we had passage clear,
Into brave Plimouth Sound, O.

We came to Plimouth Sound
I Boys, O Boys,
Our hearts did then resound, I.
When we came to Plimouth Sound,
Our grief with joy was crown'd
In the poor Benjamin, O.

When we came all on shore,
I Boys, O Boys,
Every man at his door, I.
When we came all on shore,
Our grief we did deplore,
In the poor Benjamin, O.

You gallant Young men all,
I Boys, O Boys,
'Tis unto you I call, I.
Likewise brave Seamen all,
Lament the loss and fall,
Of the poor Benjamin, O.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, and I. Clarke.

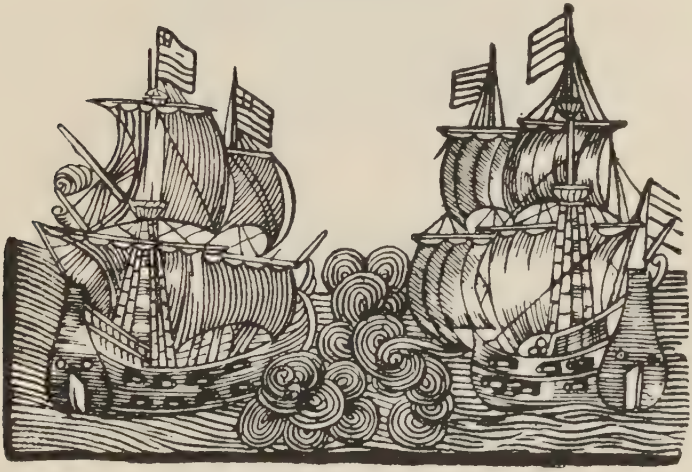
Neptune's Raging Fury

OR, THE

GALLANT SEAMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

Being a Relation of their Perils and Dangers, and of the extraordinary Hazards they undergo, in their noble Adventures. Together with their undaunted Valour, and rare Constancy in all their Extremities; and the manner of their Rejoycing on Shore, at their return home.

Tune of, '*When the Stormy Winds do Blow*,' etc.



YOU Gentlemen of England,
that live at home at ease,
Full little do you think upon
the Dangers of the Seas:
Give ear unto the Marriners,
and they will plainly show
The cares and the fears
when the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be Seamen,
must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the Seas,
you must not think to start:

Nor once to be faint hearted,
in hail, rain or snow,
Nor to shrink, nor to shrink,
when, etc.

The bitter storms and tempests
poor Seamen must endure,
Both day & night, with many a fight,
we seldom rest secure:
Our sleep it is disturbed,
with visions strange to know,
And with dreams on the Streams
when, etc.

In claps of roaring thunder,
which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ships to stray,
beyond our wonted course:
Which causeth great distractions,
and sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain
when, etc.

Sometimes in *Neptune's* bosom,
our Ships is lost in waves,
And every man expecting
the Sea to be their graves:
Then up aloft she mounteth,
and down again so low;
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
when, etc.

Then down again we fall to prayer;
with all our might and thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
'tis that must bear us out:

To God we call for succour,
for He it is we know,
That must aid us and save us
when, etc.

The Lawyer and the Usurer,
that sit in gowns of Fur,
In closets warm can take no harm,
abroad they need not stir:
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
and beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure
when, etc.

We bring home costly merchandize,
and Jewels of great price,
To serve our *English* Gallantry
with many a rare device:
To please the *English* Gallantry
our pains we freely show,
For we toyl and we moyl,
when, etc.

We sometimes sail to the *Indies*
to fetch home Spices rare,
Sometimes again to *France* and *Spain*
for wines beyond compare:
While gallants are carrousing
in taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
when, etc.

When tempests are blown over,
and greatest fears are past,
Ay, weather fair and temperate air,
we straight lye down to rest:

But when the billows tumble,
and waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse up, up we rouse,
when, etc.

If enemies oppose us,
when *England* is at wars,
With any Foreign Nations,
we fear not wounds and scars:
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel in the keel,
when, etc.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
but *Englishmen* true bred,
We'll play our parts with valiant hearts,
and never fly for dread:
We'll ply our business nimbly,
where e'er we come or go,
With our mates to the Straights,
when, etc.

Then, courage, all brave Marriners,
and never be dismaid,
Whilst we have bold Adventures
we ne'er shall want a trade;
Our Merchants will imploy us
to fetch them wealth I know,
Then be bold, work for gold
when, etc.

When we return in safety,
with wages for our pains,
The Tapster and the Vintner
will help to share our gains:

We'll call for liquor roundly,
and pay before we go,
Then we'll roar on the shore
when the stormy winds do blow.

London. Printed for *A. M(ilbourne) W. O(nley)* and *T. Thackeray* at the Angel in *Duck Lane.*

The Distressed Damsels

OR

A DOLEFULL DITTY OF A SORROWFULL ASSEMBLY OF YOUNG MAIDENS THAT WERE MET TOGETHER NEAR *THAMES STREET* TO BEWAILL THE LOSS OF THEIR LOVERS WHICH WERE LATELY PRESSED AWAY TO SEA.

To the Tune of, '*An Orange.*'

MY sweet sister *Sue*, oh what shall I do?
I fain would be married but know not to who;
For why, I protest, the young men are Prest,
And my sweetheart *Robin* is gone with the rest,
For a Seaman.

Then *Susan* reply'd, there's many beside,
That Fortune this Summer will surely divide;
Each sudden surprize will cause Lasses cries,
While Tears they do trickle like Rain from the skies,
For our Sweethearts.

There's *Bess* at the *Bell*, you know her full well,
A sorrowful story to me she did tell,
That *Thomas* her Dear, was prest she did hear,
And then the young Creature did tremble for fear
He should leave her.

In *Thames Street* of late, young pretty fac'd *Kate*
Had lost her dear sweeting, the Bricklayer her Mate;
He was prest away, but yet the next day
They freed him, then *Kate* did lovingly say,
My sweet Johnny.

In the open street her *John* she did meet,
And gave him a thousand soft Kisses so sweet,
With stroaking his Chin, she welcom'd him in,
For joy she was fit to leap out of her skin,
For her Johnny.

There's *Doll* at the *Swan*, her true Love is gone,
Poor heart, she with sorrow doth sigh & take on;
Yet all is in vain, he is gone on the Main,
She fears that he ne'er will return home again,
To embrace her.

There's *Bridget* & *Joan*, 'tis very well known,
Of fourteen young Sweethearts they have not left one:
But all Prest on Board for to stand by the Sword,
And this do's much Sorrow & Trouble afford,
At the Parting.

If Pressing goes on, there wont be a Man
To please a young Lass, let her do what she can,
For they will be scarce here in a short space,
Then shall we be all in a sorrowful case,
To be Married.

Two Twelvemonths ago, sweet Sister you know,
The Batchelors then we could bring to our Bow,
Nay, at our Command, they stood Cap in Hand,
But now they grow scarcy all over the Land.
We must prize them.

Young *Nancy* & *Ned*, last week they were wed,
And within an hour of going to Bed,
Just all in their Pride, he was Prest from her side,
Before he had dallied one Night with his Bride,
Wa'nt it Pitty?

To leave his delight, and Beauty so bright,
Before he had ever enjoyed her one Night;
But what shall I say? he was Prest away,
Now you that have Husbands, adore them I say,
They are Jewels.

Last year I declare, young Maids was choice rare,
But now they grow wonderful plenty I swear,
All over the Town they walk up & down,
I reckon you may have a Score for a Crown,
By Midsummer.

Printed for *P. Brooksby, I. Deacon, I. Blare,* & *I. Back.*

THE

Algerian Slaves Releasement

OR,

THE UNCHANGEABLE BOAT-SWAIN.

No Prison like the Jayl of Love,
nor no such torments found,
To those that loyal mean to prove,
whose loves are firm and sound;

This Loyal person ne'r would change,
like a true lover he;
Indur'd his Fetters and his Chains,
And Betty's Captive be.

To the Tune of, '*Awake, Oh my Cloris.*'

OF a Constant young Seaman
a Story I'le tell:
That I hope all true Lovers
will please very well;
All his cry was still, though
I continue a Slave,
Yet the want of my Dear,
is far worse than a Grave.

All the tedious long Night
in close Prison I lye,
But methinks I behold
my dear love lying by:
In the midst of my pains,
this doth still give me ease,
That is pleasant to me
which some call a Disease.

Sometimes to the Gallies
I am forced to go,
Though amongst all my Fellows,
like a slave I do Row;
And when I am spent
with this Labour and Pain,
The thought of my Love
doth revive me again.

And when with Strappadoes*
sometimes I do meet,
I find little pain
if I think on my Sweet:
Thus 'twixt Pleasure and Pain
my time I do spend,
Yet vow to be Constant
unto my Life's end.

No Torture nor Prison
shall make me forsake,
Nor flye from my Reason,
for my *Betty's* sake:
I do slight all the Torments
bestow'd by the Turk,
When I think on my Dear,
and in Gallies do work.

But a Renegado
to make me they strive,
I'll never consent to't,
whilst I am alive:
But will a Courageous
true Protestant be,
I'll be true to my faith
and be constant to thee.

* Floggings.

Ah *Betty*, when Billows
do Rage and do Roar,
For want of thy sight
I am troubled sore:
Whilst others are troubled
with terror and fear,
Yet I am chear'd up
with the thoughts of my Dear.

No Prison is like
to the want of thy sight,
Which Locks up my bliss,
for thou art my Delight.
Though distant I am,
therefore only oppress,
Yet still my dear *Betty*
doth lodge in my breast.

In the midst of my sorrows,
whilst others do mourn,
'Tis the want of my Love
that doth make me forlorn:
Yet would not enjoy thee
in this Cursed place,
Though for want of thy Love
my tears trickle apace.

But be of good cheer,
for every one knows,
'Tis an ill Wind indeed
that no comfort blows.
And again I do hope
thee in *England* to see,
Then who'l be so happy
as *Betty* and me.

And now, thorough Providence
I am return'd
By Shipwrack I scap'd
for our Ship it was burn'd
No torment like mine was
when I was a Slave,
For the want of my *Betty*
was worse than a Grave.

Printed for *I. Deacon*, at, the *Rainbow* near *David's* (?Thavies) *Inn*, in *Holborn*.

Naval and Military Ballads.

THESE are neither of a high order of poetry, nor would they be interesting to the general reader. I have already given some nautical ballads, and shown how every ship bound on a lengthened cruise had to hold her own, and was, *de facto*, a fighting vessel. Still, the doings of our men-of-war, and of the professional army—which was only coming into existence in this century—must be noticed; and I have selected an example of each, more for their illustrations than their poetry.

The army was then in a state of transition: the feudal times had passed, when every landowner could compel the military service of some portion of his tenants, and had to yield it himself: the militia, as we understand the term (*i.e.*, a body of men for purely local defence), were being expanded as to their terms of service, and a standing army was being created. How both soldiers and sailors were paid, readers of 'Pepys' Diary' well know; and many are the printed plaints, in the seventeenth century, of the treatment of soldiers when their services were temporarily unneeded. 'The Maunding Souldier' is a fair type of them, and, doubtless, their complaints were not unfounded.

In the 'Valiant Commander with his resolute Lady,' we have the perpetuation of a type of gallantry which, let us hope, may never again be called into being. Chester was loyal to Charles I., and withstood the siege of the Parliamentary forces in 1644, '45, and '46; but it was obliged, through famine and disaffection, to surrender. To show, however, that this ballad is not exaggerated, let me quote the following, given by Randle Holme: 'By this time our women are all on fire, striving through a gallant emulation to out-do our men, and will make

good our yielding walls, or lose their lives to show they dare attempt it. The work goes forwards, and they, like so many valiant Amazons, do outface death and dare danger, though it lurk in every basket. Seven are shot and three slain, yet they scorn to leave their matchless undertaking; and thus they continued for ten days' space, possessing the beholders that they are immaculate! Our ladies likewise, like so many exemplary goddesses, created a matchless forwardness in the meaner sorts by their daily undertakings, that he who saw them would have thought a hundred suns eclipsed, at leastways clouded with the loyal dust, had he been in that place, which they wipe off with such a pleasant smile, that they seem rather silent solicitors of a new deformity, than willing partners with that purchased honour.'

Rather stilted language, perhaps; but it bears out the heroism of the women during the siege, as portrayed in the ballad. They held out until it was impossible to do so any longer. The terms made by the besiegers were very favourable; and on February 3, 1646, Chester was given up to the Parliamentary troops.

Naval and Military Ballads.

The Royal Victory,

OBTAINED (WITH THE PROVIDENCE OF ALMIGHTY GOD) AGAINST THE *DUTCH-FLEET JUNE THE 2nd AND 3rd* 1665,

A Fight as bloody (for the time and number) as ever was performed upon the Narrow Seas, giving a particular accompt of Seventeen Men of War taken, Fourteen Sunk and Fir'd. But forty that could escape of their whole Fleet, which at this time are hotly persued by the Earl of *Sandwich*. Their Admiral Opdam, slaine by the Duke of Yorkes own Frigat, *Van Trump* Sunk by Capt. *Holmes*.
The Number of their Kill'd Men, amounts to 10,000.

To the Tune of, '*Packington's Pound.*'

LET *England*, and *Ireland*, and *Scotland* rejoyce
& render thanksgivings w^th^ heart & w^th^ voice,
That surley *Fanatick* that now will not sing,
Is false to the Kingdom, and Foe to the King;
For he that will grutch,
Our Fortune is sutch,
doth deal for the Devil, as well as the Dutch;
For why should my nature or conscience repine,
At taking of his life, that fain would have mine.

So high a Victory we could not command,
Had it not be gain'd by an Almighty hand,
The great Lord of Battels did perfect this work,
For God & the King, and the good Duke of York,
Whose Courage was such,
Against the *Low Dutch*,
that vapour'd & swagger'd, like Lords in a hutch,
But, let the bold Hollander, burn, sink or swim,
They have honour enough to be beaten by him.

Fire, aire, earth & Water, it seemes were imploy'd
To strive for the Conquest w^ch^ we have injoy'd,
No honour or profit, or safety can spring,
To those who do fight against God & the King.
The Battel was hot,
And bloudily fought,
The Fire was like Rain, & like Hail was y^e^ Shot,
For in this Ingagement ten thousand did bleed
Of *Flemmings*, who now are y^e^ *Low Dutch* indeed.

In this cruel Conflict stout *Opdam* was slain,
By the great *Duke* of *York* & lyes sunk in y^e^ Main,
'Twas from y^e^ Dukes Frigat that he had his doome,
And by the Duke's Valour he was overcome.
It was his good Fate,
To fall at that Rate,
who sink under Princes, are buried in State,
Since valour and courage in one grave must lye,
It is a great honour, by great hands to dye.

That gallant bold fellow, y^e^ Son of *Van trump*,
Whose brains were beat out by the head of the *Rump*
Ingaging with *Holmes*, a brave Captain of ours,
Retreated to *Neptune's* salt waterie bowers.
His Fate was grown grim,
He no longer could swim,
But he that caught Fishes, now Fishes catch him,
They eat up our Fish, without Reason or Lawes,
But now they are going to pay for the Sawce.

To mock at men's miserie is not my aime,
It never can add to an *Englishman's* fame,
But I may rejoyce that the Battel is wonn,
Because in the Victory God's will is done,
Whose Justice appears
In such great affairs.
who will for *Amboina* plague them & their Heirs,
For he that did comber his conscience with gilt,
In shedding of blood, his own shall be spilt.

In this cruel Contest (our fortune was such,
We tooke seventeen Men of War from the *Dutch*,
And likewise (as then the occasion requir'd
& and as God would have it) fourteen more were fir'd
At *Amboina* when
They Tortur'd our Men,
they look'd not to have the same paid them agen,
With fire & with Water their Sinews they crackt,
In fire and in Water they dy'd for the Fact.

According as our God of Battel commanded,
The best of their Vessels were Fir'd & Stranded,
All Ships, Men of War; for what Power hath Man,
To fight with that Army when God leads y^e^ Van,
They Steere, and they Stem,
But 'twas so extream,
but men were neer dying, with killing of them;
They lost when y^e^ Muskets & cannon so thunder'd,
Twice so many Thousand, as we have lost hundred.

'Twould make a brave Englishman's heart leap to see't,
But forty Ships made an escape of their Fleet,
Wch our Men persue with much courage & strength,
'Tis doubtless but we shall surprize them at length,
If God be our guide,
And stand by our side,
We shall be befriended with fair Wind and tide.
If Providence prosper us with a good gale,
The *Dutch*, nor the Devil shall ever prevaile.

Prince *Rupert*, like lightning flew through their Fleet,
Like Flame mixt with Powder, their Army did meet,
Ten thousand slain bodies, the Ocean orespread,
That in few hours distance, were living & dead,
Their Admirals all,
Save one there did fall,
and death had command like a chief general,
Brave *Smith* in the *Mary*, did shave out his way,
As Reapers do Wheat, or as Mowers do Hay.

Stout *Lawson* & *Minn* there did both play their parts,
Who emptied their Guns in their Enemies hearts,
The burly fat *Dutchmen* being cut out in Slips,
The Vessels did looke more like Shambles than Ships,
God prosper the fleete,
and send they may meet,
De Ruiter to make up the Conquest compleat,
God bless all the Princes, and every thing
That fights for y^e^ Kingdom & prayes for y^e^ King.

With allowance, June the 9th 1665.

London, printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, and R. Gilbertson.

THE LATE

Bloody Fight in Flanders:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE NUMBERS SLAIN ON BOTH SIDES; OURS BEING SCARCE TEN THOUSAND, AND THE *FRENCH* TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND.

As also the taking several Prisoners of note, amongst which was the Duke *de Maine*, the *French* King's Son, the Duke of *Barwick*, and likewise the Son of *Luxemburgh* the *French* General. Together with a second Encounter by fresh Forces, who falling on the *French*, routed them, seizing on their Baggage, and Sixty Pieces of Cannon; to the great Satisfaction of our Royal Army.

[To the Tune of, '*Let Mary live long.*'

A CAPTAIN of fame,
a valiant brave soldier,
true honour's upholder,
From Flanders he came,
with News to the Queen,
That she plainly might know,
How causes did go.
We have it at length,
The French have been slaughter'd,
The French have been slaughter'd,
though double our strength.

Old *Luxemburgh* knew
our Army divided,
by Policy guided,
His forces he drew
together with speed;

Straight he marched them away
To the Camp where we lay,
  to ruin us all;
But them we saluted,
But them we saluted,
  with powder and ball.

The Cannon did play,
  which roaring like thunder,
  did tear them in sunder,
A long Summer's day
  this battle did last;
It was bloody and hot,
While thundering shot
  on both sides did fly;
Where noble commanders,
Where noble commanders,
  did valiantly dye.

Through bodies of smoke
  we charg'd and gave fire,
  and made them retire;
A desperate stroke
  did fall on both sides:
At length we gave ground,
Which seemed to wound
  our honour almost:
Yet France has no reason;
Yet France has no reason,
  to vapour or boast.

We ply'd them so warm,
  in heat of the Battle,
  our Guns they did rattle,
It flew like a storm
  upon them all day:

They cannot proclaim,
Their triumph and fame;
we slaughter their men,
Five and twenty thousand,
Five and twenty thousand,
we hardly lost ten.

Now this being done,
a further relation
brings joy to the nation:
Bold *Luxemburgh's* son
was prisoner made,
And the *French* Duke *de Maine*
We did likewise obtain,
to our share they fall.
And likewise bold Barwick,
And likewise bold Barwick,
are prisoners all.

Then after the fight,
a brave *Alexander*,
a valiant commander,
He happen'd to light
on *Monsieur* again:
He had a fresh arm'd band
Under his command,
he fell on amain,
Where he on their forces,
Where he on their forces,
did victory gain.

Now thus by surprise,
he seiz'd on their baggage,
their Cannon and luggage,
Nay, waggons likewise,
and put them to flight:

The action was fine,
A glorious design,
  the conquering game,
Which does double honour,
Which does double honour,
  and triumph proclaim.

King WILLIAM e're long
  will follow such courses,
  with valiant fresh forces,
Stout, hardy, and strong;
  brave thundering boys
That shall make them to yield,
Or fly from the field;
  and then he'll pursue;
If France is for fighting,
If France is for fighting,
  he'll give them their due.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball*, in Pye Corner.

The Maunding* Soldier,

OR

THE FRUITS OF WARRE IS BEGGARY.

To the Tune of, '*Permit Me Friends.*'

GOOD your Worship cast your eyes,
Upon a Souldiers Miseries;
Let not my leane cheeks I pray,
Your bounty from a Souldier stay,
But like a Noble friend
Some Silver lend,
and *Jove* shall pay you in the end;
And I will pray that Fate,
May make you fortunate
in heavenly, & in Earth's estate.

---

* Begging.

To beg I was not borne (sweet Sir,)
And therefore blush to make this stirre ;
I never went from place to place,
For to divulge my Wofull case :
For I am none of those
That roguing goes,
that murdring shewes their drunken blowes,
Which they have only got
While they have bang'd the Pot*
in wrangling who should pay the shot.

I scorn to make comparison,
With those of Kent Street Garrison,†
That in their lives nere crost the Seas,
But still at home have liv'd at ease,
Yet will they lye and sweare,
As though they were,
men that had travel'd farre & neare ;
True Souldiers company
doth teach them how to lye,
they can discourse most perfectly.

But I doe scorne such Counterfaits,
That got their meanes by base deceits,
They learne of others to speak Dutch,
Of Holland they'l tell you as much
As those that have been there,
Full many a yeare,
and name the Townes all farre & neare.
Yet they never went
Beyond *Gravesend* in *Kent*,
but in Kent Street their dayes are spent.

But in *Olympicke* Games have beene,
Whereas brave Battels I have seene ;

* Been drinking heavily.
† Kent Street, in Southwark, was a famous haunt of beggars.

And where the Cannons use to roare,
My proper sphere was evermore.
The danger I have past,
Both first and last,
would make your worships selfe agast,
A thousand times I have
Been ready for the grave,
three times I have been made a Slave.

Twice through the Bulke I have been shot,
My braines have boyled like a Pot;
I have at least these dozen times
Been blowne up by those roguish Mines,
Under a Barracado.
In a Bravado,
throwing of a hand Granado;
Oh! Death was very neare,
For it took away my eare,
and yet, (thanke God) I'm here, I'm here.

I have upon the Seas been tane,
By th' *Dunkerks*, for the King of *Spaine*,
And stript out of my garments quite,
Exchanging all for Canvis white:
And in that poore array,
For many a day,
I have been kept, till friends did pay
A ransome for release:
And having bought my peace,
my woes againe did fresh increase.

There's no Land Service as you can name,
But I have been actor in the same,
In th' Palatinate and Bohemia,
I served many a wofull day,
At *Frankendale* I have,
Like a Souldier brave,

received what welcomes Canon gave;
For the honour of England
Most stoutly did I stand,
gainst the Emperour's & *Spinola's* Band.

At push of Pike I lost my eye,
At *Bergen* Siege I broke my thigh,
At *Ostend*, though I were a Lad,
I laid about me as I were mad;
Oh! you would little ween
That I had been.
an old, old Souldier to the Queene,
But if *Sir Francis Vere*
Were living now and heere,
hee'd tell you how I slasht it there,

Since that I have been in *Breda*,
Besieged by Marquesse *Spinola*,
And since that, made a Warlike Dance,
Both into *Spaine*, and into *France*,
And there I lost a flood
Of noble blood,
and did but very little good;
And now I home am come
With ragges about my bumme,
God blesse you Sir, for this poore summe.

And now my Case you understand,
Good Sir, will you lend your helping hand
A little thing will pleasure me,
And keepe in use your charity:
It is not Bread nor Cheese,
Nor Barrell Lees,
nor any scraps of meat like these,
But I doe beg of you
A shilling or two,
sweet Sir, your Purses strings undoo.

I pray your worship thinke on me,
That am what I doe seeme to be,
No Rooking Rascall, nor no Cheat,
But a Souldier every way compleat.
I have wounds to show
That prove 'tis so,
then courteous, good Sir, ease my woe,
And I for you will pray
Both night and day,
that your substance never may decay.

Printed at London for *F. Grove*, on Snow Hill.

The Valiant Commander with his resolute Lady,

SHEWING,

'A brief discourse of a Commander bold,
Who had a wife was worth her weight in gold,
Shee bravely fought to save her husbands life,
Let all men judge, was not this a valiant wife.'

To a new Northern tune called, '*I would give ten thousand pounds, shee was in Shrewsbury,*'
Or, '*Ned Smith.*'

GALLANTS, come list a while
a story I will tell,
Of a Commander bold,
and what to him befell.
He was besieged round,
in *Chester City* fair,
His Lady being with him,
which fil'd his heart with care.
This unto her he said,
dearest come thou to mee,
I would give ten thousand pounds
thou wert in Shrewsbury.

O my own hearts delight,
my joy and turtle Dove,
More dear than my own life,
heavens know I do thee love,
Those beautious looks of thine
my sences set on fire,
Yea though I love thee well
thy absence I desire.
This unto her he said,
dearest come thou to mee,
I would give ten thousand pounds
thou wert in Shrewsbury.

Thy red coloured cheeks,
and thy bright shining eye,
Makes mee alwayes inflam'd,
with thy sweet company:
Thy breath smells far more rare
than doth sweet frankincense;
And yet for all these fumes,
I wish thee farther hence.
This makes me sigh & say,
dearest come thou to mee,
I would give ten thousand pounds
thou wert in Shrewsbury.

Look how my Unkle stands,
I dare not come him near,
Because I love the King,
and am a Cavalier.
Yet for my Lady and her Son,
my heart doth bleed for thee,
I would give ten thousand pound
they were in *Shrewsbury.*
They were in Shrewsbury,
Some comfort for to find,
Amongst the Cavaliers,
to ease a troubled mind.

My heart bleeds in my breast,
for my fair Ladies sake,
And how to save her life
I know no course to take.
Hark, how the drums do beat,
and warlike Trumpets sound,
See how the Musqueteers
have now begirt us round.
The Souldiers they cry out,
Kill, kill, no quarter give,
What hopes then can I have
That my true love should live.

When he thus spoken had,
his Lady he forsook,
And with a manly heart
his sword in hand he took.
Farewell, my Lady dear,
Now will I bandy blows,
And fight myself to death
amongst my desperate foes.
Dearest, farewell from mee,
dearest, farewell from mee,
I would give ten thousand pound
thou wert at Shrewsbury.

This Lady seeing then,
the danger they were in,
She, like a Souldier bold,
nobly then did begin :
My trusty love, quoth she,
since thou so valiant art,
Whate'er becomes of me,
stoutly I'le take thy part.
Dearest, cast care away,
let kisses comfort thee,
Thou and I'le ne'er depart,
Ile live and dye with thee.

Put mee on man's attire
give me a Souldiers coat,
I'le make *King Charleses* foes
quickly to change their note.
Cock your match, prime your pan,
let piercing bullets fly,
I do not care a pin,
whether I live or dye.
Dearest, cast care away,
let kisses comfort thee,
Thou & I'le neer depart,
I'le live & die with thee.

She took a Musquet then,
and a sword by her side,
In disguise like a man
her valour so she tride.
And with her true love, she
marcht forth couragiously,
And made away with speed
quite through the enemy.
Dearest, cast care away,
let kisses comfort thee,
Thou & I'le neer depart
I'le live & die with thee.

Their Souldiers brave & bold,
behav'd themselves so well,
That all the Northern parts
of their defeat can tell;
Thus have you heard the news
of a most valiant wight,
And of his Lady brave
how stoutly they did fight.
Dearest, cast care away,
let kisses comfort thee,
Thou & I'le neer depart,
I'le live & die with thee.

Sporting Ballads.

OF these, during the seventeenth century, there are but few, and most of those few are marred by allusions that cannot be printed in a book like this. They have the usual fault, special to hunting ditties, of being local; and, whether the ballad is of the present 'Shires,' or whether it is of a fox-hunt two hundred years ago, there is a great sameness. Whether the poet (?) sings of finding a fox at Wreckledale Scrogs in the past, or the jumping of Whissendine Brook in the present, there is much of a muchness; therefore I have given but one example, which is curious for two things, in the illustration which does duty in another ballad for hare-hunting. This seems its legitimate object; but it is even then evidently a family arrangement, and all parties are thoroughly enjoying themselves. The two things I wish to point out are, first, that the pack of hounds are simply a scratch lot of dogs, such as every country gentleman likes to take out with him in his walks over the fields and by the river-side; secondly, that the owner of the pack and one friend are only following—a vast difference from the large 'fields' of Tom, Dick, and Harry, with which our railway system deluges our covert-sides, and which will, eventually, end in the extinction of English fox-hunting.

The huntsman has his leaping-pole, wherewith to clear the pools and dykes which were prevalent in that time, when drain-pipes were not, and wire-fencing was an unknown quantity. Another use of the pole is well told in the *Spectator* (No. 117), where a huntsman throws his pole between the hare and hounds, and it shows the marvellous discipline of the latter, that they obeyed the signal and stopped. The horn, too, is a regular cow's horn, totally different to the dainty little horn of the huntsman or M. F. H. of the present day.

Horse-racing then was (*laus Deo*) in its veriest infancy, and had not degraded an entire race of human beings, as it has now. Men matched their horses, as

previously they had done their hawks, one against another; and, although betting was an accompaniment to this sport, our ancestors, could they live again, would have great reason to be thankful that they did not live in an age of professional book-makers, tipsters, penny turf telegrams, and the thousand and one rogueries of the present racing *mania*—for it is nothing else.

In the engravings to this ballad we see that men rode their horses in their ordinary stable-dress, although they had some distinctive mark, as the 'Blew Bonnet' alluded to. Yet the mysterious colours, bars, and hoops of to-day were unknown, and the prizes were very small; to 'bear the bell'—*i.e.*, to take the prize—really meant that the reward was a silver bell; and, whatever betting might have taken place between gentlemen *of equal position*, there was no greed as nowadays, on the part of owners of horses, to enter them for the sake of the stakes, and the royal prize of £100, or less, was really given for the encouragement of breeding stout and fleet horses, which were then a necessity as far as locomotion went.

The horse *Dragon*, mentioned in this ballad, is fairly historical. He belonged to Mr. Tregonwell Frampton, who was what we now should term a 'trainer' of race-horses to William III., Queen Anne, and the first and second Georges.

The ballad really belongs to the eighteenth century, for *Dragon* was running in 1712 and 1713. A story is told of Frampton's cruelty to this horse in No. 37 of the *Adventurer*, but to my mind this ballad proves it to be purely apocryphal, as *Dragon* is noted more than once as growing old and losing his speed. Brooksby, Deacon, etc., who published this ballad, did not exist, as far as is known, beyond the very early years of the eighteenth century, so that it is very fair confirmatory evidence that Dr. John Hawkesworth's somewhat sensational article was purely imaginary.

The glee of 'A Hunt's up' is from a most precious book of music called 'Deuteromelia,' published in 1609, and in that, and its companions 'For Hunting,' 'Hawking for the Partridge,' and 'For the Hearne & Ducke,' we get the cheery, innocent sporting songs of the day. Of course they cannot come under the category of ballads, but as such, although attainable, do not suit our fastidious taste, I have taken these as exemplars.

It was impossible to see and not reproduce the old classical legend of Diana and Actæon; the illustration is so quaint that it would be almost a sin to lose it. Of shooting, there are no ballads that I know of.

Sporting Ballads.

The Fox Chace

OR

THE HUNTSMENS HARMONY

BY THE

NOBLE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S HOUNDS, Etc.

ALL in a Morning fair
As I rode to take the Air,
I heard some hollow most clearly:
I drew myself nigher,
To listen who they were
That were going a hunting so early.

I saw they were Gentlemen
Who belong'd to the Duke of *Buckingham*,
That were going to make there a Tryal;
To run the Hounds of the North,
Being of such Fame and Worth,
Earth has not the like, without all Denial.

Then in *Wreckledale* Scrogs
We threw off our Dogs,
At a Place where her Lying was likely;
But the like ne'r was seen
Since a Huntsman I have been,
That our Hounds found a Fox more quickly.

There was *Dido* and *Spanker*,
And *Younker* was there,
And *Ruler* that ne'r looks behind him;
There was *Rose* and *Bonny Lass*,
Who were always in the Chace,
These were part of the Hounds that did find him.

Mr. *Tibbals* cries *Away*,
Heark away, heark away,
With that our foot Huntsmen did hear him;
Tom Mossman cries *Cod-sounds*,
Uncouple all your Hounds,
Or else we shall never come near him.

Then *Caper*, and *Countess*,
And *Comely* were thrown off,
With *Famous*, *Thumper*, and *Cryer*;
And several good Hounds beside,
Whose stoutness there was try'd,
And not one in the Pack that did tire.

Our Hounds came in apace,
And we fell into a Chace,
And thus we pursued this poor Creature;
With English and French horns,
We encourag'd our Hounds this Morn,
And our Cry it was greater & greater.

It could not be exprest
Which Hound ran the best,
For they ran on abreast all together;
They ran at such a rate,
As you have not heard of late,
When they enjoy'd him o're the Vallies together.

Then to the Moor he twyn'd,
Being clean against the Wind,
Thinking he might ha' cross'd it over;
But our Hounds ran so hard,
They made this Fox afraid,
And forc'd him to return to his Cover.

Up the Hills he runs along,
And his Cover was full strong,
But I think he had no great Ease on't;
For they ran with such a Cry,
That their Echoes made him fly,
And I'll assure you, our Sport, it was pleasant.

Then homeward he hies,
And in *Wreckledale* he lies,
Thinking the Wind it might save him;
But our Hounds ran him so near,
That they posted him with Fear,
And our Horsemen they did deceive him.

For Squire *Whitcliffe* rode amain,
And he whipt it o're the Plain,
Mr. *Watson* his Horse did not favour;
They rode up the highest Hills,
And down the steepest Vales,
Exposing their Lives for their Labour.

Mr. *Tibbals* rode his Part,
Although this Chace was smart,
Default they were at seldom or never;
But ever by and by
To the Hounds he would cry,
Halloo, halloo, halloo, Heark, away all together.

Tom Mossman he rode short,
But he help'd us in our Sport,
For he came in both Cursing and Swearing;
But when it was in his Pow'r
He cry'd out *That's our Lilly, Whore,*
Hark to Caper-man, now Slaughterman runs near him.

Then to *Skipland* Wood he goes,
Being pursued by his Foes,
Our Company soon after him did follow;
And *Untarpage* there we had,
Which made our Huntsmens hearts full glad,
For we gave him many a Holloo.

So the Sport was almost done,
And the Chace was almost run,
He thought to ha' cross'd the River;
But our Hounds being in,
They after him did swim,
And so they destroy'd him for ever.

Then *Leppin* took a Horn,
As good as e're was blown,
Tom Mossman bid him wind his Death then;
The Countrey people all
Came flocking to his Fall:
This was Honour enough for a French man.

So *Whoo up* we proclaim'd
God bless the Noble *Duke of Buckingham;*
For our Hounds then had gain'd much Glory,
This was the sixth Fox,
That we kill'd above the Rocks,
And there is an end of the Story.

London, Printed by and for W. O. and sold by the Booksellers of *Pye-Corner* and *London Bridge.*

The Call to the Races

AT NEW-MARKET.

To the Tune of '*To Horse brave Boys.*'

TO Horse, brave Boys, to *New-market* to Horse,
you'll loose the Match by longer delaying,
The Gelding just now was led over the Coast,
I think the Devils in you for staying;
Run and endeavour to bubble the Sporters,
Betts may be recover'd lost at the Groom-Porters,
follow, follow, follow, lead down by the Ditch,
then take the Odds, and then you'll be rich,
For I will have *Brown Bay* if *Blew Bonnet* Ride,
I'll hold a Thousand Pound on his side Sir,

Dragon could scoure it, but *Dragon* is old,
He cannot endure it, he cannot, he will not
now run it as lately he could,
Age, age hath hinder'd his speed, Sir.
Now, now, now see they come on,
see, see, the Horse leads the way,
Full three lengths before at the turn of the Land,
Five Hundred pound upon the *Brown Bay*.
But, a Pox of the Devil, I fear we have lost,
The Dog the *Blew Bonnet* has run it,
(a Murrain light on it)
the wrong side the Post,
Od's Bobs, was ever such Fortune.

Make hast, make hast, to *New-Market* away,
you idly leave your sport by delaying,
The race will be run e'er the heat of the day,
we shall loose all our Betts by our staying;
Run, Run, and freely your Guineas now venter
Upon the Brisk *Brown Bay*, when e'er she do's enter,
Follow, follow, follow on this side the Ditch,
And take most Odds if you will be rich;

As for me, I'll have *Sorrel*, if *Blew Bonnet* ride,
And lay you fifty pound on his side, Sir,
Sorrel runs swiftest since *Dragon's* grown old.
You'll find by and by that he cannot endure it,
nor run it as lately he could,
years, years do hinder his speed, Sir.
Now, now, now see they come on,
see *Sorrel*, still leads the way,
A full Furlong before, at the turn of the Land,
five Hundred pound 'tis that gets the day:
But, fie on that Jockey, I fear I have lost,
With ease he had won it, if he had but run it
on this side the Post.
No man had ever such fortune.

To Horse, we must not of Fortune complain,
nor loose our time in *Jockey's* dispraising,
The Geldings are galloping over the plain,
while we stand idly, prating and gazing.
Run and attempt to retrieve all our losses,
And never stand railing at fortune & crosses,
Follow, follow, follow, I'll lead on this side,
And see if I can once be a guide;
'Tis the *Brown Bay* I fancy, she trouls it apace,
I'll hold an hundred pound on the Race, Sir,
Dragon do's scoure it, but *Brown Bay's* before,
And holds it, and holds it, and wins it, and wins it,
He runs it so merrily o'er,
I'll hold you now five hundred pound more;
But now we're undone, and our Guineas are lost
The Rogue the *Blew Bonnet* has run it,
(a Vengeance light on it,)
the wrong side the Post,
I never had such ill fortune.

Printed for P. *Brooksby*, I *Deacon*, I. *Blare*, I. *Back*.

A *Hunts* vp.

Iohn Bennet.

HE hunt is vp; the *hunt* is vp.
Sing merrily wee, the *hunt* is vp.
The *Birds* they sing,
The Deare they fling,
hey nony, nony-no;
The *Hounds* they crye,
The Hunters they flye.
hey, trolilo, trololilo.

The *Woods* resounds,
To heere the *Hounds*,
hey, nony nony-no,
The *Rocks* report.
This merry sport,
hey, trolilo, trololilo.
The *hunt* is vp, the *hunt* is vp,
Sing Merrily wee, the *hunt* is vp.

Then hye apace,
Vnto the *chase*,
hey nony, nony-no;
Whilst euerything
Doth sweetly sing
hey trolilo, trololilo.
The *hunt* is vp, etc.

For hunting.

EY, trola, trola, hey trola, trola, there,
there boyes, there,
hoick, hoick, whoope,
Crie, there they goe, crie, there they goe,
they are at fault,
Boy winde the Horne, *Boy* winde the Horne.

Hawking for the Partridge
The *Sickles* & the Sheering *Sythe*
Hath shorne the Feilds of late,
Now shall our Hawkes, and we be blythe,
Dame Partridge ware your *pate;*
Our murdring kites,
In all their flights
will seld* or neuer, neuer, neuer misse
To trusse ever, ever, ever, & make your bale our blisse.
Whur ret *Duty*, whur ret *Beauty*, ret, whur ret *Love*, whur ret
hey dogs hey—

The other verses of this round or catch are the same, but the refrain gives us the names of some dogs, which are curious in their way, and the little illustration

gives us a very rough delineation of the sport. Partridges, however, were principally netted, as they are now, by nocturnal poachers, on those fields which are negligently 'bushed,' or on which the precaution has been omitted.

There is also a song for four voices, by John Bennet, 'For the Hearne and Ducke.'

'Ver *Faulkners* luer,
Give warning to the Field;
Let Flye, let flye,
Make mounting Hearns to yeilde:
Dye, fearfulle Duckes, & climbe no more so high,
The *Nyas Hauke*, will kisse the Azure Skie.
But when our *Soare haukes* flye, & stiffe windes blow,
Then long to late we *Faulkners* crye *hey lo, hey lo.*'

* Seldom.

An Excellent and Most Pleasant New Sonnet

SHEWING HOW THE

GODDESS *DIANA* TRANSFORM'D *ACTEON* INTO THE SHAPE OF A HART.

To a pleasant new Tune.

DIANA and her Darlings dear,
went walking on a day,
Throughout the Woods and Waters clear
for their disports and play;
The leaves aloft were very green,
and pleasant to behold;
These Nymps they walkt the trees between
under the shadows cold,
So long, at last they found a place
of Springs, and Waters clear,
A fairer Bath there never was
found out this thousand year:
Wherein *Diana* daintily,
herself began to bathe,
And all her Virgins faire and pure,
themselves did wash and lave:

And as the Nymps in water stood,
Acteon passed by,
As he came running through the Wood,
on them he cast his Eye,
And eke beheld their Bodies bare,
then presently that tide,
And as the Nymps of him were ware
with voice aloud they cry'd,
And clos'd Diana round about,
to hide her body small;
But she was highest in the Rout,
and seen above them all.
And when *Diana* did perceive
where *Acteon* did stand,
A furious look to him she gave,
and took her Bow in hand.
And as she was about to shoot,
Acteon began to run;
To hide he thought it was no boot,
his former sight was done.
And as he thought from her to 'scape,
she brought it so to pass,
Incontinently chang'd his shape
even running as he was;
Each Goddess took *Diana's* part,
Acteon to Transform,
To make of him a huge wild Hart,
there they did all determ:
His skin that was so fine and fair,
was made a tawny red,
His body overgrown with hair,
from feet unto the head:
And on his head great horns were set,
most wonderous to behold,
A huger Hart was never met
nor seen upon the Mold;
His ears and eyes that were so fair
transformed were full strange,

His hands and feet comprised were
throughout the Woods to range.
Thus was he made a perfect Hart,
and waxed fierce and grim,
His former shape did quite depart,
from every joint and limb:
But still his Memory did remain,
although he might not speak.
Nor yet among his Friends complain,
his woful mind to break.
At length he sought for to repair,
home to his dwelling place,
Anon of him his hounds were ware,
and 'gan to cry apace.
Then *Acteon* was sore agast,
his Hounds would him devour,
And from them then he fled full fast,
with all his might and power.
He spared neither bush nor brake,
but ran through thick and thin,
With all the swiftness he could make,
in hope to save his skin.
Yet were his Hounds so near his tail,
and followed him so fast,
That running might him not avail,
for all his speed and haste:
For why? his Hounds would never lin,
till they him overtook,
And then they rent and tore his skin,
and all his body shook.
I am your Master, *Acteon*
then cry'd he to his Hounds,
And made unto them rueful moans,
with sad lamenting sounds.
I have been he which gave you food,
wherein I took delight
Therefore suck not your Masters Blood,
his Friendship to requite.

But those Curs of a cursed kind,
on him had no remorse,
Although he was their dearest friend,
they pull'd him down by force.
There was no Man to take his part
the Story telleth plain
Thus *Acteon*, a huge white Hart,
among the Dogs was slain.

Printed by W. O. and sold by the Booksellers.

Local and Miscellaneous Ballads.

OF local ballads, or rather, those which have names of places assigned to them, there are many examples; the difficulty having been to select them. They all tell their own tale, and but few of them require any remarks. We get a glimpse of rough country sports in 'The Virgin Race,' and see that the honest, sonsy lasses, were thought none the worse of, because, after the manner of canny Yorkshire, they matched themselves for a race. This love of sport is inherent in the county; only, nowadays, the only races are those in which horses perform.

'London's Wonder' is a typical ballad of its time. The leaven of the old Puritanism still survived, and in this, which is only one of many of a similar kind, we find that even such a thing as a frost is made the subject of a sermon, and looked upon as a Divine judgment. It is a treat to turn from this cant to a serio-comic ballad on the supposed drowning of three children in the Thames. The incident of the head speaking as it rolled along the ice, is used by Gay in his 'Trivia' (book ii.).

'Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous roads,
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit; she now a basket bore:
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah, Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And Industry itself submit to death!
The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies.
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cry'd; but death her voice confounds,
And *pip—pip—pip*—along the ice resounds.'

The story of Arden of Feversham is an old one, founded on fact, his murder, etc., having taken place in the reign of Edward VI. So popular was it, that it has been three times dramatized—one play founded upon it even having been attributed to Shakespeare. The dramatic interest of the story was so great, that a version was produced at Sadler's Wells, about thirty, or thirty-five years since.

The next ballad is chiefly remarkable for the engravings (with the exception of the hanging) having nothing to do with the matter, but the cool villainy of the whole proceeding turned the scale in its favour, and I reproduce it. 'Lady Isabella's Tragedy' is an old story, and, here again, the illustration is simply *à propos de bottes*. 'The Unfortunate Welch-man' is only one of the very numerous satires of the time against the Welsh. Poor and proud, highly sensitive, even to disagreeable touchiness, the ancient Briton was not loved, and was lampooned duly; so much so, indeed, that on St. David's Day a typical Welchman was burnt in effigy, as we, in times not very remote, burnt our Guy Fauxes. Verily he has his revenge now, as every tourist in the Land of the Bards knows to his cost, having always a refuge in his utter ignorance of 'Sassenach,' if overcharging more than usual. Yet this ballad is specially amusing, in the pertinacity with which the Briton asserts his gentility, in the last line.

'The Long Nos'd Lass,' or 'Pig-faced Lady,' as she used to be called in the days when there were fairs and booths, is fairly familiar to all of us. Sometimes she has been a shaved bear, strapped in a chair, sometimes we get a little nearer to human entity, as in the portrait (?) of Miss Atkinson, which George Morland painted, and Fairburn published as an engraving. But this is evidently meant for a lady who is thus described in a very rare tract in the Bodleian Library, 'A certaine Relation of the Hog faced Gentlewoman called Mistris *Tannakin Skinker*, who was born at *Wirkham*, a Neuter Towne betweene the Emperour, and the Hollander, scituate on the river Rhyne. Who was bewitched in her mother's wombe in the yeare 1618, & hath lived since unknowne in this kind to any, but her Parents and a few other neighbours. And can never recover her true shape till she be married, etc. *Also relating the cause, as it is since conceived, how her mother came so bewitched. London.* Printed by *J. O.* and are to be sold by *F. Grove*, at his shop on Snow-hil, near *St. Sepulcher's Church.*' 1640.

'The Young Mans Resolution,' etc., is useful as showing a flash of humour of the time, and 'The Dumb Maid' is another variation on that fruitful topic, *the*

shrew, who seems to have been specially known and dreaded in the seventeenth century. 'The Young Man & Maiden's Fore cast' is simply another version of the familiar old Eastern story which is so well told of Alnaschar, in the 'Arabian Nights.' Yet the illustration is one which could not be dispensed with, showing us, as it does, farming as it then existed: the oxen as beasts of draught, the woman 'keeping crows,' labourers of both sexes weeding, women and children gleaning, a man reaping, and the farmer supervising all. It is unique of its kind. Side by side with this may go 'The Rich Farmers Ruine,' which shows us the horror, even in the middle of the seventeenth century, that people had of 'forestallers and regraters,' or, in other words, of those who used (as we should now term it) ordinary business forethought. Political economy had not become a science, and 'to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market,' if applied to food, was not only a social sin, but one of which the law took cognizance, and duly punished.

Kings and queens in those days mixed more with their people than they do now; possibly it was the belief in his 'divine right' which made a monarch identify himself more with his subjects than obtains among the Mikados of the present day. Anyhow, it is pleasant to read, be the matter of the ballads true or not, of King William and Queen Mary going among their subjects, and being credited with human feelings and sympathies, as we find in 'The Distressed Mother' and 'The Royal Recreation.'

In 'A pleasant Countrey new Ditty' we have a cheery account of the joyful way in which Christmas and the winter were enlivened in the country; but the illustration is most valuable, as it gives us the perfect representation of a middle-class family at meals, which is unprocurable elsewhere.

The marvellous has not ceased to exist, but it is seldom we are treated to such a vivid portraiture of a ghost as in 'Fair Margaret's Misfortunes;' whilst the climax of horrors reached in 'The Spanish Virgin,' I have, I think, fitly reserved wherewith to close the book.

Local and Miscellaneous Ballads.

A Leicester-Shire Frolick, or the Valiant Cook-Maid.

BEING A MERRY COMPOSED JEST OF FIVE TAYLORS THAT HAD BEEN AT WORK TILL THEIR WAGES CAME TO 5 POUNDS,

Likewise a merry conceited Cook-maid that lived in the house, went to her Master and desired him to lend her a horse, and she would venture her skill to take the 5 pound from these five Taylors, without either Sword or Pistol, in a jesting way, to make her Master some Sport and to shew her valour: her Master, loving mirth more than sadness, agreed to it: so a horse was sadled, and other things to disguise herself, because she might not be known: away she went (it being in the Evening) and met them before they got home, with nothing in her hand but a black pudding, the faint-hearted Taylors delivered her their money very quietly, for fear they should a been shot through with a Black pudding, and what followed after, is expressed in the following Ditty.

Tune is, '*Ragged and Torn.*'

I'LE tell you a pretty fine jest,
if that it do please you to hear,
For the truth on't, I do protest,
I'm sure that you need not to fear:
It is of a valiant Cook-maid,
that liv'd at a Noble-man's place,

And five Taylors that once was afraid
when as they look't her in the face.
O this was the valiant cook-maid,
Without either Pistol or Gun,
But with a Black-pudding did fright,
Five Taylors, and put them to th' run.

The Noble-man upon a time,
had great store of work for to do,
But to bring every thing into rhime,
'twill study my brains, you must know:
Five Taylors that liv'd hard by,
that worked for fourpence a day,
For Beef and for Pudding at night,
they'd better do so than to play.
O this, etc.

These Taylors a great while did work,
two Masters, and their three men,
They laboured as hard as a Turk,
with Stitching both too and agen;
And when that their work it was done,
their money unto them was told,
Full five good pounds it is known,
of Silver, but not of red Gold.
O this, etc.

And when as their money they'd got,
then who was so jocond as they,
Each Man of the best drank his pot,
and homewards they straight took their way:
A Cook-maid there was in the house,
that used full merry to be,
Who went to her Master in haste,
and these words unto him did say.
O this etc.

Master, if that you please,
some pastime I for you will make,
But to lend me a horse then (quoth she),
and this money I from them will take:
Her master, then hearing the jest,
would try what this Cook-maid could do,
Some mirth he did think it the best,
as a Gentleman will, do you know.
O this, etc.

A horse then was sadled with speed,
and boots and Spurs she put on,
And other materials most fit,
because that she would not be known:
A horse-back she straight got astride,
with a Hog's-Pudding in her hand,
And meeting these Taylors in haste,
she presently bid them to stand.
O this, etc.

Deliver your money, (quoth she),
or else your manhoods now try,
Or, by this same thing in my hand,
every man of you shall dye:
Then out her Black Pudding she pull'd,
which sore did the Taylors affright,
They thought it had been a pistol well charg'd,
because 'twas late in the night.
O this, etc.

They begged their lives she might save,
we are but poor taylors (quoth they),
And truly no money we have,
for we work but for Four pence a day:
You lye like all Rogues (quoth she),
and do not my patience provoke,
For 5 pounds you have tane for your work,
so present that word did them choak.
O this, etc.

That money deliver with speed,
if that you think well on your Lives,
Or by this same thing you shall bleed,
the which will go farther than Knives;
Then out of their pockets their money they took,
with many a sorrowful tear,
And gave it into her hand,
here's all on't each Taylor did swear.
O this, etc.

'THE POOR TAYLOR MAKING HIS COMPLAINT TO THE ESQUIRE.

But here comes the cream of the jest,
those Taylors which was such Men,
After they'd stood pausing a while,
then back they returned again;
They came with a pittiful tone,
their hair stood like men bewitcht,
To th' Gentleman, they made their moan,
for their money their fingers it itcht.
O this, etc.

The Gentleman laugh'd in conceit,
how many was there, said he,
Sure you were all men sufficient,
to a' beaten above two or three:
Truly we saw but one Man,
the which took our money away,
But we feared he'd Partakers in store
or else he should never a' carried the day.
O this, etc.

He was well mounted on a good steed,
and a Pistol that put us to studying,
You lye like all fools (quoth she),
it was but a black Hog's Pudding:
Thus they the poor Taylors did jeer,
and the Cook-maid laughed in conceit,
That with nothing but a Black Pudding,
and that five Taylors should beat.
O this, etc.

Then straightway the Gentleman spoke,
what will you give then (said he),
To have all your Money again,
and the face on't once more to see:
Quoth the Taylors, we'l give the one half,
and that's very fair you do know,
Although that we were such fools,
to part with our good silver so.
O this, etc.

So straightway he call'd for the Cook,
then the Taylors did laugh in their sleeve,
And set her to Conjuring strait,
which made the poor Taylors believe

That she, by her art had it found,
and show'd them the place where it lay,
Which made the poor Taylors to smile,
so merry and jocand was they.
O this, etc.

Here, take half the money said they,
the which we did promise to you,
And for you we ever will pray,
for such Cook-maids there is but a few:
I'le have none of your Money she said,
as sure as I'm here alive,
One may know what cowards you are,
to let a Hog's Pudding to fright you all 5.
O this, etc.

And thus the old Proverb is true,
nine Taylors do make but one Man,
And now it doth plainly appear,
let them all do what they can:
For had they been stout hearted Lads,
they need not have called for aid,
Nor afraid to tast of a Pudding,
nor yet be'n outbrav'd by a Maid.
O this, etc.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in Pye Corner, near West Smithfield.

The Virgin Race;

OR YORKSHIRE'S GLORY.

Tune is a '*New Game of Cards.*'

YOU that do desire to hear
Of a Virgin Race run in *York-Shire*,
Come and Listen, I'le declare
Such News before, you ne'r did hear:
For I think since the World begun,
But seldom Virgins Races run.

Four Virgins that supposed were,
A Race did run I now declare,
Sure such a race was never seen
As this at *Temple Newsham** Green:
In half shirts, & Drawers these Maids did run,
But Bonny *Nan* the Race has won.

A silver spoon this *Nan* obtain'd
The next a Silver Bodkin gain'd
The third that was not quite so nimble
Was to have a Silver Thimble:
And she that was the last of all
Nothing unto her share did fall.

---

* About four miles from Leeds.

In Drawers Red *Ann Clayton* run,
And she it was the Race that won;
Peggy Hall as I may tell to you,
Did run in Drawers that were a Blew;
Honest *Alice Hall* that was the third,
Her drawers were white upon my word.

A Concourse great of People were,
For to behold these Virgins there,
Who so well acted the man's part,
And love a Man with all their heart;
But what means this? for well we know,
Maids through the Nation all do so.

Let none the *York-shire* Girls despise,
Who are so Active now a days,
So brisk and nimble do they grow,
That few can match them I do know:
Then let us stand up for *York-shire*,
Those Country Girls I love most dear.

A *York-shire* Girl who can out-vie?
No City Girls can come them nigh,
They've Rosey Blushes on their Cheeks,
While City Girls are Green as Leeks,
This with my fancy will agree,
A *York-shire* Girl shall be for me.

Then here's a Health to a *York-shire* girl,
For in mine eye she is a Pearl,
Whose Beauty doth so charm mine eye,
That for her I would freely dye;
Her virtues do her face adorn,
And makes her look fresh as the Morn.

Now to conclude unto my Friend,
These Lines I freely Recommend;
Advising him above the rest,
To love a *Yorkshire* Girl the best;
But let him use his skill, for I,
Will love a *York-shire* Girl until I dye.

Printed for I. Wright, I. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

A New Ballad

INTITULED,

THE STOUT CRIPPLE OF *CORNWALL*, WHEREIN IS SHEWED HIS DISSOLUTE LIFE AND DESERVED DEATH.

The Tune is, '*The Blind Beggar.*'

OF a stout Cripple that kept the highway,
And beg'd for his living all time of the day,
A story I'll tell you that pleasant shall be,
The Cripple of *Cornwal* sirnamed was he,

He crept on his hands and knees up and down,
In a torn Jacket, and a ragged torn gown,
For he had never a Leg to the Knee,
The Cripple of *Cornwal* sirnamed was he.

He was of stomach couragious and stout,
For he had no cause to complain of the Gout,
To go upon stilts most cunning was he,
With a Staff on his Neck* most gallant to see.

Yea, no good fellowship would he forsake,
Were it in secret a Horse for to take,
His help was as good as any might be,
The Cripple of *Cornwal* sirnamed was he.

When he upon any service did go,
The crafty young Cripple provided it so,
His stilts he kept close in an old hollow tree,
That stood from the City a mile two or three.

---

* Shoulder.

Thus all the day long he beg'd for relief,
And all the night long he play'd the false thief,
For seven years together this Custom kept he,
And no man knew him such a person to be.

There were few Graziers went on the way,
But unto the Cripple for passage did pay;
And every brave Merchant that he did descry,
He emptied their purses 'ere they passed by.

The noble Lord *Courtney* both gallant and bold,
Rode forth with great plenty of silver & gold,
At *Exeter* there a purchase to pay,
But that the false Cripple his journey did stay.

For why, the false Cripple heard tydings of late,
As he sat for alms at the Nobleman's gate,
This is, q'd the Cripple, *a booty for me,*
And I'll follow it closely, as closely may be.

Then to his companions the matter he moved,
Which their false actions before had proved,
They make themselves ready, & deeply they swear
The money's their own before they come there.

Upon his two stilts the Cripple did mount,
To have the best share it was his full account,
All cloathed in Canvas down to the ground,
He took up his place, his Mates with him round.

Then came the L. Courtney, with half a score men,
Yet little suspecting these thieves in their Den,
And they, perceiving them come to their hand,
In a dark evening bid them stand.

Deliver thy purse, q'd the Cripple, *with speed,*
We be good fellows, and thereof have need,
Not so, q'd L. *Courtney, but this I'll tell ye,*
Win it and wear it, else get none of me.

With that the Lord *Courtney* stood on his defence,
And so did his Servants, but 'ere they went hence,
Two of the true men were slain in this fight,
And four of the thieves were put to the flight.

And while, for their safeguard, they run thus away,
The jolly bold Cripple did hold them in play,
And with his Pike Staff he wounded them so,
As they were unable to run or to go.

With fighting the L. *Courtney* was out of breath,
And most of his servants were wounded to death,
Then came other Horsemen riding so fast,
The Cripple was forced to fly at the last.

And over a river that run there beside,
Which was very deep & eighteen foot wide;
With his long staff and stilts leaped he,
And shifted himself in an old hollow tree.

Then throughout the City was hue & cry made,
To have these thieves apprehended & staid.
The Cripple he creeps on his hands & his knees,
And in the highway great passing he sees.

And, as they came Riding, he begging did say,
O give me one Penny, good Masters, I pray,
And thus into *Exeter* creeps he along,
No man suspecting that he hath done wrong.

Anon the L. *Courtney* he spies in the Street,
He comes unto him & kisses his feet,
God save your Honour, and keep you from ill,
And from the hands of your Enemies still.

Amen, q'd L. *Courtney*, and therewith threw down,
Unto the poor Cripple an English Crown,
Away went the Cripple, and thus he did think,
Five Hundred pounds more will make me to drink.

In vain that hue & cry was made,
They found none of them though the Country was laid,
But this grieved the Cripple night & day,
That he so unluckily mist of his prey.

Nine hundred pound this Cripple had got,
By begging & thieving, so good was his lot,
A thousand pound he would make it he said,
And then he would give over his trade.

But as he striv'd his mind to fulfill,
In following his actions so lewd & so ill,
At last he was taken, the Law to suffice,
Condemned & hanged on Exeter size,

Which made all men amazed to see,
That such an impudent cripple as he
Should venture himself to such actions as they,
To rob in such sort upon the High-way.

Printed by and for A. M.(ilbourne) and sold by the Booksellers of London.

Londons Wonder:

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF GOD'S MERCY AND GOODNESS, IN THE BREAKING OF THIS LATE MIGHTY FROST,

Which began about the beginning of *December* 1683, and continued till the 4th of *February* following.

Great Rich Men hoardeth up their store as we may plainly see,
In hopes to grind and gripe the poor in their Extremity.

To the Tune of '*Packingtons Pound.*'

THIS Winter was sharp it did plainly appear,
The like has not been for this many a year;
The River of Thames was congeal'd to a Rock,
And people in multitudes thither did flock;

Thus many young tradesmen was out of imploy,
The Truth I am certain there's none can deny.
Then let us be thankful and praise God therefore,
For He, in good time heard the cry of the Poor.

The Frost it was sharp, most bitter and cold,
It pierced all people the time it did hold;
Great Cole-Merchants they that had laid in their store
Was void of all pitty and grinded the poor;
And in their extremity it did appear,
They bought 'em in cheap, but they sold 'em out dear.
Then let us, etc.

Poor tradesmen that great charge maintain,
I needs must confess they had cause to complain,
Their hearts was oppressed with sorrow and care,
They walkt up and down, but most bleak was the ayr:
And Charity that was as cold as the Wind,
By woful experience some hundreds did find.
Then let us, etc.

On this mighty River they there did invent,
All kinds of vain pastime to reap their content;
They acted all rudeness there with one accord,
And little regarded the hand of the Lord:
Many poor Families suffered this time,
While some drowned sorrow in Glasses of Wine.
Then let us, etc.

From *Westminster Hall* to the *Temple* each day,
The River of *Thames*, 'twas made a High-way:
For Foot-men, and Horse-men, & Coaches beside,
And many brave Gentlemen in them did Ride:
But all this great Triumph we justly might fear,
Might make our sad Judgment to fall more severe.
Then let us, etc.

Then during this Frost there followed their blows,
In Musick and Gaming and Acting of Shows;
On this mighty River they roasted an Ox
They Bated the Bull, and they Hunted the Fox:
But yet I was troubled those pleasures to see,
For fear that our Lord he should angry be.
Then let us, etc.

But when they perceived the great Frost it did break,
They were forc'd to pack up, and the Thames to forsake;
The Wind and the Tide it has broke it in sunder,
And now we will leave them to talk of the Wonder;
Then let us rejoyce still, and be of good chear,
We hope we may have a most plentiful year.
Then let us, etc.

The Watermen now at all Stairs they shall Ply,
Next Oars, and next Sculler, let this be their Cry:
For now you may see they have changed their Noats,
They pull'd down their Tents, and they row in their Boats
'Twas the Works of the Lord, we may well understand,
He makes mighty Rivers as firm as the Land.
Then let us, etc.

Printed for *I. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Guiltspur Street*.

The lamentation of a bad Market,

OR

THE DROWNDING OF THREE CHILDREN ON THE *THAMES.*

Tune of, '*The Ladies Fall.*'

SOME Christian people all give ear,
unto the grief of us,
Caus'd by the death of three Children dear,
the which it happend thus.

And eke there befell an accident,
by fault of a Carpenters Son,
Who to saw chips, his sharp Axe lent,
was worth the time. May Lon—

May London say woe worth the Carpenter,
and all such block-head fools,
Would he were hang'd like Serpent here,
for jesting with edg'd Tools.

For into the chips there fell a Spark,
which put out in such flames,
That it was known into *Southwark*,
which lies beyond the Thames.

For loe, the Bridge was wondrous high,
with water underneath,
O're which, as many Fishes flye,
as Birds therein do breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the bridge,
not far from place of landing,
And though the building was full big,
it fell down not withstanding.

And eke into the water fell
so many Pewter dishes,
That a man might take up very well,
both boil'd and roasted Fishes.

And thus the Bridge of *London* Town
for building that was sumptuous
Was all by fire half burnt down
for being too contumptious.

Thus you have all, but half my Song,
pray list to what comes after,
For now I have cool'd you with the fire,
I'le warm you with the water.

I'le tell you what the River's name is,
where these children did slide-a,
It was fair London's silver Thames,
that keeps both time and Tide-a.

All on the tenth of January,
to the wonder of much people,
'Twas frozen o're, that well 't would bear
almost a Country Steeple.

Three Children sliding thereabouts,
upon a place too thin,
That so at last it did fall out,
that they did all fall in.

A gallant that was standing near,
a willing wager makes,
But when he saw it would not bear,
he would have drawn his stakes.

He said 'twould bear a man to slide,
and laid a hundred pound;
The other said 'twould break, so it did,
for three children there were drown'd.

Of which one's head was from his Shoulders stricken, whose name was *John*,
Who then cried out as loud as he could,
O, Lon—O, Lon—O, London—

Oh Tut, Tut, Turn from thy sinful race,
thus did his speech decay,
I wonder that in such a case,
he had no more to say.

And thus, being drown'd, alack, alack,
the water run down their Throats,
And stopt their breaths, 3 hours by the clock,
before they could get any boats.

Ye Parents all that children have,
and ye that have none yet,
Preserve your Children from the grave,
and teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a Sermon been,
or else upon dry ground,
Why then I never would have been seen,
if that they had been drown'd.

Even as a Huntsman tyes his dogs,
for fear they should go fro him,
So tye your children with strict clogs,
unty um, and you'll *undo um*.

Let Maids and Nurses lye in wait,
and watch them to a tittle,
Because your grief will be full great,
to have them dye so little.

And now for to conclude at last,
I wish all others may,
Be careful of their Children dear,
for fear they go astray.

Printed for F. Cole, T. Vere, I. Wright, and I. Clarke.

The Complaint and lamentation of Mistresse Arden of Feversham in Kent, etc.

To the Tune of, '*Fortune my Foe.*'

AY, me, vile wretch, that ever I was borne,
Making my selfe unto the world a scorne ;
And to my friends & Kindred all a shame,
Blotting their blood by my unhappy name.

Unto a Gentleman of wealth & fame,
(One Master *Arden* he was call'd by name,)
I wedded was with joy and great content,
Living at *Feversham*, in famous *Kent*.

In love we liv'd, and great tranquility,
Untill I got in *Mosbie's* company ;
Whose sugred tongue, good shape, & lovely looke,
Soon won my heart, and Arden's love forsooke.

And living thus in foule adultery,
Bred in my husband cause of jealousie,
And, lest the world, our actions should bewray,
Wee did consent to take his life away.

To *London* faire my Husband was to ride,
But 'ere he went, I poyson did provide,
Got of a Paynter, which I promised
That *Mosbie's* sister *Susan* he should wed.

Into his Broth, I then did put the same,
He lik't it not when to the boord it came,
Saying, There's something in it is not sound,
At which, inrag'd, I flung it on the ground.

Yet 'ere he went, his man I did conjure,
'Ere they came home, to make his Master sure,
And Murder him, & for his faith & paine,
Susan, & store of gold that he should gaine.

Yet I, misdoubting *Michael's* constancy,
Knowing a Neighbour that was dwelling by,
Which to my husband bore no great good will,
Sought to incense him, his dear blood to spill.

His name was *Greene:* O, Master *Greene* (quoth I)
My husband to you hath done injury,
For which I sorry am with all my heart,
And how he wrongeth me I will impart,

He keepes abroad most wicked company,
With whores & queanes, & bad society;
When he comes home, he beats me sides & head,
That I doe wish that one of us were dead.

And now to London he is rid to roare,*
I would that I might never see him more;
Greene, then incenst, did vow to be my friend,
And of his life he soone would make an ende.

O, Master *Greene*, said I, the danger's great,
You must be circumspect to do this feat;
To act the deed yourself, there is no need,
But hire some villianes, they will do the deed,

* Our modern equivalent for this seventeenth century slang is 'to be on the spree,' 'to paint the town red,' etc., etc.

Ten pounds I'le give them to attempt this thing,
And twenty more, when certaine newes they bring
That he is dead, besides I'le be your friend,
In honest courtesie till life doth end.

Greene vow'd to doe it; then away he went,
And met two Villains that did use in Kent,
To rob & murder upon *Shooters Hill*,
The one call'd *Shakebag*, t'other nam'd *Black Will*.

Two such like Villains, Hell did never hatch,
For twenty Angels they made up the Match,
And forty more when they had done the deed,
Which made them sweare, they'd doe it with all speed,

Then up to *London* presently they hye,
Where Master *Arden* in *Paul's** Church they spy,
And, waiting for his comming forth that night,
By a strange chance, of him they then lost sight.

For, where those Villains stood & made their stop,
A Prentice he was shutting up his shop,
The Window† falling, light on *Black Will's* head,
And broke it soundly, that apace it bled.

Where straight he made a brabble & a coyle,
And my sweet *Arden* he past by the while;
They, missing him, another plot did lay,
And, meeting *Michael*, thus to him did say:

Thou know'st that we must packe thy Master hence,
Therefore consent, & further our pretence,
At night, when as your Master goes to bed,
Leave ope the doores, he shall be murthered.

And so he did, yet *Arden* could not sleepe,
Strange dreames and visions in his senses creepe,
He dreamt the doores were ope, & Villaines came,
To Murder him, and 'twas the very same.

* St. Paul's Cathedral was a regular promenade, and partial exchange, where all kinds and conditions of people met.

† Shutter.

He rose & shut the doore, his man he blames,
Which, cunningly, he strait this answer frames,
I was so sleepy, that I did forget
To locke the doores, I pray you pardon it.

Next day these Ruffians met this man againe,
Who the whole story to them did explaine,
My Master will in towne no longer Stay,
To Morrow you may meet him on the way.

Next day, his businesse being finished,
He did take horse, & homeward then he rid,
And as he rid, it was his hap, as then,
To overtake Lord *Cheiney*, and his men.

With salutations they each other greet,
I am full glad your Honour for to meet,
Arden did say; then did the Lord reply,
Sir, I am glad of your good Company.

And, being that we homeward are to ride,
I have a suite that must not be denide,
That at my house you'le sup, & lodge also,
To *Feversham* this night you must not goe.

Then *Arden* answered with this courteous speech,
Your Honour's pardon now I doe beseech,
I made a vow, if God did give me life,
To sup & lodge with *Alice*, my loving wife.

Well, said my Lord, your oath hath got the day,
To-morrow, come & dine with me, I pray,
I'le wait upon your honour then (said he)
And safe he went amongst this Company.

On *Raymon-Downe*, as they did passe this way,
Black Will and *Shake-bag*, they in ambush lay,
But durst not touch him, cause of the great traine
That my Lord had; thus were they crost againe.

With horrid oathes these Ruffians gan to sweare,
They stamp'd & curst, and tore their locks of haire,
Saying, some Angell surely him did keepe;
Yet vow'd to murther him ere they did sleepe.

Now all this while, my husband was away,
Mosby & I did revell night & day;
And *Susan*, which my waiting Maiden was,
My Love's own sister, knew how all did passe.

But when I saw my *Arden* was not dead,
I welcom'd him, but with a heavy head:
To bed he went, and slept secure from harmes,
But I did wish my *Mosby* in my armes.

Yet ere he slept, he told me he must goe
To dinner to my Lord's, hee'd have it so;
And that same night *Black Will* did send me word,
What luck bad fortune did to them afford.

I sent him word, that he next day would dine
At the Lord *Chenies*, and would rise betime,
And on the way, their purpose might fulfill,
Well, I'le reward you, when that you him kill.

Next morne, betimes, before the breake of day,
To take him napping then they tooke their way,
But, such a mist & fog there did arise,
They could not see, although they had four eyes.

Thus *Arden* 'scaped those villaines where they lay,
And yet they heard his horse goe by that way.
I thinke (said Will) some Spirit is his friend:
Come life or death, I vow to see his end.

Then to my house they strait did take their way,
Telling me how they missed of their prey;
Then presently, we did together 'gree,
At night, at home, that he should murdered be.

Mosby & I, & all, our plot thus lay,
That he at Tables* should with *Arden* play;
Black-Will & *Shakebag*, they themselves should hide,
Untill that *Mosby*, be a Watch Word cride.

The word was this whereon we did agree,
Now (Master *Arden*) I have taken ye;
Woe to that word, & woe be unto all,
Which bred confusion, and our sudden fall.

When he came home, most welcome him I made,
And *Iudas* like, I kist whom I betraide;
Mosby & he together went to play,
For I on purpose did the tables play.

And as they plaid, the word was straightway spoke,
Black-Will & *Shakebag* out the corner broke,
And with a Towell backwards pul'd him downe,
Which made me think they now my joyes did Crowne.

With swords & knives they stab'd him to the heart,
Mosby & I did likewise act our part,
And then his body strait we did convey,
Behind the Abbey, in the field he lay.

And then by Justice we were straight condemn'd,
Each of us came unto a shameful end,
For God our secret dealings soone did spy,
And brought to light our shameless villany.

Thus have you heard of *Ardens* tragedy,
It rests to shew you how the rest did die;
His wife at *Canterbury*, she was burn'd,
And all her flesh & bones to ashes turn'd.

Mosby & his faire Sister, they were brought
To *London*, for the trespasse they had wrought,
In *Smithfield*, on a Gibbet they did die,
A just reward for all their villanie.

* Backgammon, as shown in the illustration.

Michael & *Bradshaw*, which a Goldsmith was,
That knew of letters which from them did passe,
At *Feversham* were hanged both in chaines,
And well rewarded for their faithfull paines.

The painter fled, none knows how he did speed,
Shakebag in *Southwarke* he to death did bleed,
For as he thought to scape & run away,
He suddenly was murdered in a fray.

In *Kent* at *Osbridge*, *Greene* did suffer death,
Hang'd on a Gibbet he did lose his breath;
Black-Will at *Flushing* on a stage did burne,
Thus each one came unto his end by turne.

And thus my story I conclude & end,
Praying the Lord that he his grace will send,
Upon us all, and keepe us all from ill,
Amen, say all, if't be thy blessed will.

Printed at London for C. W.

A Cruell Murther

COMMITTED LATELY UPON THE BODY OF *ABRAHAM GEARSY*, WHO LIV'D IN THE PARISH OF *WESTMILL*, IN THE COUNTY OF *HARFORD;*

by one *Robert Reeve*, and *Richard Reeve*, both of the same Parish: for which fact *Robert* was prest to death, on Munday the 16 of March, and the Tuesday following, *Richard* was hang'd; and after both of them were hang'd up in Chaines, where now they doe remaine, to the affrightment of all beholders. 1635.

To the Tune of '*Fortune my Foe.*'

I PRAY give eare unto my tale of woe,
Which Ile declare that all may plainly knowe,
Neare *Harford* lately was a murder done,
O 'twas a cruell one, as ever was knowne.

The good with evil herein was repaide,
Him that did good the evil hath betraid;
The World is lately growne to such a passe,
That one may feare another in this case.

This Money is the Cause of manies death,
As 'twas the cause that one late lost his breath,
The devill and the money workes together,
As by my subject you shall well consider.

With teares of woe I am enforst to write
That which may cause a tender heart to sigh,
And sighing say, this was a wofull case,
That men should be so much voide of all grace.

Two brethren were there that did do the same,
The first call'd *Robert Reeve*, the others name
Was *Richard Reeve*, these did a horrid deed,
As in my following verses shall proceede.

Behold these lines, you that have any care,
And from bloodshedding alwayes doe forbeare,
Though murder be committed secretlye,
Yet for revenge to God it loud doth crye.

And that sinne goes not long unpunished,
Therefore let all men of this sinne take heede;
Many are daily for such crimes accused,
And yet alas too commonly 'tis used.

One of these brothers was in debt I heare,
Unto that man, which was his neighbour neere,
But hee repaid him with a envious mind,
As in the Story you shall plainly find.

Abraham Gearsie was his name, that was kild,
By these two Brothers, as the Devill wild:
He on a day demanded mony due,
I pray give eare and marke what doth insue.

They wish'd him to come home for to be paid,
But for his life, it seems, they wait had laid:
For one day 'twas his chance for to come there,
Not dreading that his death had bin so neere.

Now these two brothers kild him instantly,
No neighbour was there that did heare him cry;
And being dead, floung him in a sawpit,
And coverd him with such as they could get.

Now having hid this murder in that kind,
Great search was made, but none this man could find.
His friends lamented for him very sore,
And made inquiries all the country ore.

Six weekes it was ere it was plainly knowne,
And many were examin'd hereupon ;
But those two brothers much suspected were,
And at the last the truth it did appeare.

Some murmured, and sayd that they did owe
Him mony, and desired for to know
Whether they had given him satisfaction,
Who said, they had, & they did owe him None.

About this mony all did come to light,
Now being put for to approve this right,
They could in no wise justifie the same,
When they to true examination came.

Now they were asked for a quittans made,
But they had none, then others present said.
Where is your bond, or witness of the same ;
This must be prov'd, or you will suffer shame.

They being taxed on this wise confest,
How they in bloody murder had transgrest ;
Then were they sent to *Harford* gaile with speed,
Where they did answere for this wicked deed,

This lenton sises last their fact was tried
Where they were cast, condemn'd for it & di'd,
Robert was prest to death because that hee,
Would not bee tride by God & the Country.

Richard was hang'd by his owne Father's dore,
Which did torment and grieve his friends full sore,
Now hee & his brother both do hang in chains,
This is a just reward for murders gaines.*

Printed at London for John Wright Junior, dwelling at the Upper end of the Old Baily.

* I omit the six following verses, which have no interest for the reader.—J. A.

The Lady Isabella's Tragedy:

OR,

THE STEP-MOTHERS CRUELTY.

THERE was a Lord of Worthy fame,
and a hunting he would ride;
Attended by a Noble Train
of Gentry by his side.

And whilst he did in chase remain,
to see both sport and play,
His Lady went, as she did feign,
unto the Church to pray.

This Lord he had a Daughter fair,
whose beauty shin'd so bright,
She was belov'd both far and near,
of many a Lord and Knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,
a Creature fair was she;
She was her Father's only Joy,
as you shall after see.

But yet her cruel Step-Mother,
did envy her so much,
That day by day she sought her life,
her malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the Master Cook
to take her life away,
And, taking of her Daughter's book,
she thus to her did say.

Go home, sweet Daughter, I thee pray,
go hasten presently,
And tell unto the Master Cook,
these words that I tell thee.

And bid him dress to dinner straight,
that faire and milk white Doe,
That in the Park doth shine so bright,
there's none so fair to show.

This Lady fearing of no harm,
obey'd her Mother's will,
And presently she hasted home,
her mind for to fulfill.

She streight into the kitchen went,
her message for to tell;
And there the Master Cook she spy'd
who did with Malice swell.

You Master Cook, it must be so,
do that which I thee tell,
You needs must dress the milk white doe,
which you do know full well.

Then streight his cruel bloody hands,
he on the Lady laid,
Who quivering and shaking stands,
whilst thus to her he said.

Thou art the Doe that I must dress,
see, here behold my knife,
For it is pointed presently,
to rid thee of thy life.

O then cry'd out the Sculien boy,
as loud as loud might be,
O save her life, good Master Cook,
and make your Pies of me.

For pity sake, do not destroy
my Lady with your knife,
You know she is her father's joy,
for Christ's sake save her life.

I will not save her life, he said,
nor make my Pies of thee,
But, if thou dost this deed bewray,
thy Butcher I will be.

But, when this Lord, he did come home,
for to sit down and eat,
He called for his Daughter dear,
to come and carve his Meate.

Now sit you down, his Lady said,
O, sit you down to meat.
Into some Nunnery she is gone,
your daughter dear forget.

Then solemnly he made a vow,
before the company,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
Untill he did her see.

O then bespoke the Sculien boy,
with a loud voice so high,
If that you will your Daughter see,
my Lord, cut up that Pye.

Wherein her flesh is minced small,
and parched with the fire,
All caused by her Step-Mother,
who did her death desire.

And cursed be the Master Cook,
O, cursed may he be,
I proffered him my own heart's blood,
from death to set her free.

Then all in black this Lord did mourn,
and, for his daughter's sake,
He judged for her Step-mother
to be burnt at a Stake.

Likewise he judg'd the Master Cook,
in boyling lead to stand,
And made the simple Sculien boy
the Heir to all his Land.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden Ball in *Pye Corner*.

THE

Unfortunate Welch-man

OR

THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF SCOTCH JOCKEY.

If her will Fight, her cause to right, as daring to presume { } *To Kill and Slay, then well she may take this to be her doom.*

To the Tune of, '*The Country Farmer.*'

STOUT *Shonny ap Morgan* to *London* would ride,
To seek Cousen *Taffie* whatever betide;
Her own Sister's Son, whom her loved so dear,
Her had not beheld him this many long year:
Betimes in the Morning stout *Shonny* arose,
And then on the journey with Courage her goes,
A *Cossit* of Gray was the best of her Close,
Her Boots they were out at the heels and the toes.

A Sword by her Side, and with *Bob* the Gray Mare,
Her rid in the Road, like a Champion so rare;
At last how it happened to her hard Lot,
To meet with young *Jockey*, a bonny brisk Scot.

Then *Jockey* was jolly, and thus he did say,
Let's gang to the Tavern, drink Wine, by my fay,
Then *Shonny* consented, and made no delay,
But *Jockey* left *Shonny* the Reckoning to pay.

While *Morgan* was merry, and thinking no ill,
The *Scotchman* he used the best of his Skill,
Considering how he might Scamper away,
For why, Sir, he never intended to pay;
But like a false Loon he slipt out of door,
And never intended to come there no more,
Poor *Shonny-a Morgan* was left for the Score,
Cotzo, her was never so served before.

Her paying the Shot, then away her went,
The *Welch* Blood was up, and her mind was bent;
For speedy pursuing he then did prepare,
Then *Morgan* did mount upon *Bob* the Gray Mare.
Then Whip and Spur stout *Shonny* did ride,
And overtook *Jockey* near to a Wood-side,
And pull'd out her Sword in the height of her Pride,
And wounded poor *Jockey*, who presently dy'd.

Then *Shonny* was taken and hurry'd to Jail,
Where her till the Sessions did weep and bewail;
And then at the last, by the Laws of the Land,
Was brought to the Bar to hold up her hand;
O good my Lord Shudge, poor *Shonny* did cry,
Now whip her, and send her to *Wales* her Country;
Or cut off a Leg, or an Arm, or an Eye,
For he is undone if condemned to dye.

But this would not do, poor *Shonny* was cast,
And likewise received her sentence at last;
A Gentleman Robber just at the same time,
Received just Sentence then due for his Crime:

Then *Shonny-a-Morgan* her shed many tears,
Her heart was possessed with sorrow and fears,
The Gentleman Thief likewise hung down his ears,
For then he expected his antient Arrears.

The day being come, they must both bid adieu,
Forsaking the World and the rest of their Crew;
The Spark was attir'd so gallant and gay,
But *Shonny* was poor, and in ragged array:
Then when they came both to the Gibbet Tree,
The Gentleman gave to the Hang-man a Fee,
And said, let this *Welch-man* Hang farther from me,
So vile, and so ragged a Rascal as he.

The *Welch-man*, he heard him, and was in a rage,
That nothing almost could his anger asswage;
But fretting and chaffing, he thus did begin,
Her will make her to know that her came of good kin,
Besides, her will tell her, her hearty belief,
That her is no more than a Gentleman Thief,
That robb'd on the Roads, & the Plain, & the Heath,
Her now will Hang by her in spight of her teeth.

Printed for *I. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guiltspur Street.*

The Extravagant Youth,

OR

AN EMBLEM OF PRODIGALITY.

Tho' he was stout, he can't get out,
in Trouble he'l remain,

Young Men be wise, your Freedom prize,
bad Company refrain.

To the Tune of, '*King James's Jigg*;' Or, '*The Country Farmer.*'

COME listen a while, & I will relate
My sad & most dismal deplorable fate,
For now I am in a most woful case,
By running this wild & extravagant race;
When Silks & Sattins did me adorn,
I said that I was most Nobly Born,
Good Counsel I slighted, & held it in Scorn,
But now here behold how I stick in the horn,

I gave myself over to ev'ry Vice,
As Courting, and Sporting with Cards & Dice,
I thought in my heart, it would never be day,
While I was attired in rich array:
With Boon Companions I did trade.
They counted me a Jocular Blade,
But now all my Glory is clearly decay'd,
And into the Horn myself have betray'd.

I once kept my Gelding abroad to Ride,
My Hat and my Feather, & Sword by my side,
As long as my Pocket was lined with Gold,
In pleasure I swam, & abroad I roul'd;
But now no longer can I reign,
In sorrowful note I here do complain,
And stick in the Horn where I still must remain,
And cannot get out, if I'de never so fain.

My Father he went in a Thread bare Coat,
And on his old Angels* was wont to dote,
Which he had obtain'd by Usury,
And now I have spent it as Merrily:
I called for Wine like a Hector stout,
My Golden Guinnies did flye about,
I'de Revel & Rant, & I'de keep a fine rout,
But now I am in where I cannot get out.

I never would take any thought or care,
I said that I was my old Father's Heir,
My Festival Fellows was Roisterous Boys,
We liv'd in delights with a thousand joys;
While we in Splendor did abound,
Methoughts the world went merrily round,
But since friends & fortune together have frown'd,
I stick in the Horn, where I still may be found,

My Father gave me all his free-hold Land,
And then at my Courtesie he would stand,
O then thought I, thy Silver shan't rust,
I'le make it to flye like the Summers Dust;
Then did I keep my Prancing Naggs,
Till I had emptied his Golden Bags,
My Silks flourisht like to a Navy of Flags,
But now they are worn & torn to Rags.

* As we should now say sovereigns.

I Mortgag'd & sold, & I spent so fast,
The Miser my Father was vext at last,
To think that I squander'd away such summs,
He scratcht his ears, & he knawed his thumbs,
His whole Estate was quite decay'd,
By those vile Projects which I have play'd.
Thus have I quite ruin'd the Usurers trade,
And I in the Horn am a Sorrowful Blade,

Now here an Example I must remain,
My freedom I never expected again,
Young Gallants be warned, such ruine shun,
Which has both my Father, and I undone;
All comforts now from us have flown
My Father in *Bedlam* makes his moan,
And I in the *Counter* a Prisoner thrown,
This Horn is a figure by which it is known.

The Long-Nos'd Lass:

OR,

THE *TAYLORS, MILLERS, TINKERS, TANNERS,* AND *GLOVERS;*

With a great number of other Tradesmen, dash't out of Countenance by a *Sow-Ship's* Beauty, to their great Discontent, and her perpetual trouble.

Tune of, '*The Country Farmer.*'

O DID you not heare of a Rumor of late,
Concerning a person whose Fortune was great,
Her Portion was Seventeen thousand good pound,
But yet a good Husband was not to be found;
The reason of this I will tell to you now,
Her visage was perfectly just like a Sow,
And many to Court her came flocking each day,
But seeing her, straight they run frighted away.

Amongst all the rest a fine *Taylor* also,
Resolv'd to this person a Suitor to go,
Quoth he, at the present, alas I am poor,
Of Silver and Gold, I shall then have good Store;
Tis *Cowcomber** time, and I have no Trade,
But, if I do get her, I then shall be made,
Therefore I will put on the best of my Cloaths,
My Hat, with my Band, and my *Holy-day* Hose.

The hopes of this Fortune his fancy did feed,
And therefore to her, he did hasten with speed,
When coming he straight for this person did ask,
She came her own self, in a fine Vizor Mask;
And said, I am She, Sir, pray what would you have?
I'm come, quoth the *Taylor*, your Love for to crave,
She open'd the door, and bid him Welcome in,
And then to his Courting he straight did begin.

The *Taylor* went on with a noble good grace,
Like one of much Courage his Love to Embrace;
Thought he, with a Fortune I now shall be blest,
But listen, I pray, to the Cream of the Jest:
She pull'd off her Vizor, and turn'd her about,
And straightway the *Taylor* beheld her long Snout;
Ah! how he was frighted, and run out of door,
And vow'd he would never come near her no more.

The next was a *Miller*, who to her did Ride,
Resolved he was for to make her his Bride;
Quoth he, as I now am a right honest Man,
I'le Wed her, and Love her as well as I can;
For Beauty, O let it be now as it will,
As long as she brings me good Grist to the Mill;
Both Silver and Gold I shall have at command,
With which I will purchase me Houses and Land.

* The Summer trade was over.

I now in Conceit am as great as a Lord,
What pleasures so-ever the World can afford,
I'le have it, and likewise in Silver will shine,
Then *Gillian* will wonder to see me so fine;
To *Robin* my Servant I'le give my great Bowl,
With which I was formerly us'd to take Toll,
And likewise the Mill, if I marry this Maid,
For never no more will I follow the Trade.

As he was a riding to her on his Mare,
He thus was a building Castles in the air;
But when he beheld her most amiable Face,
Alas! he was soon in a Sorrowful Case:
His hopes were confounded, away he did run,
Saying, should I have her, a thousand to one,
But I shall be frighted, when her I behold,
Therefore I'le not have her for Silver or Gold.

Both *Tinkers*, and *Tanners*, and *Glovers* also,
Came to her, the Money Encouraged them So;
Nay, thousands came to her then every day,
Each striving to carry this Beauty away:
But when they beheld this most ordinary Stuff,
The sight of her Visage did give them enuff;
Yet if she be Marry'd while here she does live,
A perfect account of the Wedding I'le give.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye Corner.

The Young Man's Resolution to the Maiden's Request.

BEING

A WITTY DIALOGUE BETWEEN A YOUNG MAN AND A MAID;

Wherein she asks him when he intends to Marry.
And he resolves how long he will tarry.

To the Tune of, '*In Summer Time.*'

AS I was walking under a grove,
within myself as I supposed;
My mind did often times remove,
and by no means could be disclosed;
At length by chance a friend I met,
which caused me long time to tarry,
And then of me she did intreat,
to tell her when I meant to marry.

Sweet heart, quoth I, if you would know,
then mark these words, and Ile reveal it,
Since in your heart you bear it so,
and in your heart you do conceal it:
She promised to make no words,
but of such things she would be wary,
And thus, in brief I did begin,
to tell her, etc.

When Shrovetide falls in Easter Week,
and Christmas in the midst of July,
And Lawyers for no fees will plead,
and Taylors they deal just and truly:
When all deceits are quite put down,
and truth by all men is preferred,
And Indigo dyes Red and Brown,
O then, my love, and I'le be marryed.

When Saffron grows on every Tree,
and every stream flows Milk and honey;
And Sugar grows in Carret-fields,
and Usurers refuse good Money;
When Country-men for judges sits,
and Lammas falls in February,
And Millers they their Tole forgets,
O then, etc.

When men & beasts i' th' Ocean flows,
and fishes in green fields are feeding,
When Muscle shells i' th' Streets do grow,
and Swans upon dry Rocks are breeding:
When Cockle shells are Diamond Rings,
and Glass to Pearl may be compared,
And Gold is made of the Gray goose wings,
O then, etc.

When Summer does not dry up mire
and men on earth do leave to flatter,
When Bakers they do use no fire,
and Brewers they do use no Water;
When Mountains are by Men removed,
and *England* into *France* is carried,
And all Maids prove true to their loves,
O then, etc.

When Hostesses do reckon true,
and Dutchmen leave off drinking Brandy,
When Cats do bark, and Dogs do Mew,
and Brimstone's took for Sugar Candy:
Or, when that Whitsontide doth fall
within the Month of January,
And Coblers work without an Awl,
O then, etc.

When women know not how to scold,
and Maids of Sweethearts ne'er are thinking,
When Men i' th' fire complain of cold,
and Ships on *Salsbury Plain* fear sinking:
When Horse Coursers turn honest men,
and *London* unto *York* is carried,
Or when you out of one can take ten,
O then, etc.

When Candlesticks do serve for Bells,
and Frying Pans are used for Ladles,
Or, when in the Sea, they dig for Wells,
and Porridge Pots they take for Cradles:
When Maids forget to go a Maying,
and a Man on his back an Ox can carry,
Or when the Mice with the Cat be playing,
'tis then my love and I will marry.

Good Sir, since you have told me when
you are resolved for to marry,
I wish with all my heart till then,
that for a wife you still might tarry:
For if all young Men were of your Mind,
and Maids no better were preferred,
I think it would be when the Devil is blind,
that we and our lovers should be marryed.

Printed for *C. Passinger*, at the Seven Stars on London Bridge.

The Dumb Maid:

OR

THE YOUNG GALLANT TRAPANN'D.

A Young Man did unto her a Wooing come,
But she pretended much that she was Dumb,
But when they both in Marriage-bands were ty'd,
The Doctor's Skill was likewise with her try'd.
The Doctor he set her Tongue on the Run,
She Chatters now, and never will have done.

To a new tune call'd '*Dum, dum, dum,*' Or, '*I would I were in my own Countrey.*'

ALL you that pass along,
Give ear unto my Song,
Concerning a Youth
that was young, young, young;
And of a Maiden fair,
Few might with her compare,
But alack, and alas, she
was Dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was beautious, fresh and gay,
Like the pleasant flowers in *May*,
And her Cheeks were as round
as a Plum, plum, plum;
She was neat in every part,
And she stole away his heart
But alack, and alas, she
was Dumb, dumb, dumb.

At length this Country Blade
Wedded this pretty Maid,
And he kindly Conducted
  her home, home, home ;
Thus in her Beauty bright
Lay all his whole Delight,
But alack, and alas, she
  was Dumb, dumb, dumb.

Now I will plainly show
What work this Maid could do,
Which a pattern may be,
  for girls young, young, young ;
O, she both day and night,
In working took delight,
But alack, and alas, she
  was Dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could Brew, and she could bake,
She could wash, wring, and shake,
She could sweep the House
  with a Broom, broom, broom ;
She could Knit, and Sow, and Spin,
And do any such like thing,
But alack, and alas, she
  was Dumb, dumb, dumb.

But at last this man did go,
The Doctor's skill to know,
Saying, Sir, can you cure
  a Woman of the Dumb ?
O, it is the easiest part
That belongs unto my art,
For to Cure a Woman
  of the Dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Doctor he did her bring,
And he cut her chattering string,
And he set her Tongue on
the run, run, run;
In the morning he did rise,
And she fill'd his house with cries,
And she rattled in his ears
like a Drum, drum, drum.

To the Doctor he did go,
With his heart well fill'd with woe,
Crying Doctor I am
undone, done, done;
Now she's turn'd a scolding Wife,
And I am weary of my Life,
For I cannot make her hold
her Tongue, tongue, tongue.

The Doctor thus did say,
When she went from me away,
She was perfectly Cured of
the dumb, dumb, dumb;
But it's beyond the Art of Man,
Let him do the best he can,
For to make a scolding Woman
hold her Tongue, tongue, tongue.

So as to me you came,
Return you back again,
And take you the Oyl
of Hazel strong:
With it anoint her body round,
When she makes the house to sound,
So perhaps you may charm
her Tongue, tongue, tongue.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,* and *T. Passinger.*

A Song made of Nothing

Yet he that doth read, or heare it, shall find
Something of nothing to pleasure his mind.

SOME men of nothing doe matters endite,
Some men of small things large volumes doe write,
But if you will give me leave I will recite
A song made of nothing.

He that hath nothing may soonest spend all,
And he that's exalted may have a downe fall,
And he that is weakest may goe to the wall,
But I wil say nothing.

He that presumeth a Gallant to be,
And spends more in one yeare than he gets in three,
Shall beg, having wasted his patrimony,
But I wil say nothing.

He that has nothing, no credit shall have,
Although he be vertuous, he's counted a Knave,
Among roaring Gallants that goe fine & brave,
Cause he can spend nothing.

He that delights in Cards & in Dice,
And spends his revenues in such idle vice,
Shall meet with lewd company him to intice,
Till he be worth nothing.

He that hath nothing, with troubles beset,
Will steale or doe something a living to get,
But if he be caught in the hangman's net,
His life is worth nothing.

He that hath nothing, can nothing possesse,
And he that hath little, may looke to have lesse,
But much want and sorrow doth daily oppresse
The man that hath nothing.

He that will be a good husband indeed,
That unto his businesse doth goe with good heed,
Shall have sufficient to serve him at need,
And alwayes want nothing.

He that is married unto a good wife,
Shall live in content all the days of his life,
But, if man & woman be given to Strife,
They'll fall out for nothing.

He that is idle and will not take paines,
But honest industry and labour disdaines,
When others true labours are quitted with gaines,
Then he shall have nothing.

He that in Drunkennes takes his delight,
To drink & to swagger, to brabble & fight,
He taketh the wrong, & leaveth the right,
But I wil say nothing.

He that in basenesse his time doth here spend,
That never regards himselfe nor his friend,
He standeth in danger to have a bad end.
But I wil say nothing.

He that takes pleasure to curse, ban or sweare,
With vaine execrations his Maker to teare,
The Lord in his wrath, if he doe not forbeare,
Will bring him to nothing.

He that doth ruffle it out in vain pride,
That weareth gay clothes a foule carcasse to hide,
And beare's more on's backe, than his worth beside,
I'le trust him for nothing.

He that delighteth to goe to the Law,
To sue for a trifle that's scarce worth a straw,
May sue for a Woodcocke, and catch a Jack-Daw,
For all comes to nothing.

He that his time still carelessly spends,
And hopes to be rich by the death of his friends,
The pillar whereon all his hope still depends,
Perhaps comes to nothing.

He that deferreth amendment to th' last,
And seekes not to thrive till all remedie's past,
If he through his folly behind hand be cast,
His hopes are worth nothing.

He that lives uprightly in his Vocation,
And on the distressed hath commiseration,
That man rightly merits a good commendation,
He's guilty in nothing.

He that with usury doth money beget,
And loves that young spendthrifts should be in his debt.
The Devill at last wil drag him in's net,
But I wil say nothing.

He that can craftily cozen & cheat,
To get a base living by fraud & deceit,
Shal stand on the Pillorie to cool his heate,
But I wil say nothing.

He that is often enclined to quarrel,
Will bring both himself & his friends in great perill,
But that man is blest that can wisely forbeare ill,
And learn to say nothing.

Here you see something of nothing is made,
For of the word nothing, something is said,
That man who hath neither wealth, wit, nor trade,
Alas, he gets nothing.

Printed at London for Iohn Wright.

THE

Young-Man and Maiden's Forecast;

SHEWING HOW

THEY RECKON'D ON THEIR *CHICKENS*, BEFORE THEY WERE HATCHT

To the Tune of '*The Country Farmer*,' Or, '*The Devonshire Damosels*.'

I 'LL tell you a Jest of a Provident Lass,
Whose Providence prov'd her a providend Ass,
She laid forth her Store in such brittle Ware,
That very small profit did fall to her share,
Thirteen to the Dozen of Eggs she would buy,
And set a Hen over them carefully;
As long as she went, her footing she watch'd,
She Counted her Chickens before they were hatch'd.

Said she, if these Chickens five Capons do prove,
Capons be meat which Gentlemen love;
Those Chickens she would sell to buy a Sow Pig,
That it might have young ones e're it was big;

Then with her Pigs she would have an Ewe,
It may have Lambs not killed with the Dew;
And as she was thinking to buy her a Calf,
Her Heels they flew from her a Yard and a half.

Her Heels kiss'd the ground, and up flew her Leggs,
Down came her Basket and broke all her Eggs;
There lay her Pigs, her Chickens, her Lambs;
She could not have young ones unless she had Dams;
Thus Fortune did frown by a fall that she catcht,
Her Chickens prov'd Addle before they were Hatcht:
Attend but a while, and I'll briefly declare,
Bad fortune did likewise fall to the Man's Share.

And now the Man to the Market will go,
To see what Dame Nature on him will bestow,
He bought him five Eggs thinking to thrive,
And thus did the business finely contrive:
Said he, if these Eggs five Cocks they will frame,
And most of them prove to be Cocks of the Game,
So soon as their Spurs are long enough grown,
Then I may ingross a Cock Pit of my own.

Then may I have Gallants of every sort,
Both Lords, Knights, and Squires, and all to see sport,
If they fight bravely these Gallants to please,
I may come to get Means by the rearing of these:
And when I have done, I'll get me a rich Wife,
That I may live happy all days of my Life,
And in the Church we will be loving matcht,
But Count not your Chickens before they be hatcht.

And when he came home he set his Eggs by,
He could not get up, the Roost was so high;
And, fetching a Ladder, that unhappy time,
It was his hard luck with his Eggs for to Climb,

These Ladders prove fatal to many a Man,
And are undone by them now and then;
So was this poor Man undone by a fall,
Down comes the Basket, Man, Eggs & all.

There lay the poor Man, with a fall almost Lame,
His Cock-pits and Gallants, and Cocks of the Game;
The loosing of this grieved him to the Life,
Yet the grief it was more in the loss of his Wife;
All you young Men live Vertuous Lives,
And think to get Portions now by your Wives;
Take Warning by me before you are Matcht,
Pray count not your Chickens before they be Hatcht.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye Corner*, near *West Smithfield*.

The Rich Farmers Ruine;

WHO MURMURED AT THE PLENTY OF THE SEASONS, BECAUSE HE COULD NOT SELL CORN SO DEAR AS HIS COVETOUS HEART DESIRED.

To the Tune of, '*Why are my Eyes still flowing*,' As it is play'd on the Violin.

A WEALTHY Man, a Farmer, who had Corn great Store,
Yet he was Cruel always to the Poor;
And as the truth of him does very well appear,
He thought he ne'r sold his Corn too dear;
As to the Market, one day he did go,
Finding the Prizes of Corn to be low;
Said he, before I will sell ought of mine,
I'le carry it home for to fatten my Swine.

In former days, as I can make it well appear,
By my own Farm, I got hundreds a Year,
I sold for Ten the Corn that will not now fetch Five,
Is this the way for a Farmer to Thrive?

Yet I will now sell no more at this Price,
But am resolved to stay for a Rise;
Thus he resolved to hoard up his Store,
That he might then make a Prey of the Poor.

Another Farmer likewise then was standing by,
Who when he heard him, he thus did reply;
You have a Farm, and likewise Land, which is your own,
What cause have you then to make this sad moan?
I that have nothing but what I do Rent,
With Years of Plenty, rejoyce in Content;
Give him the praise who such plenty does send,
Lest when you Murmur, you highly offend.

Said the Miser, what tho' I have got house and land,
Yet I would have you now well understand,
I am not free to see the wasting of it all,
And after that, into Poverty fall;
Have we not reason, alas! to Complain,
To see the Cheapness of all sorts of Grain?
If it continue, as sure as the Sun,
I shall be ruin'd, and clearly undone.

I,* but Neighbour, pray tell me wherefore do you grieve,
Does not a Plenty the poor Man relieve?
Here do I find had you your will in selling Grain,
Then might the Poor soon have cause to complain:
For you are cruel, most harsh and severe,
And think you can never sell it too dear:
Why, says the other, what's poor Men to me?
I'le keep my Corn till one Peck will fetch three.

Then home he went, and bitterly did he repine,
And, in his Substance he soon did decline;
For he was soon as Poor as any Man alive,
For after this he by no means cou'd Thrive;

* Aye.

As he was walking one day round his Ground,
His House was Robb'd of five hundred pound;
Yet this was but the beginning of Woe,
For in two Years he was brought very low.

His Corn did waste, and many of his Cattle dy'd,
Also great Losses and Crosses beside;
Both House & Land through perfect need at length he sold,
Nothing but Ruine he then could behold,
Tho' all was blasted & clearly decay'd,
Yet none would pitty him, but thus they said;
Seeing the Poor he did thus Circumvent,
This is no more than a just Punishment.

Like one forlorn, and desolate, he then did Roam,
Having no Dyet, Apparel or Home,
But his poor Life he ended Lodging in a Barn;
From whence all Covetous Farmers may learn
How to give thanks for a Plentiful Year,
And not to Murmur that Corn is not dear:
For those that shall do it most highly offend,
Think of this Farmer's Unprosperous End.

Printed for *I. Back*, at the Black Boy on *London-Bridge* near the *Draw Bridge*.

Merry Tom of all Trades;

OR,

A trick to get money at every dead lift,
Made known by Tom of all Trades, that bravely could shift,
From one Place to another, about he did range,
And at his own pleasure his Trade he could change.

The Tune is, '*Behold the Man.*'

MY name is *Tom* of All Trades
there's many know me well,
But no man need examine me,
to know where I do dwell:
For why, my common custom is,
to ramble up and down,
And I have left behind me,
full many a gallant Town.
Then hey for Tom of all Trades
is all the peoples cry,
And point their fingers at me
as I am passing by,

Sometimes I am a Taylor,
and work well as I can,
And if you'l take my own word for't,
I am an honest man:
All those that are my Customers,
I use them all so well,
The third part of their Cloth
I throw it into Hell.*
Yet hey, etc.

Sometimes I am a Glover,
and make perfumed Gloves,
And every kind of Fashion
for young-men and their Loves:
All those that do deal with me,
good penniworths shall have,
You know that *Tom* of all Trades
doth seldom play the Knave.
Yet hey, etc.

Sometimes I am a Weaver,
and let my Shuttle flye,
But if the Alehouse catch me,
Then woe be to the Pye:
And if I chance to loyter
but five days in the week,
'Tis ten to one on Sunday
my Dinner is to seek.
Yet hey, etc.

Sometimes I am a Baker,
wherein is no deceit,
There's no man can accuse me
for making too much weight:
But for my Lord Mayors Officers,
I dare not come them nigh,
For fear that they should put my head
into the Pillory.
Yet hey, etc.

* A basket wherein is thrown the Clippings and 'Cabbagings' of Cloth.

Sometimes I am a Miller,
my actions are so just,
I never cozen any one
but them that do me trust;
When I put in my Tole-dish
so honestly I deal,
That out of one whole bushel of grist
I but a Peck do steal.
Yet hey, etc.

The Brewers trade I practice,
sometimes the rest among.
And I can make my Ale and Beer
both Nappy, stout and strong:
But like to other Brewers
I order well the matter,
For if I put in too little Mault,
I put in the more water.
Yet hey, etc.

Sometimes I am a Shaver,
and Barb well as I can,
And I can trim a Woman,
as well as any man:
My Razor and my Washing Balls,
Make me so neat a Barber,
That I can cut the hair so close
a Louse can have no harbour.
Yet hey, etc.

When all these trades do fail me,
the truth of all is so,
Unto *Barbados*, *Jamacio*, or
New England will I go:
Or to *High Spaniola*,
Among the Golden Ore,
For there is room enough for me
and forty thousand more.
Then hey, etc.

Printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackerary, and T. Passinger.

The Distressed Mother

BEING A MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER OF *LONDON*, WHO LOST HER HUSBAND IN *IRELAND*,

And her Father falling to decay, lying in Prison, brought her youngest Child to the Court at *Kensington*, leaving it there with a Note in its bosome, which show'd her misfortunes; desiring the Queen to be kind to the Child for its parents sake; which she graciously, accordingly did.

To the tune of '*Let Cæsar live long.*'

ALL you that have now a desire to hear
A pleasant new Ditty, I'd have you draw near,
It is of a passage that happen'd at Court,
Where both Lords and Ladies of Fame do resort;
There came a young woman as we understand,
And Walked to and fro with a Child in her hand.

She seemed, alas! to be loaded with grief,
And stood in great need of some speedy relief;
As having the Picture of Care in her face,
Yet nothing she said to the Nobles in place;
But wandered about in the Court for a while,
Still leading the Babe which did prattle & smile.

This Infant the Ladies of Honour beheld,
And they with pure love and affection were fill'd,
To see this sweet Creature, who wittily play'd,
And likewise, at length, near their Presence it stray'd,
Now they being busie, they then did not mind
This Child, till the Mother had left it behind.

Then missing the Mother, poor Creature it cry'd,
And looking all round it on every side;
Yet this was in vain for no Mother was there,
At length the young Ladies of Honour took care,
And brought it immediately to our good Queen,
Who said, a more sweeter she never had seen.

In decent Apparel this Child then was drest.
And likewise a Writing was place'd in the Breast,
The which gave the Queen a relation at large,
Concerning this poor Woman's grief and her charge;
As now in these following Lines will appear,
If that you are willing to lend but an Ear.

The Summ of the Lines of that Letter were these,
My Husband with *Schomberg* went over the Seas,
Unto the most desolate *Irish* Shore,
Where Canons in Battle, like Thunder did roar;
And there in the Field was unhappily slain,
For whom I in sorrow and grief do remain.

My Father he was a rich Merchant of Fame,
In London, yet I shall not mention his Name,
He many faire Hundreds and Thousands has lost,
By France, as they over the Ocean have crost;
This makes me almost now distracted to run,
My Husband is dead, and my Father undone.

This Wealth I'd not value, nay, if it were more,
Provided we had but Treasure in store;
But my aged Father's in Prison this day,
Because he his Debts is not able to pay;

And thus, Royal Queen, I in briefe do relate,
Our sad and distressed deplorable state.

As Gracious Queen *Mary* the Letter did read,
With pitty her heart then was ready to bleed;
Sweet Babe, for thy Mother, and dear Father's sake,
A careful Provision for thee I will make;
And likewise be kind to thy Grandsire also,
If that thy dear Mother, and him I did know.

A Lady of Honour then stood by the side
Of Gracious Queen *Mary*, to whom she reply'd,
Procure me a Nurse for this Child out of hand;
The Lady no longer disputing did stand,
But a careful Woman that hour did seek,
Who has for her Wages Six Shillings a Week.

This Child was a Girl about two years of age,
Whose pritty sweet actions does dayly engage
The Ladies of Honour to love it also;
In sumptuous apparel likewise it does go,
And thus, by her Royal, compassionate Care,
The Queen with her Ladies doth nourish it there.

Printed for P. Brooksby, I. Deacon, I. Blare, I. Back.

The Royal Recreation.

Tune of '*Let Cæsar live long.*'

THE most Royal Frollick of *William* our King,
Is put into Metre for Subjects to sing,
Concerning his feasting at the Farmer's, where
He fed upon honest good Country Fare;
Now the Second* Part here is Printed to show
What past when the Farmer he homeward did go.

He then having been at a Country Town,
To see Great K. *William* of Fame and Renown;
But, finding at length, that he came not that way,
The Farmer resolved no longer to stay:
Yet with his kind Wife he did homeward repair;
But, little he thought that K. *William* was there.

As soon as the King with his Nobles had din'd,
The Farmer returning, and happen'd to find
Three Gallant fine Coaches before his own Door,
The like which he never had seen there before;
As soon as this Wonderful sight he beheld,
Good Man, he was streight with astonishment fill'd.

* I have not found the first part yet, but as this is self-contained, I give it.—J. A.

The Farmer was troubled & trembled for fear,
He knew not what course in the World for to Steer,
Concluding some Robbers had rifled his Farm;
'Tush, quoth the good Woman, I fear no such harm,
Sweet Husband, then be of good Courage, said she,
I'll tell you, in short, what I think it may be.

(You know) that our Daughter is youthful & fair,
(And) her for sweet Beauty there's few to compare;
Some Gallant is come for to Court her this day,
As knowing that we were both out of the way;
And, if he should come with an honest intent
I hope, my good Man, you will give your consent.

Alas! my sweet Honey, the Farmer reply'd,
If any young Noble would make her his Bride;
And I were unwilling to yield to the same,
The World would conclude I were highly to blame;
My Heart would be joyful that Wedding to see,
Which makes her a Lady in ev'ry degree.

While they were disputing, a Neighbour came by,
Who, unto the Farmer did presently cry,
You have Royal Guests at your Table this day,
K. *William,* with Nobles both Gallant and Gay;
This daunted the Farmer, and his Wife also,
That into the House they were fearful to go.

Then came forth K. *William,* and his Royal Train,
In order to pass on their Journey again;
And the Farmer's Daughter did wait on their side,
Oh! here is my Father & Mother she cry'd;
Our Monarch, then smiling, commanded that they
Should both be brought into his Presence straightway.

He bid them be chearful and void of all fear,
Rewarding them too for their Country chear;

Which pleased his Nobles, as Fame do's report,
Beyond all the dainty choice Dishes at Court;
And, taking his leave of the Farmer that day,
K. *William* for *London* straight posted away.

The jolly old Farmer was pleas'd at the Heart,
That Fortune to him would such Favours impart,
While he went to meet the King seven long Mile,
His Majesty came for to see him the while,
And likewise was pleased to dine at his Board,
With such wholsome Food, as his Farm would afford.

Printed for P. *Brooksby*, I. *Deacon*, I. *Blane*, I. *Back*.

A pleasant Countrey new Ditty:

MERRILY SHEWING HOW

TO DRIVE THE COLD WINTER AWAY.

To the tune of, '*When Phœbus did rest*,' etc.

ALL hayle to the dayes, that merite more praise,
than all the rest of the yeare,
And welcome the nights, that double delights,
as well to the poor as the Peere.
Good fortune attend each merry man's friend
that doth but the best that he may;
Forgetting old wrongs, with Carrols & songs,
to drive the cold winter away.

Let misery packe, with a whip at his backe,
to the deep *Tantalian* flood;
In the *Lethe* profound, let envy be drown'd,
that pines at another man's good:
Let sorrowe's expence be banded from hence,
all payments of grief delay:
And wholly consort, with mirth & with sport,
to drive, etc.

'Tis ill for a mind to anger inclin'd,
to ruminate injuries now;
If wrath be to seeke, do not let her thy cheeke,
nor yet her inhabit thy brow.
Crosse out of those bookes Malevolent lookes,
both beauty & youthe's decay;
And spend the long night, in honest delight,
to drive, etc.

The Court, in all State, now opens her gate,
and bids a free welcome to most,
The City likewise, though somewhat precise,
doth willingly part with her cost.
And yet by report, from City & Court,
the Countrey gets the day:
More Liquor is spent, and better content,
to drive, etc.

The Gentry there for cost do not spare,
the Yeomanry fast in Lent,
The Farmers & such, thinke nothing too much,
if they keep but to pay their Rent:
The Poorest of all do merrily call,
want beares but a little sway,
For a Song or a Tale o're a pot of good Ale,
to drive, etc.

Thus none will allow of solitude now,
but merrily greet the time,
To make it appeare, of all the whole yeare,
that this is accounted the Prime.
December is seene, appareled in greene,
and January fresh as May,
Comes dancing along, with a Cup & a Song,
to drive, etc.

This time of the yeare is spent in good cheare,
kind neighbours together meet,
To sit by the fire with friendly desire
each other in love to greet:
Old grudges forgot are put in the pot,
all sorrows aside they lay,
The old & the young doth Caroll his Song,
to drive, etc.

Sisley & *Nanny*, more jocund than any,
as blithe as the Month of *June*,
Do Caroll & Sing, like birds of the Spring,
no Nightingale sweeter in tune.

To bring in content, when Summer is spent,
is pleasant delight and play,
With mirth & good cheere to end the old yeare,
and drive, etc.

The Shepheard, the Swaine, do highly disdaine,
to waste out his time in care,
And *Clim* of the *Clough* hath plenty enough,
if but a penny he spare
To spend at the night, in joy & delight,
now after his labours all day,
For better than Lands is the help of his hands,
to drive, etc.

To Maske & to Mow kind neighbours will come,
with Wassels of nut brown Ale,
To drinke & carouse to all in this house,
as merry as Bucks in the pale:
Where Cake, Bread & Cheese is brought for your fees,
to make you the longer stay,
At the fire to warme, will do you no harme
to drive, etc.

When Christmas tide comes in like a Bride,
with Holly & Ivy clad,
Twelve dayes in the yeare, much mirth & good cheere,
in every houshold is had:
The Country guise is then to devise
some gambole of Christmas play,
Whereat the young men do the best that they can
to drive, etc.

When white bearded Frost hath threat'ned his worst,
and fallen from Branch and Bryer,
Then time always cals from Husbandry Hals,
and from the good Countryman's fire:
Together to go, to Plow and to Sow,
to get us both food and array,
And thus with content the time we have spent
to drive, etc.

Printed at London for H.(enry) G.(osson)

Fair Margaret's Misfortunes

OR

SWEET *WILLIAM'S* DREAM ON HIS WEDDING NIGHT.

With the sudden Death and Burial of those noble Lovers.

AS it fell upon a day,
two lovers they sat on a hill,
They sat together a long summer day,
and could not take their fill.

I see no harm by you Margaret,
and you see none by me;
Before to morrow at eight o'clock,
a rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower window,
a combing of her hair,
And there she espy'd Sweet William & bride,
as they were a riding near.

Down she laid her ivory comb,
and up she bound her hair,
She went forth from the bower,
but never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
and all men fast asleep,
There came the spirit of fair Margaret,
and stood at William's bed feet.

God give you Ioy you true lovers,
in bride bed, fast asleep,
Lo! I am going to my green grass Grove,
and I am in my winding sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
and all men wak'd from sleep;
Sweet William to his Lady said,
My dear, I've cause to weep.

I dream'd a dream, my dear Lady,
such dreams are never good,
I dream'd thy bower was full of red swine,
and my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,
they never do prove good,
To dream my bower was full of swine,
and thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called his merry men all,
by one, by two and by three;
Saying, I'll away to Fair Margaret's bower,
By the leave of my Lady.

And when he came to Fair Margaret's bower,
he knocked at the ring;
So ready were her Seven Brethren,
to let sweet William in.

Then he turn'd up the covering sheet,
Pray let me see the dead,
Methinks she looks both pale and wan,
she has lost her cherry red.

I'll do no more for thee Margaret,
than any of thy Kin;
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
tho' a smile I cannot win.

With that bespoke the seven brethren,
making most piteous moan;
You may go kiss your jolly brown dame,
and let our sister alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown dame,
I do but what is right;
For I made no vow to your sister dear,
by day nor yet by night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,
Of white bread, and of wine?
So much as is dealt at her Funeral to day,
to morrow shall be dealt at mine.

Fair Margaret dy'd To day, To day,
sweet William he dy'd the morrow,
Fair Margaret dy'd for pure true love,
sweet William he dy'd for sorrow.

Margaret was bury'd in the Lower Chancel,
and William in the higher;
Out of her breast there sprang a Rose,
and out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church top,
'Till they could grow no higher;
And there they grew in a True Lover's Knot,
that made all people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
as you this truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
or they had now been here.

The Spanish Virgin; Or, The Effects of Jealousie.

To the Tune of '*Chevy Chase*,' or '*Aim not too high*.'

ALL tender hearts that ake to hear
of those that suffer wrong,
All you that never shed a tear,
give ear unto my Song,
Oh jealousie thou art nurst in hell
Depart from hence, and therein dwell.

Fair Isabella's Tragedy
of this comes short by far,
My Pen to write it doth deny,
yet I must not forbear.
Oh jealousie, etc.

A Cruel Lady, once, of *Spain*,
who was of high degree,
Did of unkindnesses complain,
betwixt her Lord and she.
Oh jealousie, etc.

She told her Lord he loved her not,
such was her jealousie,
When flames at length did burn so hot,
they to revenge did flee.
Oh jealousie, etc.

A Gentlewoman that was fair,
did on this Lady wait,
With most brave Dames she might compare,
she was for love a bait.
Oh jealousie, etc.

This lady did suspect that she
with her beloved Lord,
Had too much familiarity,
which rose to high discord.
Oh jealousie, etc.

Her Gentlewoman innocent
in wronging of her bed,
Desir'd her to give consent,
She for herself might plead.
Oh jealousie, etc.

This Lady being with rage possest,
her Lord from home being gone,
Her fury quickly she exprest,
the like was never known.
Oh jealousie, etc.

She calls her servant presently,
and bids him open wide,
Her Dungeon deep, this Maid should lye
therein until she dyd.
Oh jealousie, etc.

And by the Story it now appears,
the like was never seen,
This Dungeon, not for many years
had ever opened been.
Oh jealousie, etc.

Great Adders, Snakes & Toads therein
as afterwards was known,
Long in this loathsome place had been,
so monstrous were they grown.
Oh jealousie, etc.

Amongst this ravenous poisonous crew,
This fair one innocent,
Was cast, her murderers to view,
who straight did her torment.
Oh jealousie, etc.

She was no sooner entered in,
but there she quickly heard,
The Toads to croak, and Snakes hissing,
then grievously she fear'd.
Oh jealousie, etc.

Then from their holes those vipers creep,
and fiercely her assail,
Which made her sorely for to weep,
and her sad doom bewail,
Oh jealousie, etc.

With her fair hands she strives in vain
her body to defend,
With shrieks and cries she doth complain,
but all was to no end.
Oh jealousie, etc.

A Servant hearkened at the door,
and heard this doleful noise:
His Ladies mercy he doth implore,
but she'l not hear his voice.
Oh, jealousie, etc.

Away with sorrow he goes again,
to hear those doleful groans,
He plainly hears within the Den,
how she, herself bemoans.
Oh, jealousie, etc.

Againe he to his Lady goes,
and to her makes his prayers,
This cruel Lady slights her woes,
and kicks him down the Stairs.
Oh, jealousie, etc.

Then back again he doth return,
to try if he could hear
This Virgin innocent to mourn,
which put him in great fear.
Oh, jealousie, etc.

He could not hear no noise at all,
which did him sore affright,
Unto his Lady he did call,
at twelve a clock i' th' night.
Oh, jealousie, etc.

O cruel Lady, now, quoth he,
your ends you sure have had,
Make haste for shame, come down & see,
I fear the Virgin's dead.
Oh, jealousie, etc.

She starts to hear this sudden fate,
and does with Torches run,
Unto the Dungeon, but oh! too late,
for death his work has done.
Oh, jealousie, etc.

The door was opened, where they found
the Virgin laid along,
With four great snakes upon the ground,
who her to death had stung,
Oh, jealousie, etc.

One did her legs & thighs embrace,
and round her neck another,
One round her wast, one on her face,
all which her breath did smother:
Oh, jealousie, etc.

The Snakes being from her body thrust,
their bellies were so fill'd,
That they with her warm blood did burst,
so all of them were kill'd.
Oh, jealousie, etc.

The Wicked Lady at this sight,
first trembled, then run mad,
And so she dy'd, which was her right,
'cause she no pitty had;
Oh, jealousie, etc.

Let me advise good people all,
Of jealousie to beware,
It causes many a one to fall.
it is the devil's snare.
Oh, jealousie, etc.

Printed for W. Thackeray, at the sign of the Angel in Duck Lane.

Appendix.

List of Approximate Dates when the Publishers of the Ballads contained in this Book issued them.

Andrews, John	- - -	Published A.D.	—
Back, J.	- - - -	,, ,,	1672—1695
Bates, C.	- - - -	,, ,,	1695
Blare, J.	- - - -	,, ,,	1672—1695
Brooksby, P.	- - - -	,, ,,	1672—1695
Clarke, J.	- - - -	,, ,,	1650—1682
Coles, F.	- - - -	,, ,,	1646—1674
Conyers, J.	- - - -	,, ,,	1662—1691
Deacon, J.	- - - -	,, ,,	1684—1695
Dennison, C.	- - - -	,, ,,	1685—1689
Gilbertson, W.	- - -	,, ,,	1654—1663
Gosson, H.	- - - -	,, ,,	1607—1641
Grove, F.	- - - -	,, ,,	1659
Ibbotson, Robt.	- - -	,, ,,	1648—1649
Jackson, R.	- - - -	,, ,,	1643
Milbourne, A.	- - - -	,, ,,	1670—1697

Onley, W. - - - -	Published A.D.	1650—1702
Passinger, T. - - - -	,, ,,	1670—1686
Symcocke, T. - - - -	,, ,,	1620
Thackeray, Wm. - - -	,, ,,	1660—1680
Vere, T. - - - -	,, ,,	1648—1680
Wright, J. - - - -	,, ,,	1670—1680
Wright, John, Junr. - - -	,, ,,	1641—1683

W. C. is probably a misprint for one of the above, or it may relate to E. Wright, who published from 1620 to 1655.